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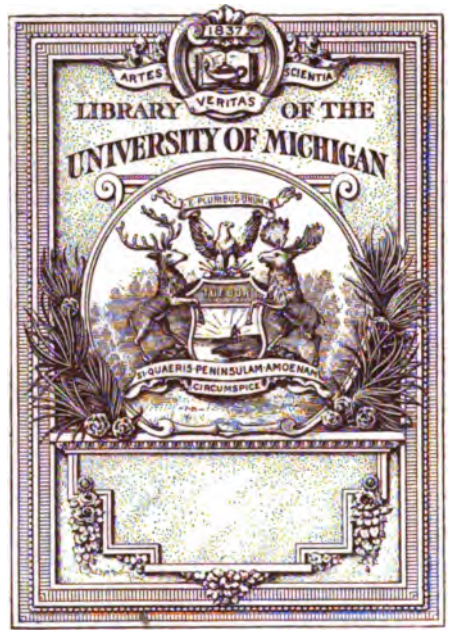

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

VOLUME ONE

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

VOLUME ONE

EDITED BY

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

MOZART · CHOPIN
GOUNOD · MENDELSSOHN
GRIEG · RAFF

BOSTON
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1903

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MASTERS IN MUSIC: VOLUME ONE

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

MOZART

BORN 1756: DIED 1791

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WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

Mozart was not distinguished in appearance, rather commonplace in fact, except when absorbed in music, when his look, ordinarily absent and restless, became calm, and "his whole countenance would change." Except for his musical genius, he was without intellectual distinction. His head was somewhat too large for his body, his face pale though not unpleasing, his nose prominent, his eyes large but not bright. Tischbein's painting, from which this portrait is taken, was made in 1790, and was pronounced a good likeness by two of Mozart's personal friends. It is probable, however, that the features are somewhat idealized.

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WOLFGANG AMADEUS

MOZART

BORN 1756: DIED 1791

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (pronounced Motezart), the most important of the immediate predecessors of Beethoven, and perhaps the most spontaneous musical genius who ever lived, was born in Salzburg, a small town southwest of Vienna in Austria-Hungary, on January 27, 1756. His musical taste showed itself early, and there are many anecdotes, of which some are trustworthy and some are not, illustrating his wonderful precocity. When he was three years old he began to amuse himself by picking out thirds on the piano; in his fourth year he learned, under the guidance of his father, Leopold Mozart, to play minuets and other small pieces; and at five he began composing little tunes, in correct form and provided with simple accompaniments. One day his father and Schachtner, the court trumpeter of Salzburg, found him writing what he called a "concerto." When they told him that although it was not without merit it was too difficult to play, he cried, "That is why it is a concerto; it must be practised until it is perfect." His ear was extraordinarily sensitive and accurate. He is said to have fainted away on hearing a trumpet. Schachtner is responsible for the statement that Mozart was able to perceive an interval of pitch so small as an eighth of a tone. The story is that he was allowed to play one day on Schachtner's violin, which he called, on account of its full, rich tone, "Butter-fiddle." A few days later he announced, "Herr Schachtner, your violin is half a quarter of a tone lower than mine; that is, if it is tuned as it was when I played it last." The violin was brought out, and proved, according to Schachtner, to be pitched as the boy had stated; but the genial old court trumpeter, who wrote more than thirty years after the events he tells about, may have unconsciously exaggerated his stories a little. The main point of Mozart's precocity, both in skill and in delicacy of perception, is, however, well established.

Leopold Mozart, though a devoted father, did not hesitate to subject his son to the dangers of the professional boy-prodigy. When Wolfgang was only six they set off together on the first of many tours, of which the story is always canny exhibition by the father and brilliant success for the

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son, who seems, moreover, to have come out of the ordeal singularly ingenuous and unspoiled. Everywhere he performed surprising feats. At Schönbrunn, where he played before the court, he delighted the emperor by playing "charmingly with one finger," by playing with a cloth over the keyboard, and by doing many other difficult and profitless things. At Paris he played, without notes, an accompaniment for an Italian air, feeling his way through by instinct alone. Of course he made some mistakes, but after having it repeated to him once by the singer he played both melody and accompaniment through ten times, improvising some new mode of accompaniment each time. In London he composed on the spur of the moment a melody to the bass of an air by Händel which he had never before seen. Here, too, the tour being delayed by his father's illness, he composed three symphonies, which were performed at his concerts. But in spite of all his talent and the applause it brought him, he remained quite unspoiled—"an ingenuous, happy child." At court he played with the princesses and sat on the empress's lap as familiarly as if she had been his mother.

His travels, which lasted all through his youth, were interrupted by long periods of quiet and study at home. Salzburg was never a congenial residence to Mozart, to be sure. Its provinciality and dullness irritated him, and he and his family lived in it in the rather unfortunate position of clever people among boors. They acquired a cynical, slightly malicious turn of mind, which characterized Mozart all his life—a temper similar to that which impelled some one to the remark, "He who comes to Salzburg becomes in the first year stupid, in the second idiotic, and in the third a true Salzburger." Nevertheless, Mozart's periods of residence at home were of great value to him. While his wanderings abroad brought him into contact with musicians and gave him indispensable practical experience, his home-keeping afforded the necessary leisure and tranquillity for the growth and maturing of his mind. Thus by the time he was twenty-one he was an excellently trained musician, with well-rounded knowledge and skill in his art. He played not only on the clavier (the piano of the eighteenth century), but on the violin and the organ; and he was an accomplished writer in all branches of composition. He had written church music of every variety, orchestral and chamber works, and operas both serious and comic. In a word, he had laid the foundations of a thorough and wide-ranging technique. As his biographer Jahn puts it, he had "mastered the external conditions of his art on every side, without injury to his individuality and creative force."

In the autumn of 1777 occurred Mozart's first love-affair. He was on a concert tour, this time accompanied by his mother, in Poland. Here he met a singer, a girl of fifteen, Aloysia Weber, whose singing and playing on the clavier won his admiration, and whose poverty and difficulties aroused his pity. His letters were full of her for a while. "Mlle. Weber sang in all thirteen times, and twice played the clavier, which she does very well. Only imagine, she played my difficult sonatas slowly, but without miss-

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ing a note, *prima vista*, upon my honor. I would rather she played my sonatas than Vogler." He wrote one of his most beautiful and emotional songs for her, and finally resolved on the quixotic plan of taking her to Italy and writing an opera for her appearance there. Here we have the first suggestion of that combination of carelessness and generosity which was characteristic of Mozart, and responsible for most of the misfortunes of his life. "If he spent his last penny upon a moment's impulse," writes one of his critics with discernment, "it was more likely to be for another's sake than for his own." In this case, however, Leopold Mozart had no intention of letting his son spend his last penny for any one, but commanded him to give up his dreams of Italy and marriage, and go on with his tour. Wolfgang, whose filial love was equal to the strain, proceeded to Paris, where, however, his mother, who had been ailing for some time, died, and he was left alone. Lovesick and lonely, he persevered for a while with his tour, which was but indifferently successful, but at last, in 1779, returned to Salzburg.

In his native town he was always at the beck and call of the archbishop, to whom he had been appointed concert-master. This post, though without salary, and considered menial, was well enough so long as the archbishop was well disposed; but at the time to which we have now come the archbishop was Hieronymus, a man famed for his churlishness and arrogant, bullying ways. He made poor Mozart's life a burden, both at Salzburg and at Vienna, whither he summoned him in 1781. Vain of having so famous a musician in his train, he tried to monopolize his talents. Though he paid him no salary, he would not allow him to earn money by accepting outside engagements. He treated him as a hireling, made him eat with the servants, and called him by contemptuous names, such as "Fex," "Lump," and "Lausbube." Mozart, driven to desperation, finally applied for his discharge. Receiving no attention, he went in person to press the matter, and was then actually thrown from the room. This was the end of his unprofitable and galling relation with his patron.

He now had to shift for himself, however, and soon found that a patron was hardly a more trying master than the public. For the rest of his life, spent chiefly in Vienna, he supported himself by teaching and giving concerts; he could never get any fixed post. To add to his difficulties, he married, on August 16, 1782, Constanze Weber, the elder sister of his first love. She was not a good manager, and the pair were in constant straits. They were often in actual want of food, and always grindingly poor. Biographers have expended a great deal of sympathy over Mozart's misfortunes, and drawn many edifying contrasts between his worldly squalor and his artistic glory, but the truth is that his troubles were chiefly the natural outcome of his careless, impulsive way of living; and, moreover, the same qualities in his character that brought them about helped him to endure them. He was irresponsible in money matters, generous to a fault, and generally thoughtless and happy-go-lucky.

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And in these qualities, which were helpful in bearing hardship if not in averting it, his wife was like him. A friend found them waltzing one cold morning; Mozart explained that as they had no fuel they were keeping warm in that way. But it would be unjust to him to represent his poverty as entirely the result of an easy-going temperament. It was also partly due to more sterling traits, such as his unwillingness to prostitute his art to meet popular demands. "Write in a more easy, popular style," said a publisher to him once, "or I will not print a note or give you a kreutzer." "Then, my good sir," replied Mozart, "I have only to resign myself and die of hunger." And whatever were the causes of his poverty, we can have nothing but admiration for the courage with which he bore the misery and anxiety it entailed; the mental heroism with which, in his work, he held himself above them. He continued composing, from this time on, with unimpeded vigor and fertility.

His three greatest operas, 'The Marriage of Figaro,' 'Don Giovanni,' and 'The Magic Flute,' were written during the last decade of his life. The first, which grew out of a comedy of Beaumarchais adapted by one Lorenzo da Ponte, was written in six weeks, and first given in May, 1785. It was an immediate success. The charmingly melodious music was sung and whistled everywhere, and Mozart found himself more famous than ever, though still so poor that he had to give lessons for bread. In Prague the success of 'Figaro' was so marked that its composer was commissioned by a manager there to write another opera; and he thereupon produced, with Da Ponte still as librettist, 'Don Giovanni.' It was given its first performance in October, 1787. Mozart's exploit in writing the overture in one night is well known. With his usual carelessness, he had failed to write it down up to the evening before the first night, though he had doubtless practically composed it. Kept awake by his wife, who plied him with stories and punch, he completed the entire score during the night, and it was read at sight by the orchestra at the opening performance. The librettist of 'The Magic Flute' was Shikaneder, a dissipated but clever theater manager who, on the verge of ruin, sought to recover himself with this opera. He is said to have half-jokingly shut Mozart up in a summer-house near the theater in order to make sure of his applying himself to his work instead of wasting his time in conviviality. This opera, Mozart's last, was first performed in September, 1791.

All this time Mozart was occupied also with works, equally important and beautiful, in other forms. His fame in pure music, a department in which he is perhaps even greater than he is in opera, and to which at any rate his contributions are historically more important, rests largely on the work of these years. The six string quartets dedicated to Haydn date from 1782, 1783, and 1784. The four great string quintets, referred to in the following List of Works, were composed in 1787, 1790, and 1791. Finally, to this period belong four of the finest of the concertos for piano, and the three greatest symphonies. Evidently his musical energy flowed undiminished in these days, in spite of all his labors, embarrassments, and worries.

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But even Mozart's vitality was not inexhaustible, and in 1791, though only thirty-five years old, he began to feel the effects of his hardships. In July he was commissioned by a mysterious stranger, dressed all in gray, to write a requiem for an unknown patron; and as soon as he had finished 'The Magic Flute' he began on this, his last work, with feverish activity. He became morbid and gloomy, and told his wife that he was writing his requiem for himself. "I feel it too well," he said; "my end is drawing near. I must have taken poison; I cannot get this idea out of my mind." He grew weaker and weaker, his hands and feet began to swell, and partial paralysis set in, accompanied by violent vomiting. "I have the flavor of death on my tongue," he said; "I taste death." What made this early failure of his vital strength particularly tragic was that the success of 'The Magic Flute' had at last brought him offers which if he could have lived would have saved him from the perpetual grind of poverty, and enabled him at last to devote himself whole-heartedly to composition. But it was too late. On the evening of his death he looked at the score of his unfinished work with tears in his eyes, saying, "Did I not say I was writing the 'Requiem' for myself?" Later, when he became delirious, he was still busy with the 'Requiem,' imagining it played, and blowing out his cheeks to imitate the trumpets. He died quietly, on the evening of December 5, 1791, having accomplished an enduring work in thirty-five laborious, brilliant, and painful years.—BASED ON 'THE LIFE OF MOZART' BY OTTO JAHN

THE ART OF MOZART

AS a pure genius of the first water, Mozart stands almost alone among musicians. He was not a man of general intellectual power, not a deep or profound thinker. His character was naïve, pleasure-loving, carelessly happy. He was convivial, improvident, in many respects commonplace. Yet in music his genius was unparalleled. His sensibility to tones and their combinations, his control in manipulating them, his instinctive sense for what might be done with them, both in expression and in modeling, were remarkable. Schubert is almost the only composer one can name who for sheer musical inspiration was comparable with him; and Schubert not only lived in a day when music was groping toward a new style, but also suffered from inadequate personal training. Mozart, on the contrary, combined with his matchless genius the most thorough practical experience of all phases of his art. From his babyhood he was skilled both in performance, and in harmony, counterpoint, and all that make up the technical equipment of the composer. And so his fresh and beautiful lyric feeling, the gift of the gods, expressed itself without any hindrance from his medium,

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and he became an artist in whom matter and manner were perfectly married.

Critics have rightly laid stress on his grace and power as a melodist. His melodic inventiveness is surprising; tunes, of all shades of expression, and always of perfect formal beauty, are most lavishly scattered through his works. He is never dull or maundering, never gropes or hesitates; he always has something to say, and says it frankly and freshly. And since melody is the essence of music, which in its most complex forms is nothing but a development of the direct emotional utterance of the simplest song, tunefulness is justly considered the first requisite in a composer, and the surest criterion of his greatness. Without it he may be ingenious, learned, interesting; he cannot be truly delightful. Mozart, whose feeling was of the forthright, ingenuous kind that necessarily wells up in song, and whose sense for purity and symmetry of form was fairly Greek, made tunes which can never be forgotten.

In his music, again, as in all music worthy of the name, melody is not only in the treble voice, but everywhere. The inner voices, the bass—all the parts "sing"; and this in instrumental as well as in vocal compositions. Mozart was fortunate in inheriting this polyphonic or many-voiced style from Bach, who had carried polyphonic music as far as it could go. Haydn and Mozart, the inaugurators of a new style, in which polyphonic variety was supplemented by a new variety and organism of structure, depending on the interrelations of keys (see the notes on Selection v.), built securely on the past, and indispensably for the future. Beethoven advanced still further in the direction they had taken, and turned their conquests to uses their childlike industry had never imagined. But they, and especially Mozart, achieved a style purer and less perplexed than Beethoven's, at the same time that it contained elements of structural strength and emotional eloquence unknown to Bach.

Mozart is thus a milestone on the endless march of musical progress. In him music attained a temporary equilibrium; and his work shows that perfect adjustment between substance and style, that wonderful inner harmony, which comes only at happy moments, and when it does come ensures for the art it transfigures immortal life and honor.—THE EDITOR

H. H. Statham *'Fortnightly Review' 1884*

THE position held by Mozart among the great musical composers is one of peculiar interest, whether we regard his genius and his productions from the historical or the critical point of view. Historically speaking, he stands as a connecting link between the old and the modern schools of musical art; between the school in which the working-out of a musical idea in purely logical and rounded form constituted the paramount aim and interest of the composer and that in which the effort at emotional expression and poetic suggestiveness predominates more or less over considerations of purity and

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balance of form. Not, of course, that either of these sources of interest can be absent from anything worth calling music. Balance of form, not excluding expression, is represented by the great composers of the pre-Mozartean period; poetic expression, not indifferent to form, is represented by the best of the modern school. When the predominance of either element is pushed to an exaggeration practically exclusive of the other we have had as results, in the one case, such mere building-up of contrapuntal structure as may provoke the poet's question—

"Come forth and be judged, Master Hugues;
What do you mean by your mountainous fugues?"

and in the other case, such delirious whirls of amorphous sound as Wagner has given us not a few examples of. But within certain limits the older school tends to the predominance of severe outline and logical form; the modern, to the predominance of broad color-effect and emotional expression. In Mozart the two tendencies seem to overlap. He was almost as great a contrapuntal constructor as Bach; perhaps quite as great, if artistic greatness lie in the production of clear effect through intricate combination, rather than in the mere intricacy of the combination itself. He is full of reminiscences of the older style, reminiscences embodying some of its finest characteristics; but he is also full of innovations suggestive of the feeling of the coming modern school. His melody breathes a romantic tenderness of expression, of which there had been no instance before in music; his harmonic changes and his effects of instrumentation give the first hints of the broad style and rich effects which were to be perfected by Beethoven, and in many details of his composition he anticipated, though sometimes in a doubtful and tentative manner, the favorite devices of that master.

But from a purely critical point of view Mozart's genius presents a still more interesting and suggestive aspect; for he is in music the typical representative of that balanced and complete artistic power which leaves scarcely any room for criticism in regard to conception and execution, yet concerning which there may ever and anon intrude itself that almost irritating question dealt with in Browning's 'Andrea del Sarto.' Is this rounded perfection and artistic balance of parts, this perfect and harmonious whole so completely grasped by the artist, is this the best fulfilment of what we wish from art; or is it rather true that "a man's reach should exceed his grasp," that the art which in its very striving after higher and intenser expression bursts the swathements of symmetrical form, and loses in the process its roundness and completeness, is thereby intellectually the loftier through that very incompleteness? About no question concerning artistic form and expression have there been more oscillations of criticism than this, the answer to which depends after all so much on the mental constitution of different men and different generations—even on the changes of mood in the same mind. Consequently, in these days of the making of criticisms, no great composer has aroused such varied shades of opinion, short of absolute antagonism, as Mozart. . . .

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The school of critics who now affect to slight Mozart charge him with want of earnestness in his art, with having no definite aim, or, as I once saw the charge more distinctly formulated in print, with a thoughtless habit of taking a beautiful melody and elaborating it solely with the view of displaying its beauty, with no ulterior aim. Is this then so ignoble a task? We have Filippo Lippi's answer—

> "If you get simple beauty and nought else,
> You get about the best thing God invents:"

an answer the weight and significance of which are apt to be sadly overlooked in these days of self-conscious theorizing upon the morale of art. But the further answer on the part of Mozart might be this: that inasmuch as his special power consisted in the utterance of feeling through musical form, we have no right to demand that he should also have uttered that feeling through other channels, literary or moral, not congenial to his genius; that in the face of the unquestionable evidence, in his lyric dramas, of the existence in him of a feeling based upon the elemental facts of human nature and human pathos, we have no right to deny the existence of such a basis in his purely instrumental works, merely because he did not formulate in words what he could better express in music, the very reason for being of which is that it expresses what words cannot express; and furthermore, that the mere development of perfect musical form, proportion, and detail, is in itself an intellectual exercise of the highest interest, leading to a result the contemplation of which forms an intellectual pleasure of the purest and most abstract nature, which, just because it is abstract, is incapable of rigorous or logical definition, but is not the less genuine on that account. And in the days when, as Sterndale Bennett said, "music was young," it was the proper object of a composer to perfect its form, to experiment upon its resources of design, to master its technical difficulties; just as in the younger days of painting the mere effort to work out effects and handling not previously mastered was one of the main objects of the most gifted painters, and was a sufficient and ennobling aim in itself. . . .

When we come to compare the emotional expression of Mozart's music with that of his greatest successor, then indeed we are conscious of a comparative limitation in his powers; but we must also perceive that so passionate a stress of feeling as is poured out in the works of Beethoven, even could the poetic motive for it have existed in Mozart's day, would have torn asunder the delicate and finished framework of Mozart's exquisitely constructed forms. The greatest intensity of expression is perhaps incompatible with the greatest perfection of form; but while recognizing in Mozart the musician who gave us the most balanced and complete musical art, we must, while recognizing also his limitation in regard to emotional intensity, remember that he lived but a short life, that his latest work, the 'Requiem,' evinces deeper and more serious feeling than any of his previous compositions, and that we can hardly estimate what he might have done with twenty years' longer life, under favorable circumstances.

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As it is, he has left enough to justify Rossini's characterization of him as "the only musician who had as much knowledge as genius, and as much genius as knowledge."

C. Hubert H. Parry *'The Evolution of the Art of Music'*

THE principles upon which self-dependent instrumental music was being developed during the greater part of the eighteenth century were quite new to mankind. Before men developed the capacity for understanding the classification of harmonies in connection with certain tonal centers such principles were altogether inconceivable. But when once the idea of harmonic centralization was well established, progress in readiness to grasp the artistic purpose of the composer in disposing his groups of harmony so as to convey the impression of design, was extraordinarily rapid—as may be judged by the difference in obviousness between a concerto of Vivaldi's and a symphony of Mozart's.

The special department in which the sum of all sorts of experiments was leading to a satisfactory establishment of principle, in the early part of the eighteenth century, was the extremely important one of harmonic design. Musical instinct was leading men to give the best of their powers to the development of the types of design now familiar in sonatas, and out of a multiplicity of experiments Mozart and Haydn, and their lesser contemporaries, gave their verdict very decisively in favor of a type of movement which looks at first most peculiar and enigmatical, but which proved to be most elastic and satisfying in practice. The aim of composers was first to establish a point of departure; and when that had been sufficiently insisted upon, to set out from it and find an orderly series of contrasts of as many and various kinds as the art allowed; and to dispose them in such a way as to make each step lead onwards, till a circuit was completed by returning to and reëstablishing the original starting-point.

The whole scheme of this type of movement, which was fairly established by the time Haydn and Mozart began their work, implies the following general intention. The first part of the movement [that is, the announcement of all the themes, extending up to the double-bar: see notes on Selection v.—ED.] aims at definiteness in every respect—definiteness of subject, definiteness of contrast of key, definiteness of regular balancing groups of bars and rhythms, definiteness of progressions. By the time this first division is over the mind has had enough of such definiteness, and wants a change. The second division, therefore [the "working-out"; see notes on Selection v.—ED.], represents the breaking-up of the subjects into their constituent elements of figure and rhythm, the obliteration of the sense of regularity by grouping the bars irregularly; and aims, by moving constantly from key to key, to give the sense of artistic confusion, which, however, is always regulated by some inner but disguised principle of order. When the mind has gone through enough of the pleasing sense of

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bewilderment—the sense that has made riddles attractive to the human creature from time immemorial—the scheme is completed by resuming the orderly methods of the first division and firmly reëstablishing the principal key, which has been carefully avoided since the commencement. [All this may be traced in Selection v.—ED.].

By the time that Mozart and Haydn arrived upon the scene this scheme of instrumental music was fairly established, but it had been used by most composers before their time crudely, obviously, and mechanically. While the form was new it was enjoyable as a novelty, and as a mere piece of mechanical ingenuity, and the perverting influence of the predominating operatic taste prevented composers from applying any faculties they might have possessed to the improvement of the details. It was the superior instinct of Mozart and Haydn which led them to give attention to such things, and to develop and organize the system to a very high degree of perfection.

The artistic crisis which Mozart and Haydn represent is so important that the nature of musical advance made by them in the instrumental line may here be fitly summed up. Before their time the only two branches in which first-rate and mature work of the harmonic kind had been done were the violin sonatas written chiefly by the great Italian violinists and their pupils in other countries, and the clavier sonatas. The scope of movements was small and without much development, and the ideas, even in the best examples, were rather indefinite. By the end of their time instrumental art had branched out into a very large number of complete and distinct forms, such as symphonies, concertos, quartets, trios, and sonatas for violin and clavier. The style appropriate to each had been more or less ascertained, and the schemes of design had been perfectly organized for all self-dependent instrumental music. The difference in that respect between their early and later works is very marked. They improved the range of the symphonic cycle of movements by adding the minuet and trio to the old group of three movements, thereby introducing definite and undisguised dance movements to follow and contrast with the central *cantabile* slow movement. Between them they had completely transformed the treatment of the orchestra. They not only enlarged it and gave it greater capacity of tone and variety, but they also laid the solid foundations of those methods of art which have become the most characteristic and effective features in the system of modern music. Even in detail the character of music is altered in their hands; all phraseology is made articulate and definite; and the minutiæ which lend themselves to refined and artistic performance are carefully considered, without in any way diminishing the breadth and freedom of the general effect. There is hardly any branch or department of art which does not seem to have been brought to high technical perfection by them; and if the world could be satisfied with the ideal of perfectly organized simplicity, without any great force of expression, instrumental art might well have stopped at the point to which they brought it.

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Henri-Frédéric Amiel *'Journal Intime'*

FOURTEENTH May, 1853. Third quartet concert. The quartets were perfectly clear and easy to understand. One was by Mozart and the other by Beethoven, so that I could compare the two masters. Their individuality seemed to become plain to me: Mozart—grace, liberty, certainty, freedom, and precision of style,—an exquisite and aristocratic beauty,—serenity of soul,—the health and talent of the master, both on a level with his genius; Beethoven—more pathetic, more passionate, more torn with feeling, more intricate, more profound, less perfect, more the slave of his genius, more carried away by his fancy or his passion, more moving and more sublime than Mozart. Mozart refreshes you, like the 'Dialogues' of Plato; he respects you, reveals to you your strength, gives you freedom and balance. Beethoven seizes upon you; he is more tragic and oratorical, while Mozart is more disinterested and poetical. Mozart is more Greek, and Beethoven more Christian. One is serene, the other serious. The first is stronger than destiny, because he takes life less profoundly; the second is less strong, because he has dared to measure himself against deeper sorrows. His talent is not always equal to his genius, and pathos is his dominant feature, as perfection is that of Mozart. In Mozart the balance of the whole is perfect, and art triumphs; in Beethoven feeling governs everything, and emotion troubles his art in proportion as it deepens it.
—THE TRANSLATION OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

THE WORKS OF MOZART

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

I. Sonata in A-major *First Movement*

THIS is an early sonata of Mozart's (number 331 in Köchel's Catalogue), and is somewhat irregular in form, the first movement being a set of variations. Its prevailing characteristic is the true Mozartean grace and simplicity. It must be played throughout with a pure, clear tone, and without too much pedal.

VARIATION I. Here the characteristic feature is that the strongly accented notes in the right hand are for the most part foreign to the harmony ("appoggiaturas"), which however quickly pass into harmonious notes. In order to bring this out, accent strongly and phrase with care. At page 2, the fourth system, the second measure, the phrase accent differs from the measure accent. This momentary displacement of stress should be clearly rendered, as it is of very charming effect.

VARIATION III. The feeling here should be of calm, evenly flowing motion. The time must be regular and deliberate.

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VARIATION IV. The melody in thirds which the left hand plays in the treble must stand out clearly. Play it with a singing touch, at the same time subordinating all the other parts, making them a mere background of quiet tone.

VARIATION V. Adagio. When there are so many kinds of notes,—heights, sixteenths, thirty-seconds, and even sixty-fourths, besides various sorts of triplets,—it is difficult, but doubly necessary, to assign all their precise values. The variation must be studied in detail until the relations of all its time-values are clearly understood.

II. Andante and Minuet *From the String Quartet in C-major*

ONE of the six dedicated to Haydn, this noble and deeply thoughtful quartet (number 465 in Köchel's Catalogue) was written in January, 1785. In February of that year the composer's father made him a visit, and heard the work performed by a notable group of players;—Haydn was first violin, Dittersdorf second, Mozart himself took the viola part, and Vanhall was 'cellist. Haydn, who was then over fifty years old and an acknowledged master, said to Leopold Mozart, "I assure you solemnly and as an honest man that I consider your son to be the greatest composer of whom I have ever heard; he has taste, and possesses a thorough knowledge of composition." Of this quartet Jahn writes, "The frame of mind expressed in it is a noble, manly cheerfulness, rising in the andante to an almost supernatural serenity—the kind of cheerfulness which, in life or in art, appears only as the result of previous pain and strife." Both in feeling and in style it shows, indeed, a great gain over the early and immature piano sonata of Selection I. It is much fuller of meaning; there are melodies everywhere, a continual dialogue or conversation between the instruments. It is important in playing it to remember that melody is not only on top, but in all the parts. Thus at page 9, the third system, the second measure, the answer of the 'cello to the first violin must be clearly brought out; and at page 10, the first system, the first measure, one instrument after another has the same thing to say. Each must speak distinctly. At page 12, the third system, the third measure, Mozart places a musical idea or "motif" of two beats' duration in his three-beat measure, getting thus a curious effect of temporarily displaced accent which he, and after him Beethoven and Brahms, uses frequently, and with delightful effect.

In none of his minuets, in which he is always especially happy, does Mozart express himself with more whimsical charm, more freakish humor, than in this one. Notice, for example, how he comes to a sudden stop in the midst of his gaiety, and then resumes his dancing progress. The cadence-formula just before the double-bar is a fascinating example of the displacement of accent described a moment back, in which the musical idea is of such a length as not to correspond exactly with the established meter. Here the melody phrase is five beats long, and as the meter is of

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three beats, the melody receives an entirely different accent on its second appearance than on its first. It is the same sentence in two languages, or the same object from two points of view. Bring this out saliently in playing it. The Trio is built on a graceful tune, rather melancholy in feeling, which at the end is sung by the 'cello. Here the left hand must give the melody firmly, while the right hand accompanies.

III. "Come, Shall I Tell Thee" *Soprano Aria from 'Don Giovanni'*

ON GIOVANNI' is Mozart's finest opera. Masetto, husband of Zerlina, whom Don Giovanni has tried to seduce, is jealous and seeks to kill his rakish rival. But Don Giovanni, too clever for him, soundly beats him with his own weapons, and leaves him groaning with rage and pain. It is then that Zerlina, trying to comfort him, sings this lovely aria, beautiful to the verge of incongruity. Nowhere is the idealizing power of Mozart's genius more strikingly shown. The situation is ridiculous enough, but he writes for it one of the purest and sweetest melodies in existence. Though his taste was not keen enough to keep him from attempting such an incongruity, his sheer musicianship enabled him to produce a true love-song.

IV. "Give Me Thy Hand, O Fairest" *Duet from 'Don Giovanni'*

HIS is the duet, in the first act of the opera, in which Don Giovanni cajoles, persuades, and finally conquers Zerlina. As beautiful a melody as Selection III., and perhaps even more famous (it is known the world over under its Italian name of "Là ci darem la mano"), it is also more dramatic. The duet is full of action, from the moment when the hero makes his plea and the lady confesses that "she would, and yet she would not," through all his persuasions and her coynesses, and up to his final triumph, when, crying, "I come!" she falls into his arms and they express their rapture in a concerted allegro. This number is included in spite of its being a duet, partly because it is so famous and beautiful a tune, and partly because most of it can be effectively rendered by one singer. The words of both Selections III. and IV. are taken from the English translation of 'Don Giovanni' by Natalie Macfarren.

V. The "Jupiter" Symphony *First Movement*

HIS Symphony in C-major (Köchel, 551) is commonly called the "Jupiter" Symphony. The piano arrangement is by F. L. Schubert. This, the last symphony that Mozart wrote, and universally agreed to be one of the three best, the others being the G-minor and the E-flat, was written with them in the summer of 1788. It shows the composer in a larger, more heroic mood than any of the other excerpts. He is here the obvious prototype of much

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that is most serious, noble, and impressive in Beethoven, and though his characteristic vivacity constantly appears, there is also a more rugged quality which justifies us in calling the work, "symphonic," a word which in music means much what "epic" means in poetry. At the very beginning, where the three stern notes given out by all the strings are answered by the gracious phrase of the wood-wind, we feel that a master is speaking. An almost fierce vigor is the characteristic quality of the movement, and yet this is by no means unrelieved. "In the choice and arrangement of his melodies," says Jahn, "Mozart invariably displays delicate taste and discrimination. . . . His most inimitable effect is produced when, just as the movement is drawing to a close, a perfect melody starts up in all its charm of fresh sweetness, reviving the interest of the hearers, and often giving an entirely new turn to the whole. As a striking example, I may remind my readers of the first movement of the 'Jupiter' Symphony. Who has not been charmed again and again by the last melody, which, like a shining meteor, sheds light and cheerfulness around?"

The movement is an admirably constructed example of the sonata-form, the essential character of which is the presentation and development of a principal theme or subject, and one or more subordinate themes. (See the quotation from Dr. Parry above.) For the convenience of students the themes are marked with the Roman numerals I., II., and III. The third or conclusion theme is in three distinct sections, marked III. a, b, and c. The first two pages are given up to the characteristic little figure announced in measures two, three, and four. At the fifth system, the fourth measure, this figure occurs in the bass, where it must be made distinctly heard. At II. enters the quiet, elegiac second theme, interrupted after a while by a general tumult of the orchestra (page 25, the fourth system, the fourth measure), which leads over to the conclusion theme. It is the theme marked III. b of which Jahn speaks as shedding "light and cheerfulness around." This theme is quite naturally selected to be first treated in the development or "working-out" portion, which comes in after the double-bar, Mozart being evidently in love with it. Note how the last phrase of it is tossed about from one instrument to another, now in the treble, now in the bass, and ever with some new light of harmony thrown upon it. The first theme comes in for a slight share of working-out, but Mozart is very concise, and quickly hastens to his reprisal, or restatement of all the themes, this time all in the tonic key. (At first the second and third themes were in the dominant key.) There is a little elaboration of the last passage of all, and the movement ends brilliantly and with fine rhythmic verve. It is throughout an excellent example of symphonic form, thoroughly impregnated with its composer's habitual animation, gaiety, and charm.

Mr. Philip H. Goepp, in his book on 'Symphonies and Their Meaning,' says in writing of Mozart: "It is certainly unquestionable that mere cunning of workmanship can never, in itself, be assurance of highest art. In so far as this is commonly the basis of Mozart's supremacy as master, we must withhold our homage. But, in reality, there is a better reason.

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Mozart does not stand simply for graceful perfection of detail and outline; there is expressed in his works the spirit which gives life to all this beauty, including with the humor of a Haydn something of the cosmic scope of a Shakespeare, to whom he is often likened. His very completeness of form is typical and expressive of the breadth of his sympathy. In Bach the broadest view of the religious spirit finds utterance in the highest development of the church style, strongest in resistance to poetic emotion. Mozart crowns the secular outburst, deepening its pathos, idealizing its humor, adding a serious, heroic note which Beethoven afterward expanded. The symphony passed in these masters from the stage of amusement to poetic expression and the utterance of a stern message."

THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF MOZART

MOZART'S works as catalogued by Herr von Köchel in his complete list, entitled 'Chronologisch-thematischen Verzeichniss sämmtlicher Tonwerke W. A. Mozart's' (Leipsic, 1879) number six hundred and twenty-six. The list which follows is, obviously enough, selective.

I. CHORAL. SECULAR. Of the operas, of which there are twenty-three, the most important are 'Idomeneo,' 'The Escape from the Seraglio,' 'The Marriage of Figaro,' 'Don Giovanni,' and 'The Magic Flute.' SACRED. Four cantatas and an oratorio exist, but are of minor importance. CHURCH MUSIC. There are twenty masses, of which the best is the famous 'Requiem,' his last work.

II. VOCAL. Forty-one songs are mentioned in the Köchel Catalogue, and there are many other small vocal compositions.

III. ORCHESTRAL. Forty-nine symphonies, of which the greatest are the last three in E-flat, G-minor, and C. The last is known as the "Jupiter." There are also divertimenti, cassations, dance music, and the like.

IV. CONCERTOS. Twenty-five piano concertos, of which the best are numbers 466, 467, 491, and 503 in the Köchel Catalogue. There are also concertos for the violin and other instruments.

V. CHAMBER MUSIC. QUINTETS. Seven quintets for two violins, two violas, and 'cello; five for other combinations. Of the quintets, those in C-minor, G-minor, D-major, and E-flat are notable. QUARTETS. Of twenty-six string quartets, the most masterly are the six written in 1782 and dedicated to Haydn. Of the quartets with piano, that in G-major (Köchel 478) is worthy of remark. TRIOS. Mozart wrote seven trios for piano, violin, and 'cello, of which the most important is the one in E (Köchel 542); and one for piano, clarinet, and viola. DUOS. Forty-two violin sonatas, and minor works for the same combination. Some works for two pianos, etc.

VI. PIANO WORKS. Seventeen sonatas, three fantasias, a fantasia and fugue, fifteen sets of variations, and many small pieces.

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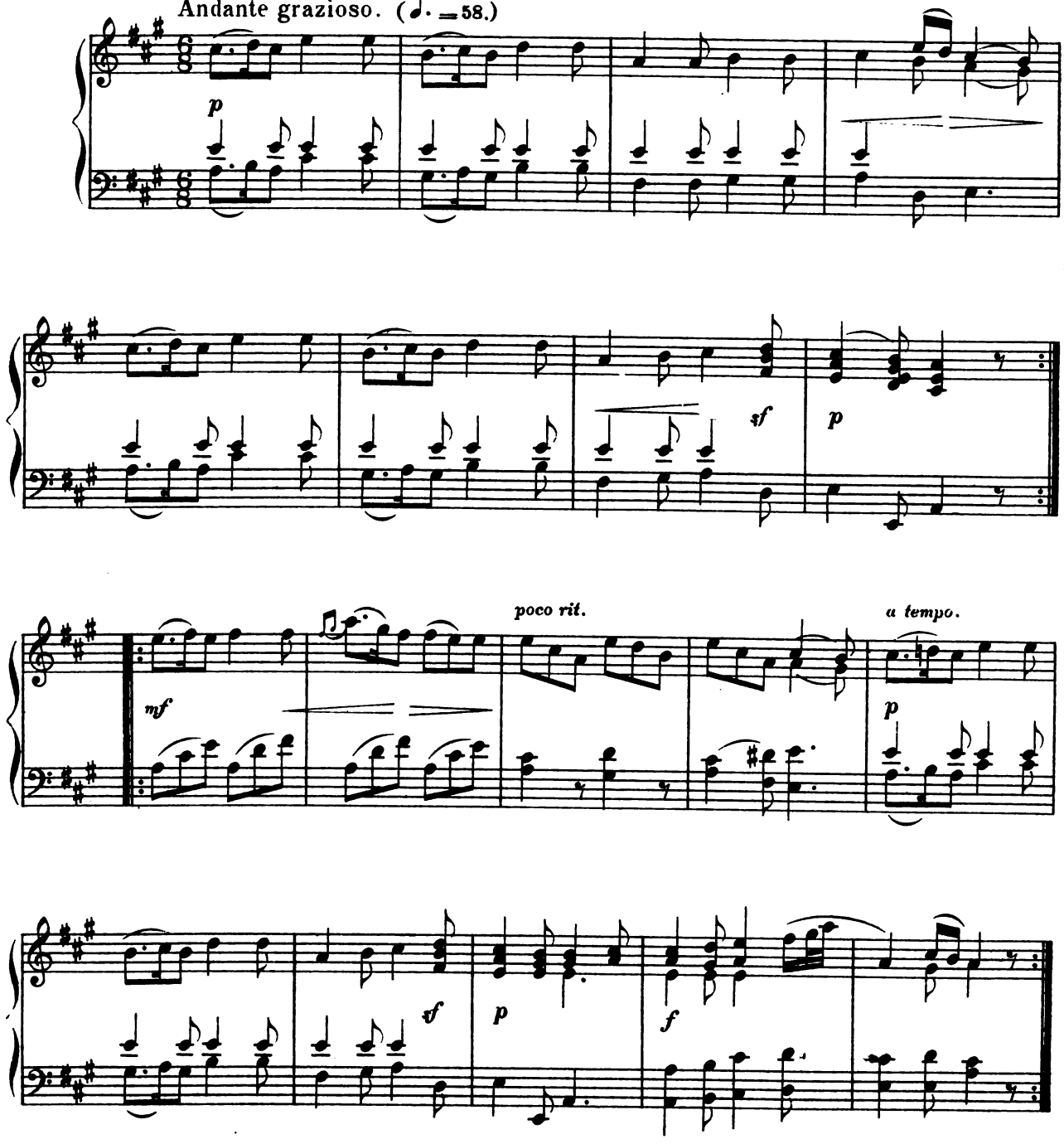
MOZART

I. SONATA IN A-MAJOR

FIRST MOVEMENT

THEME.

Andante grazioso. (♩. = 58.)

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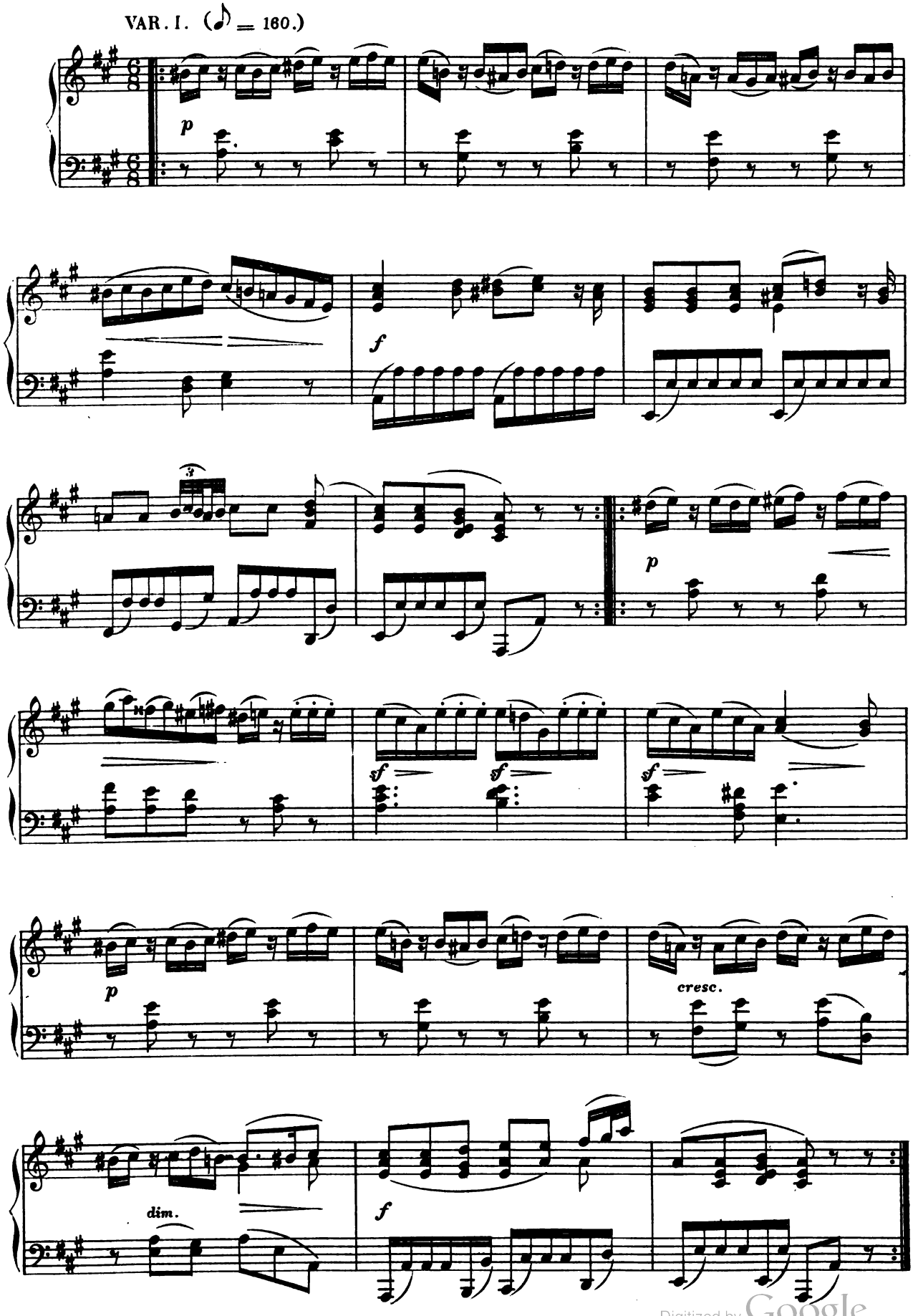
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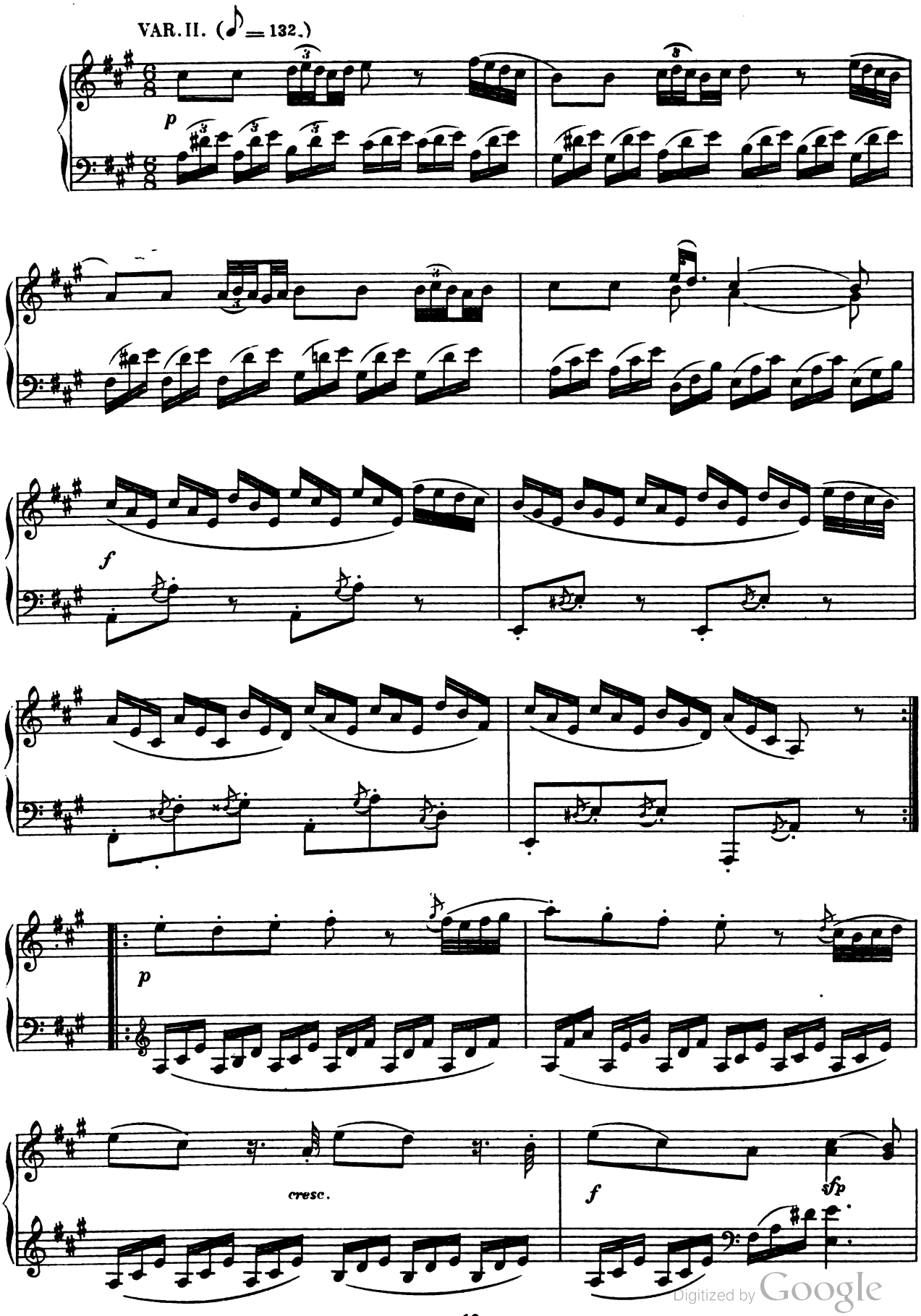
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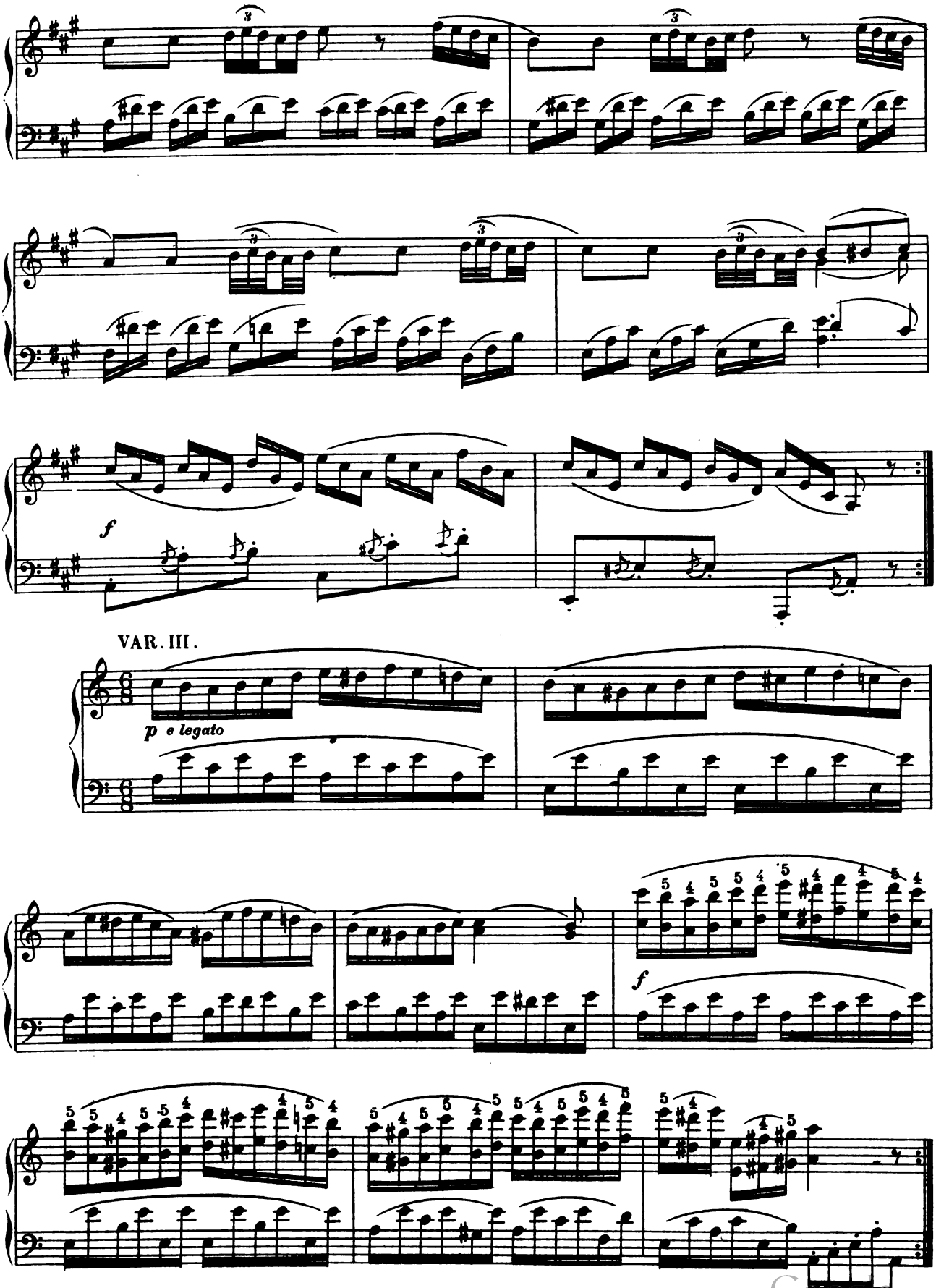
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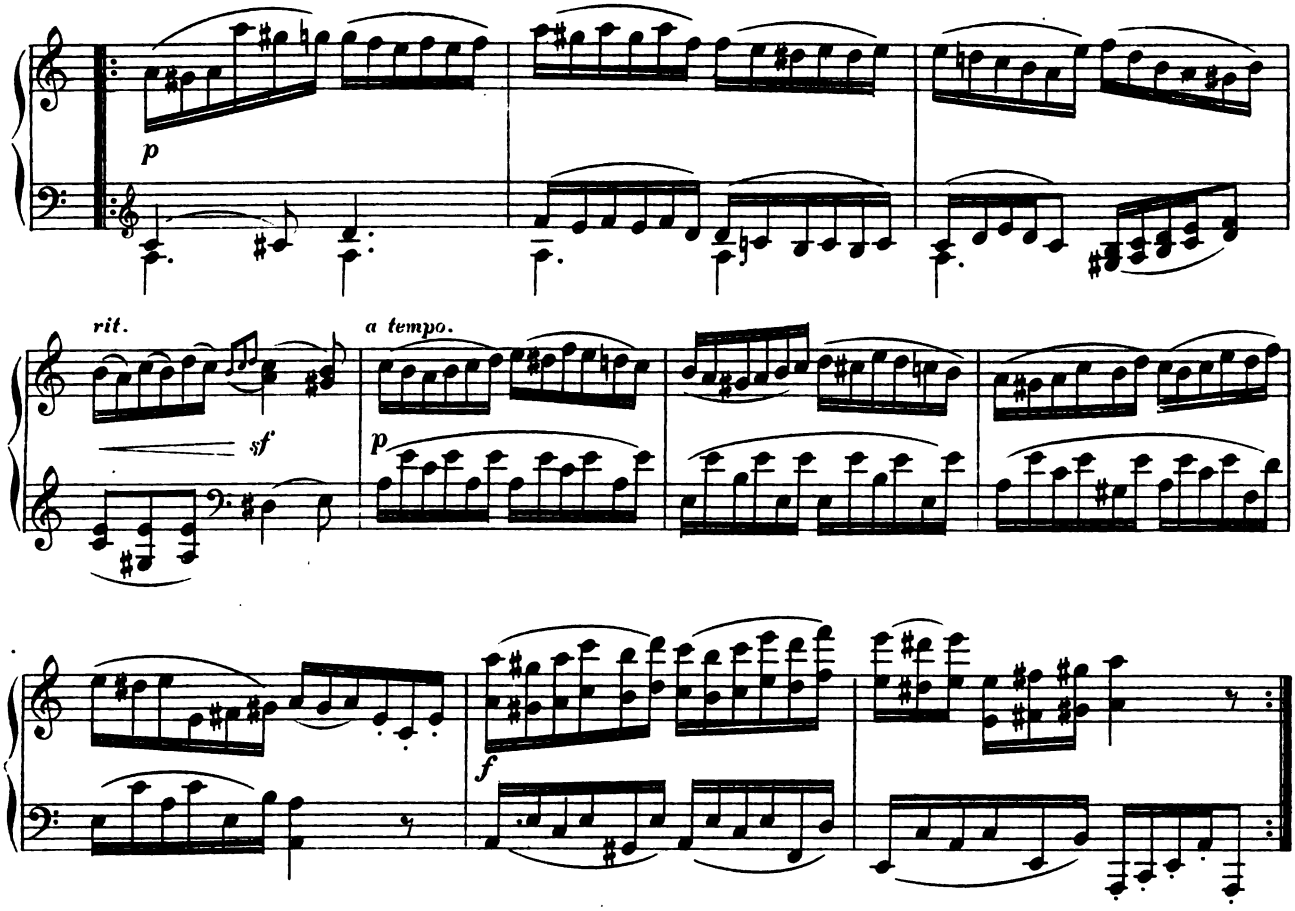
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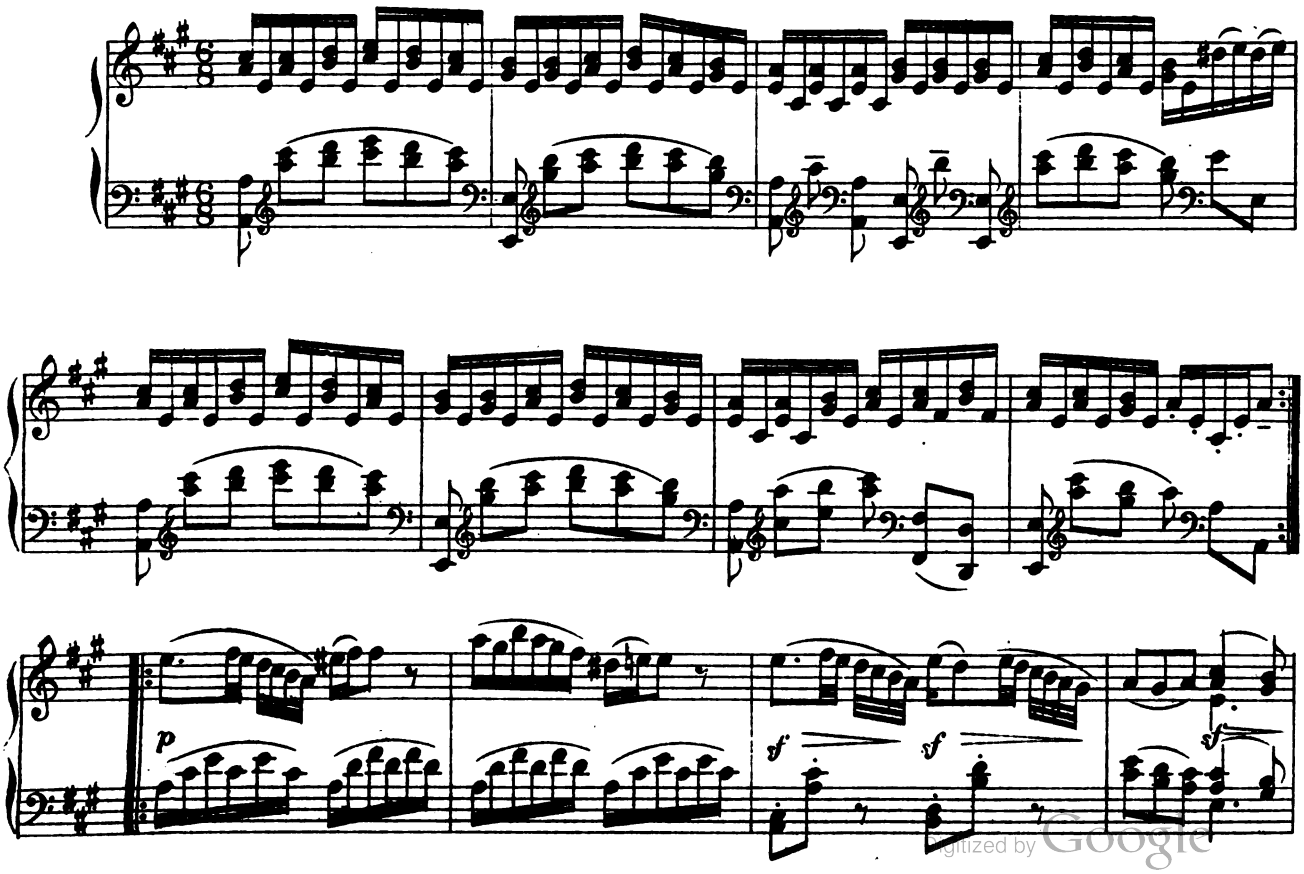
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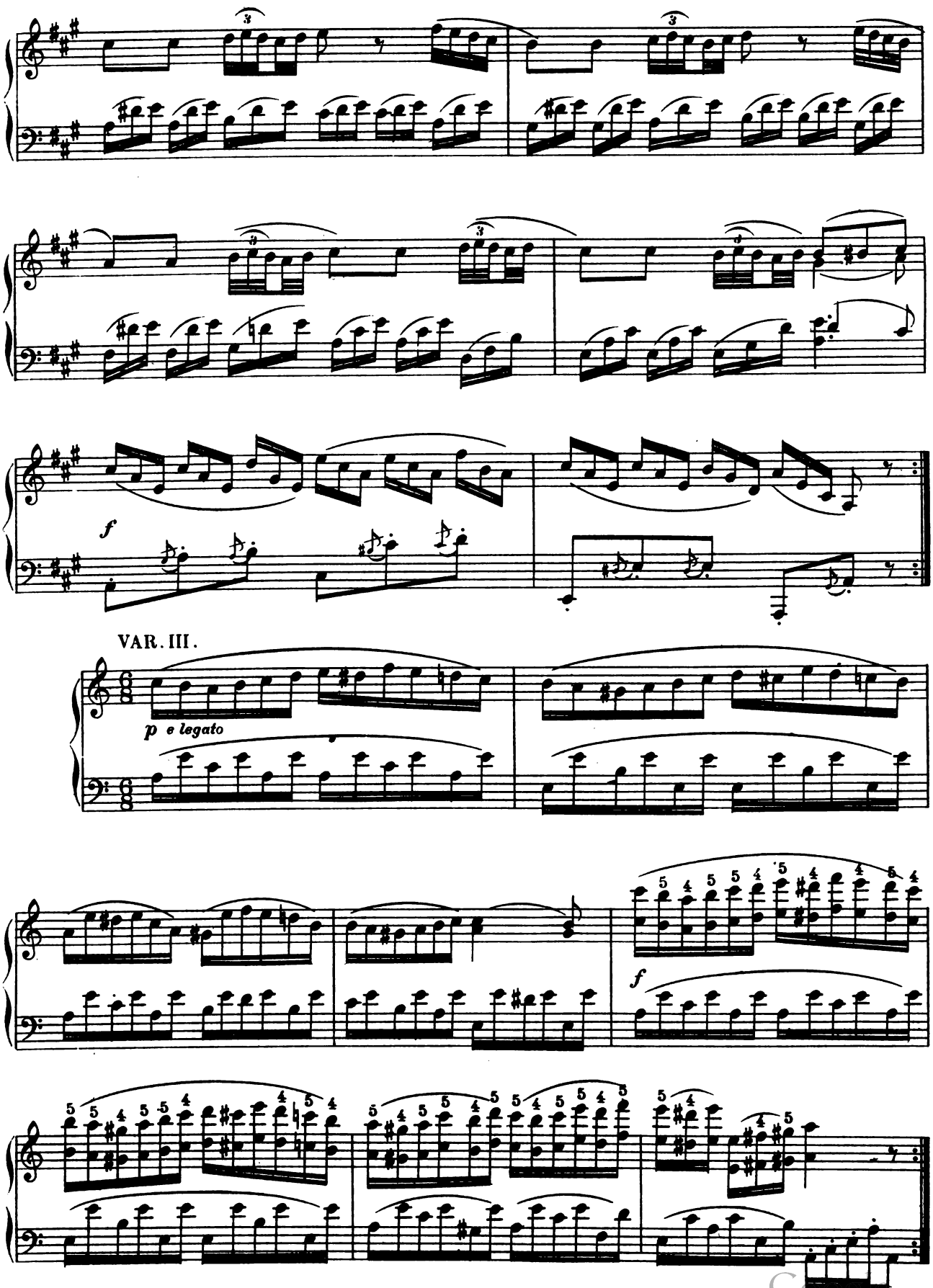
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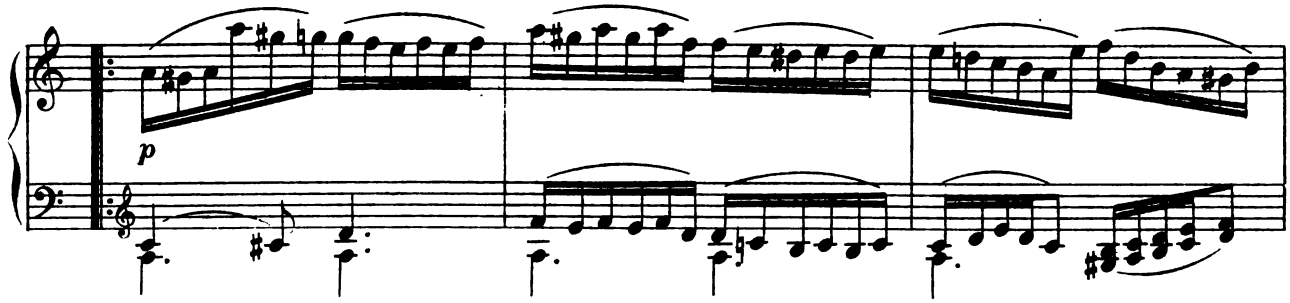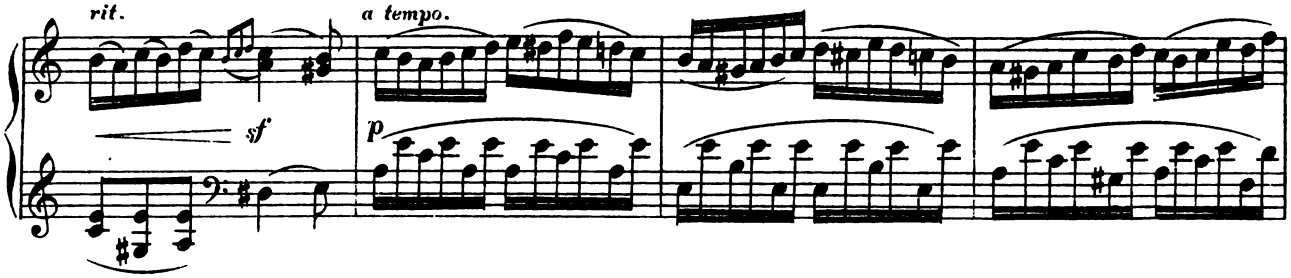
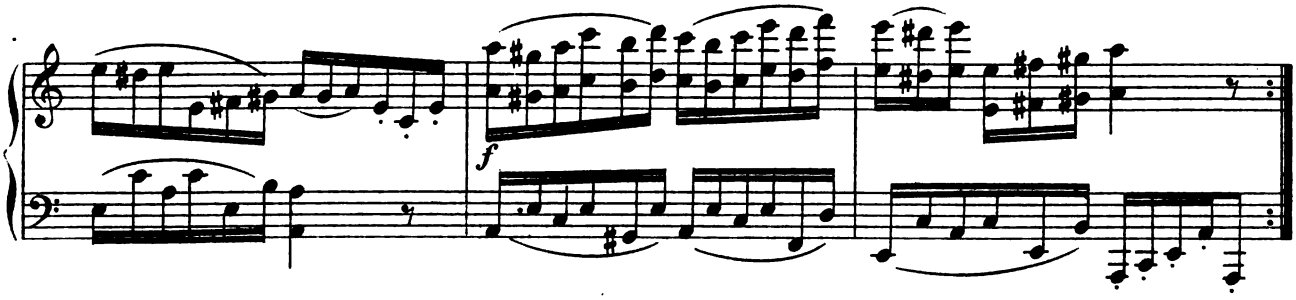

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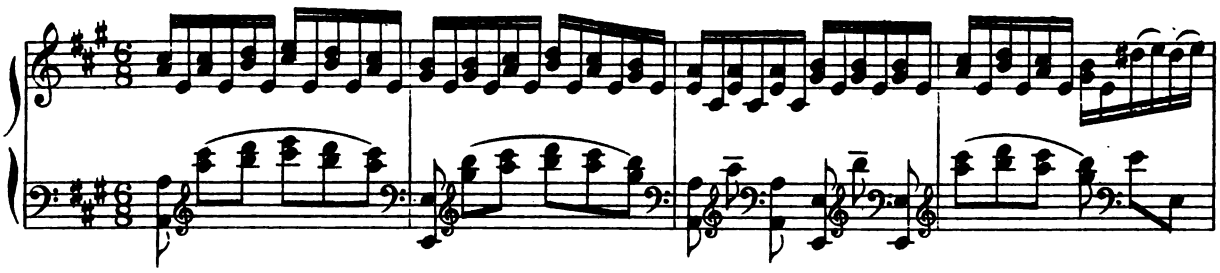

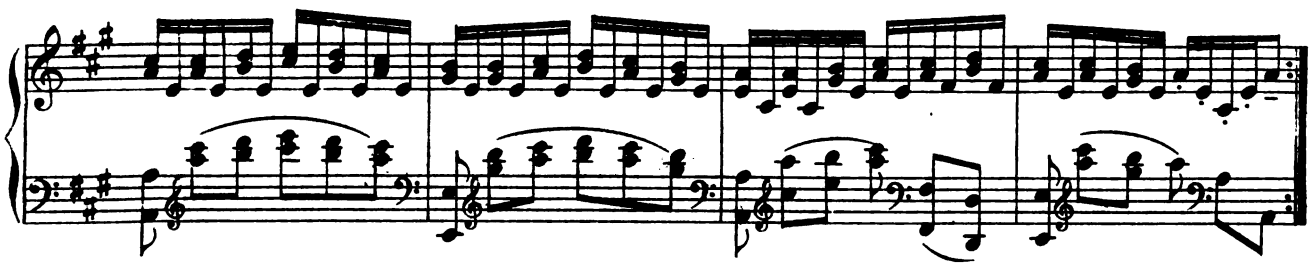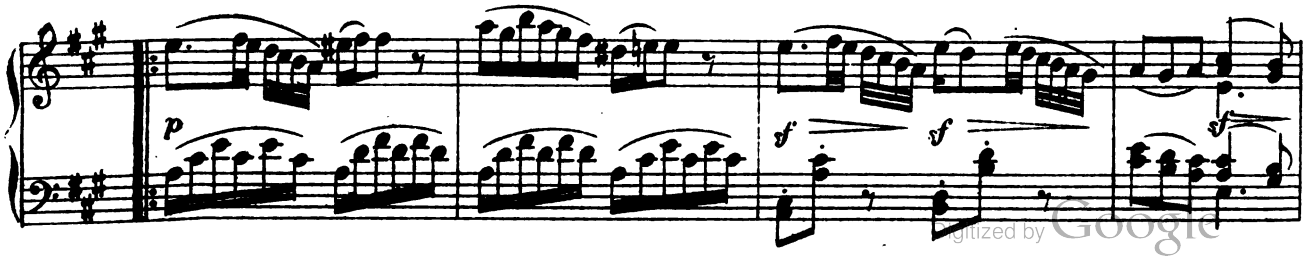

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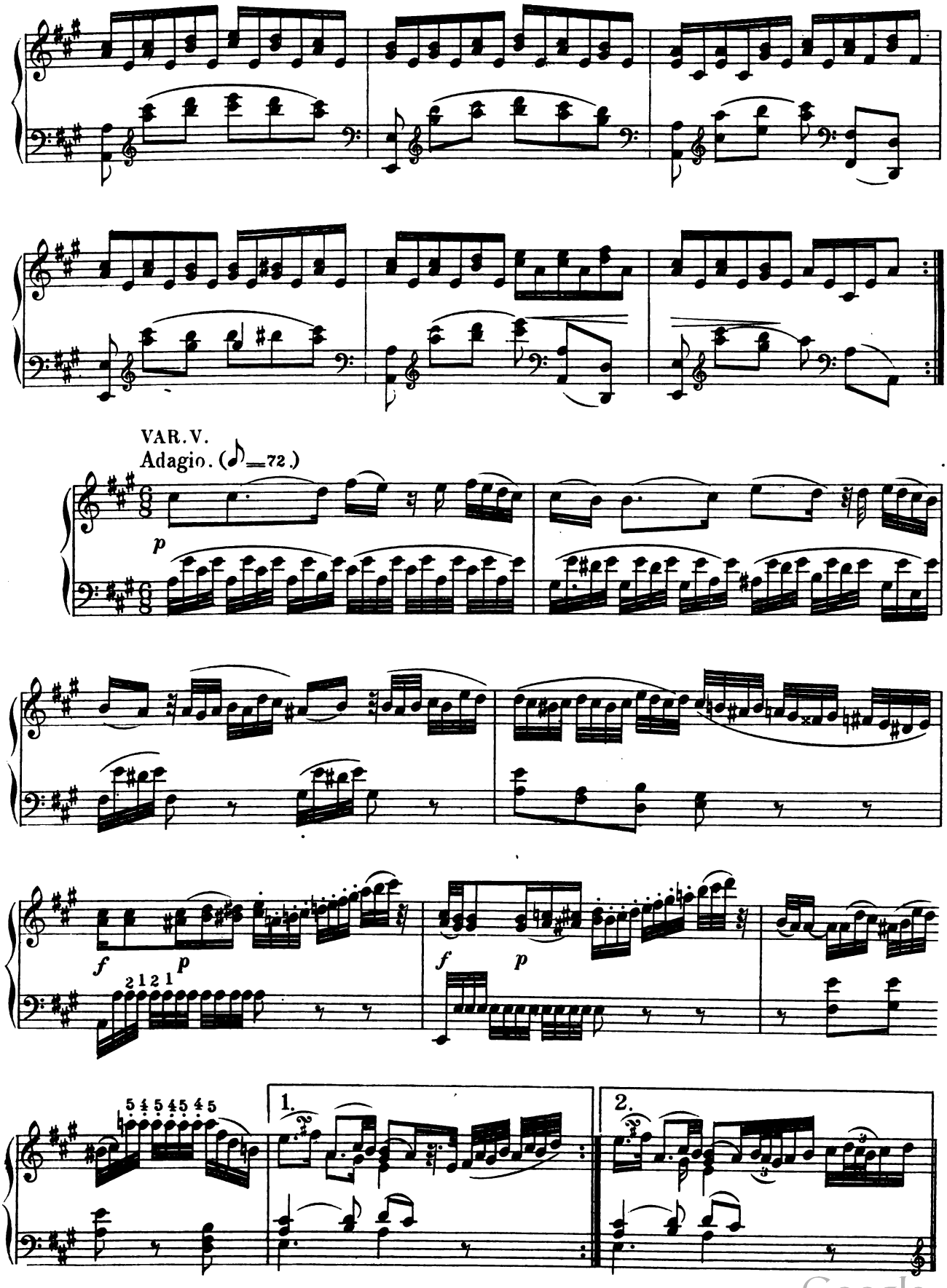
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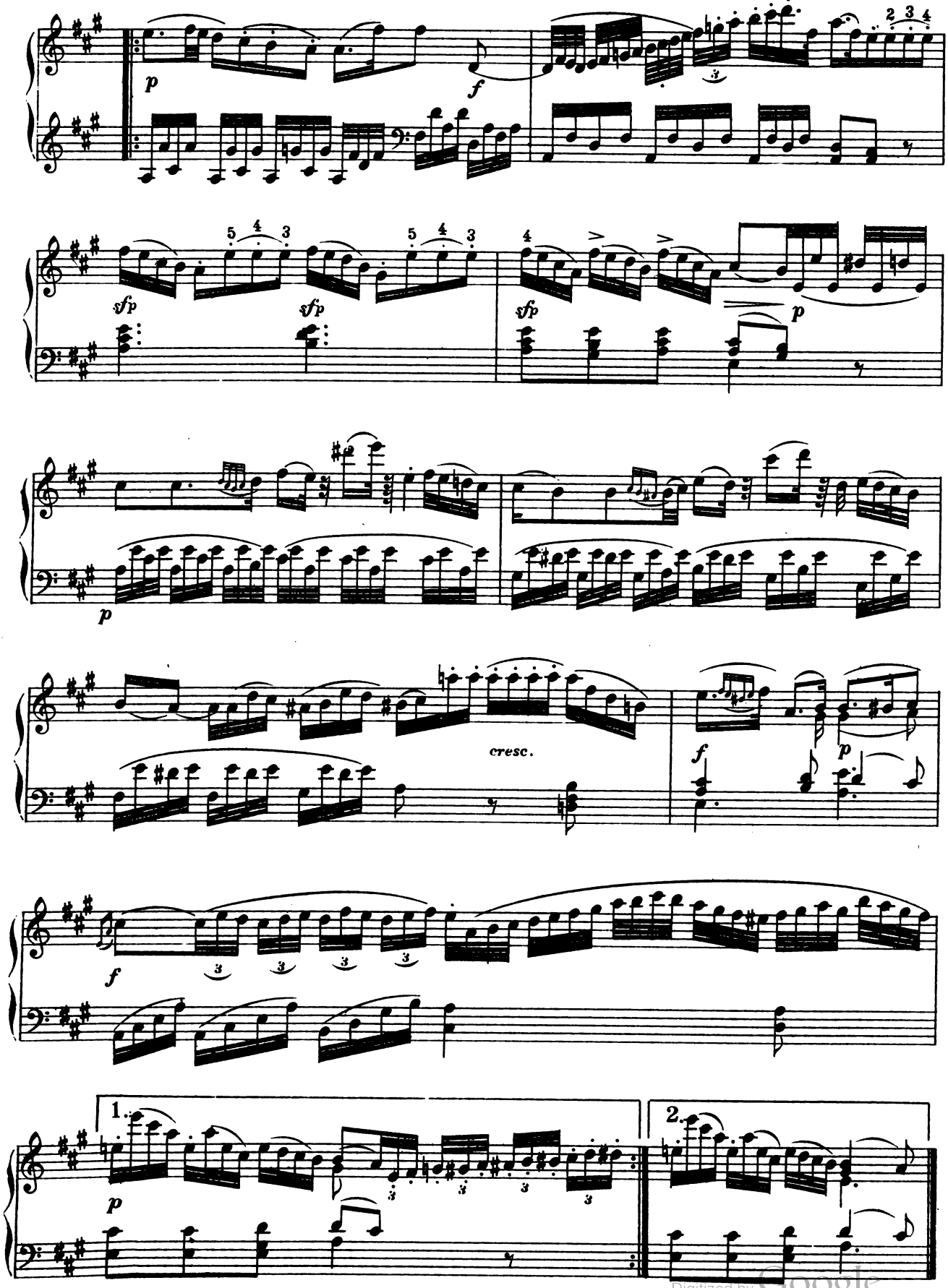
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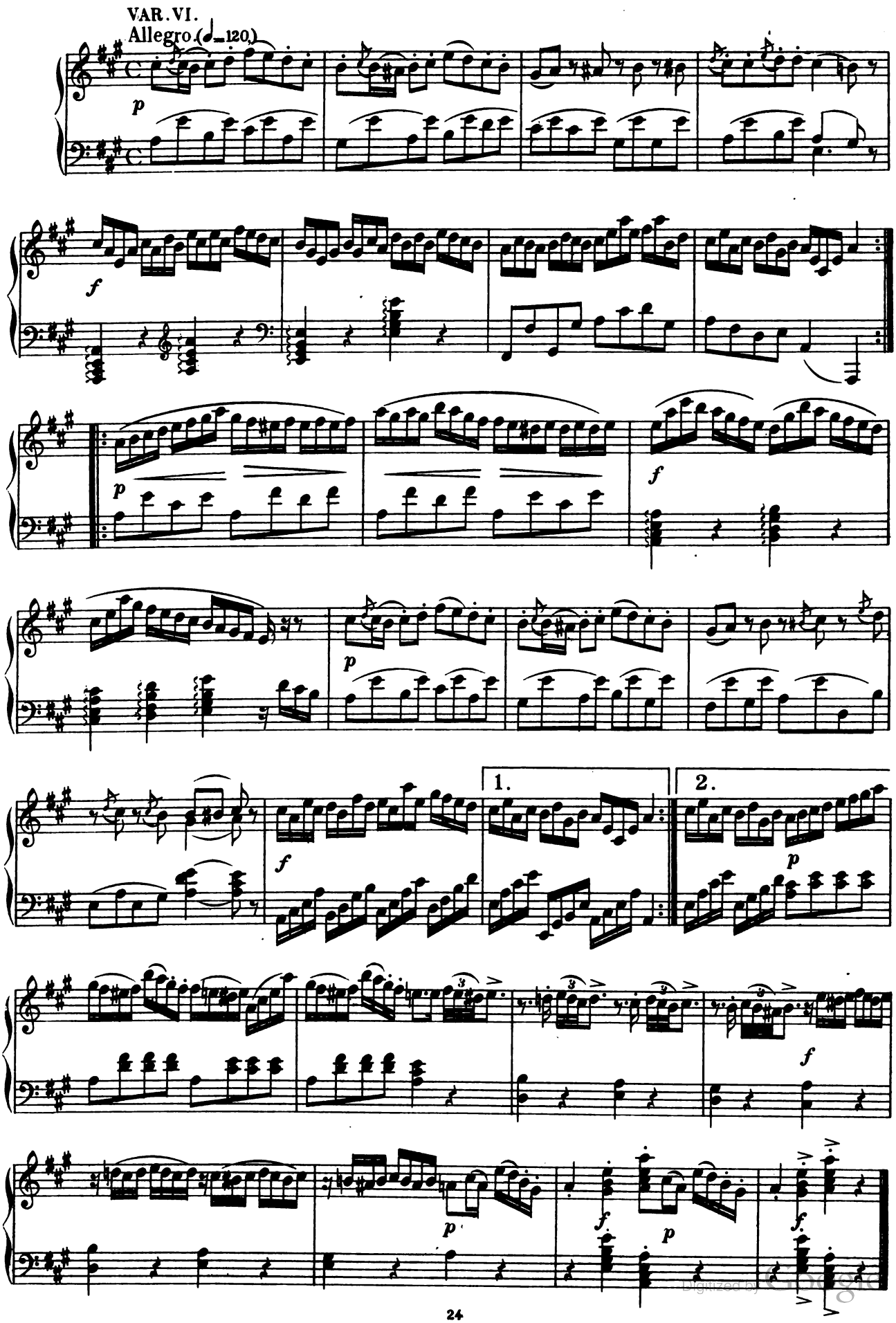
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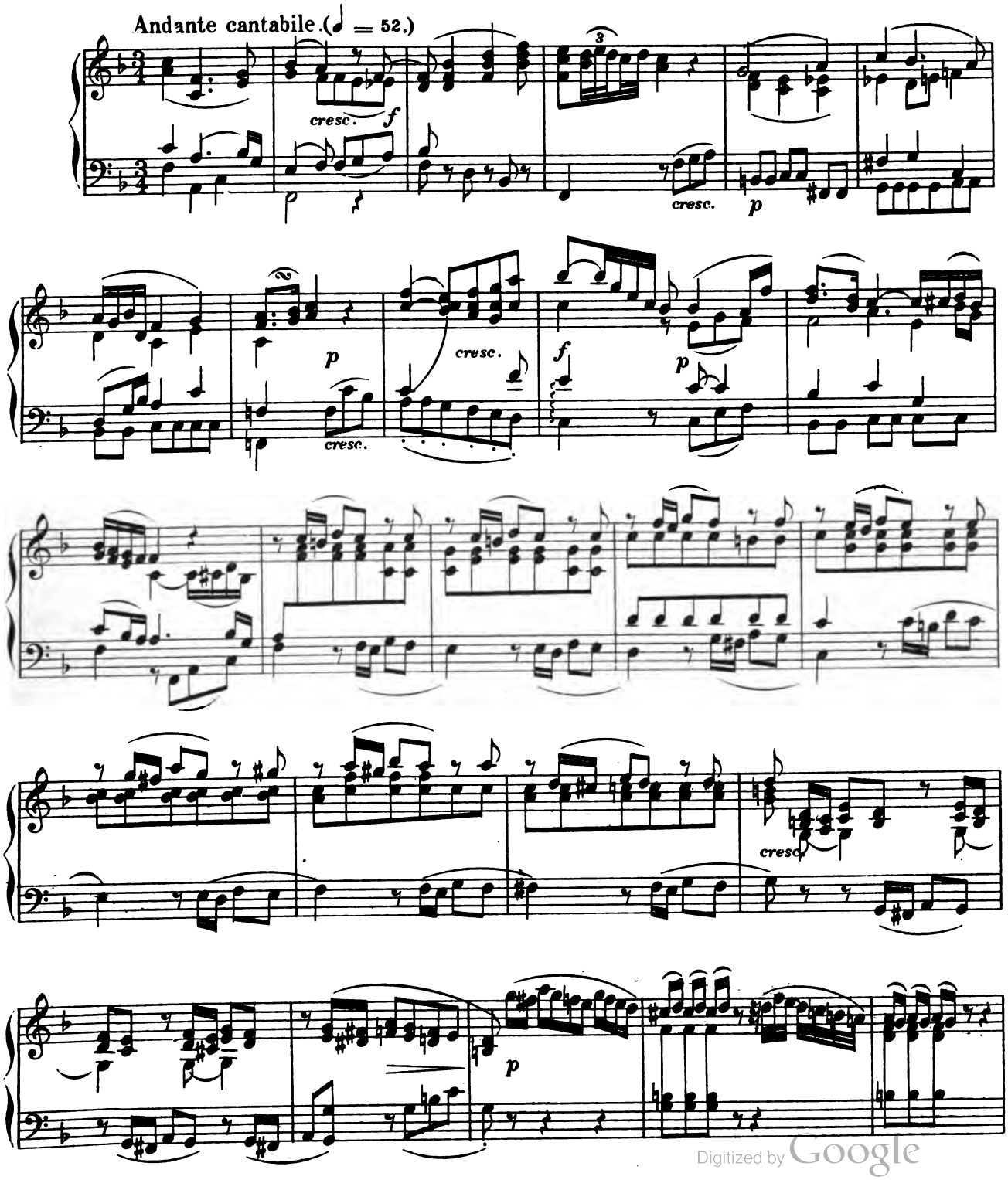
MOZART

II. ANDANTE AND MINUET

FROM THE STRING QUARTET IN C-MAJOR

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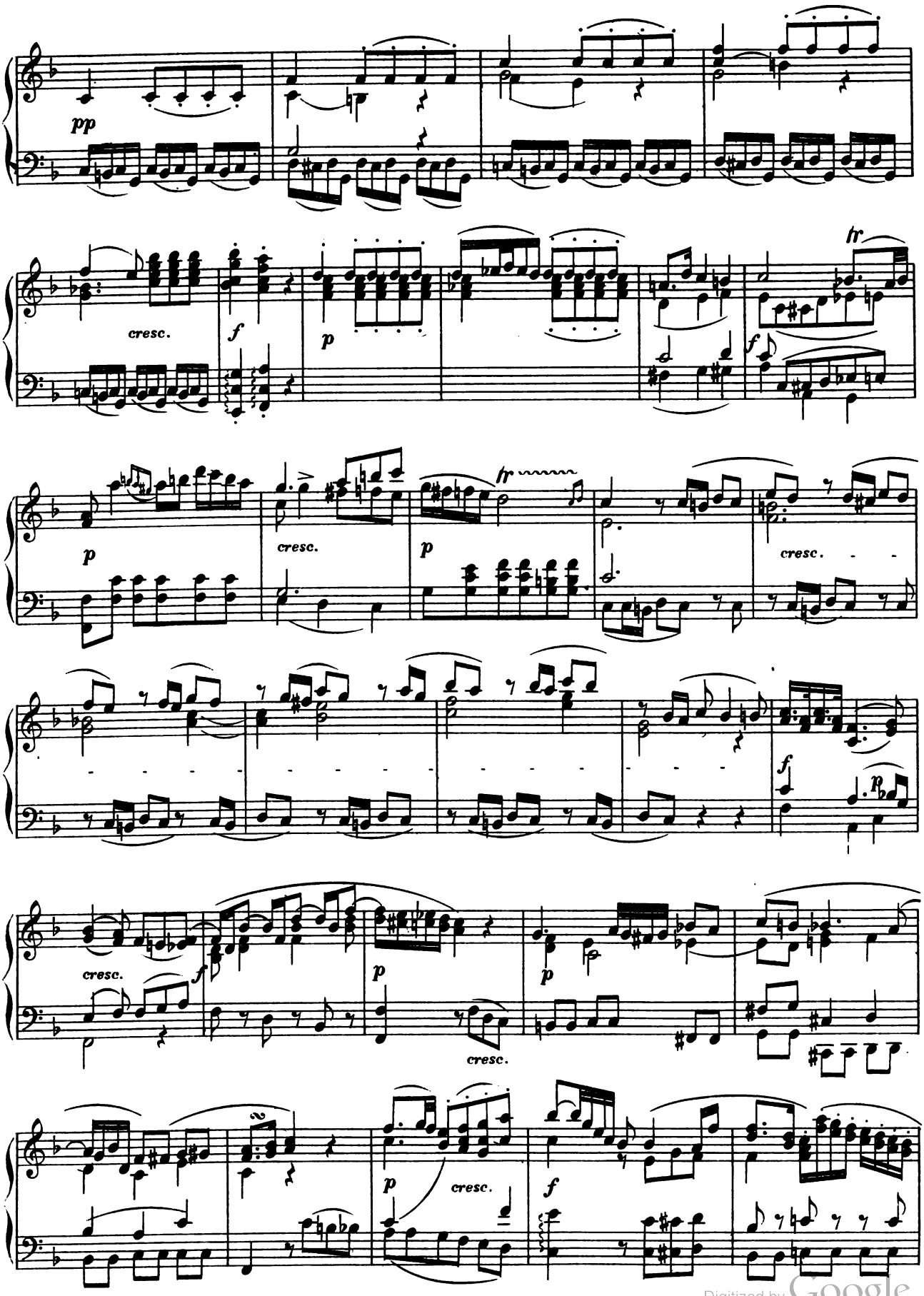
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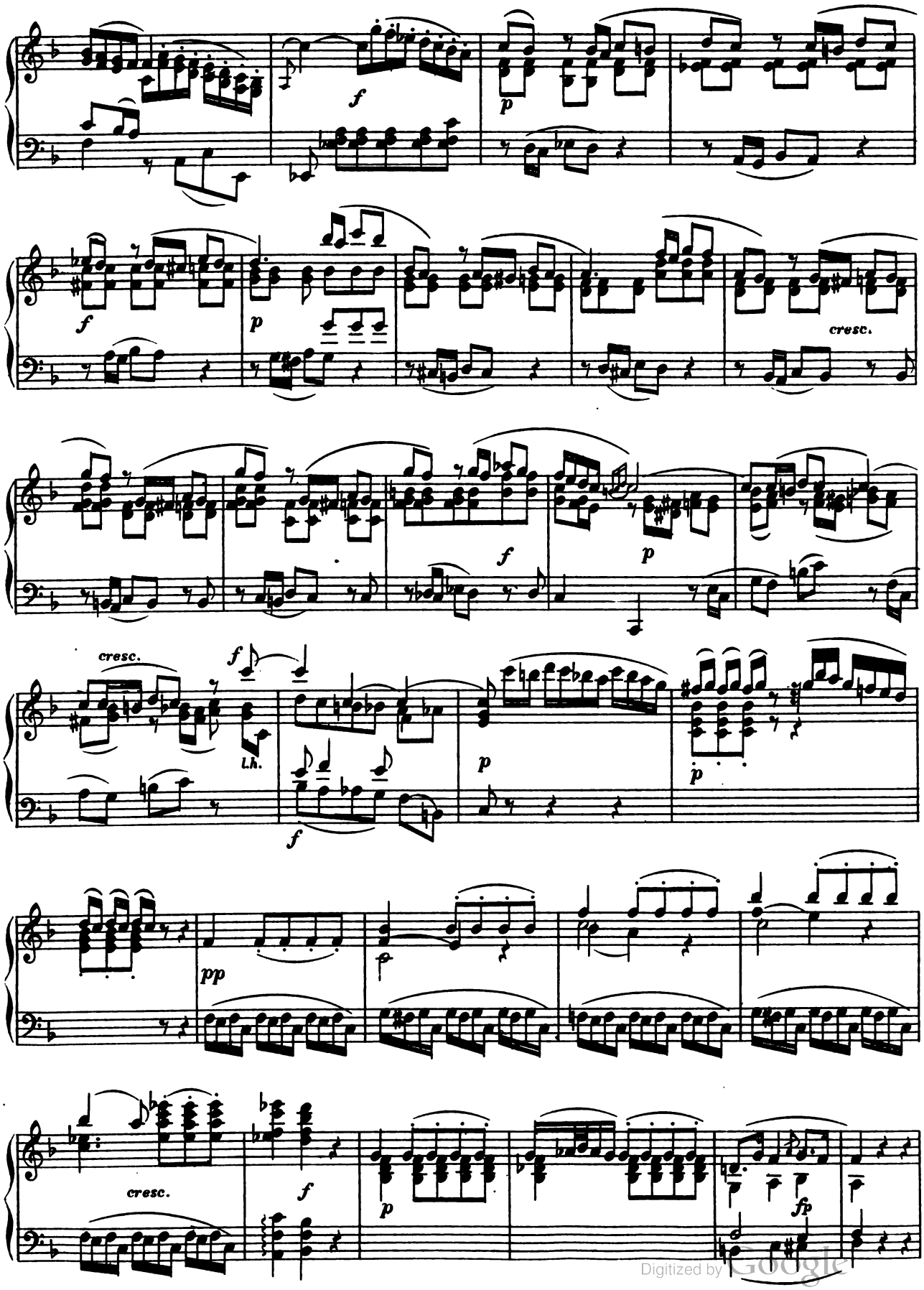
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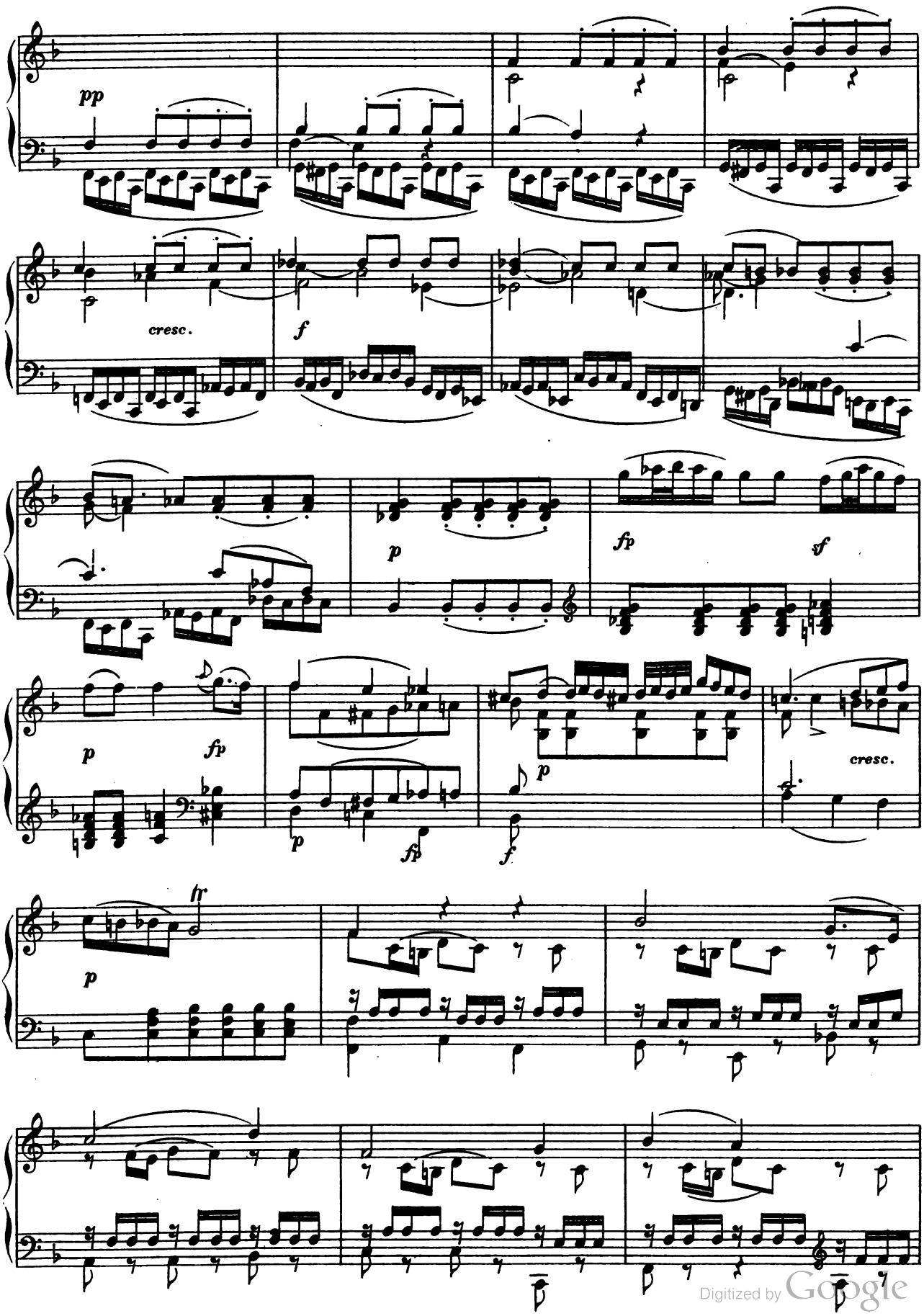
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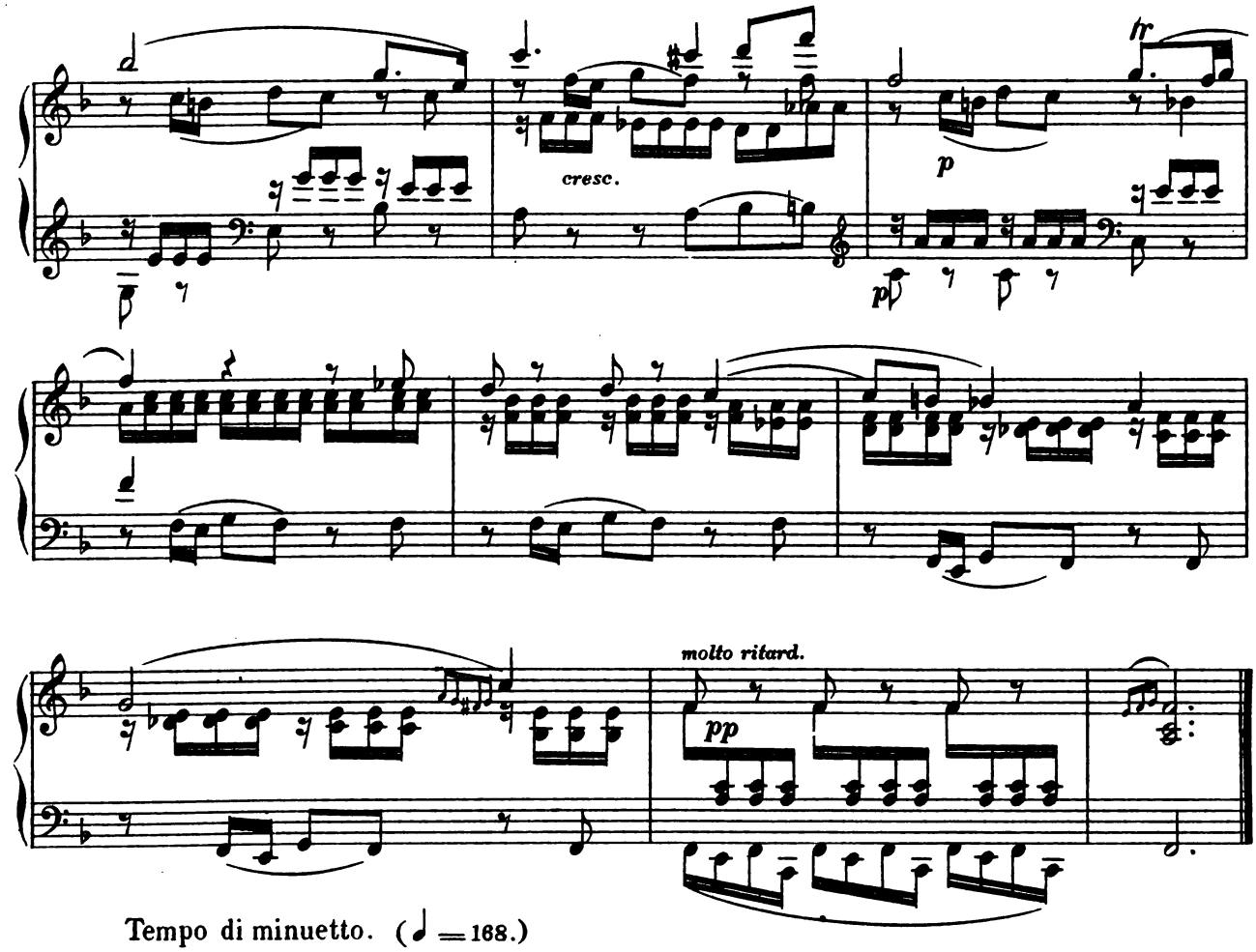
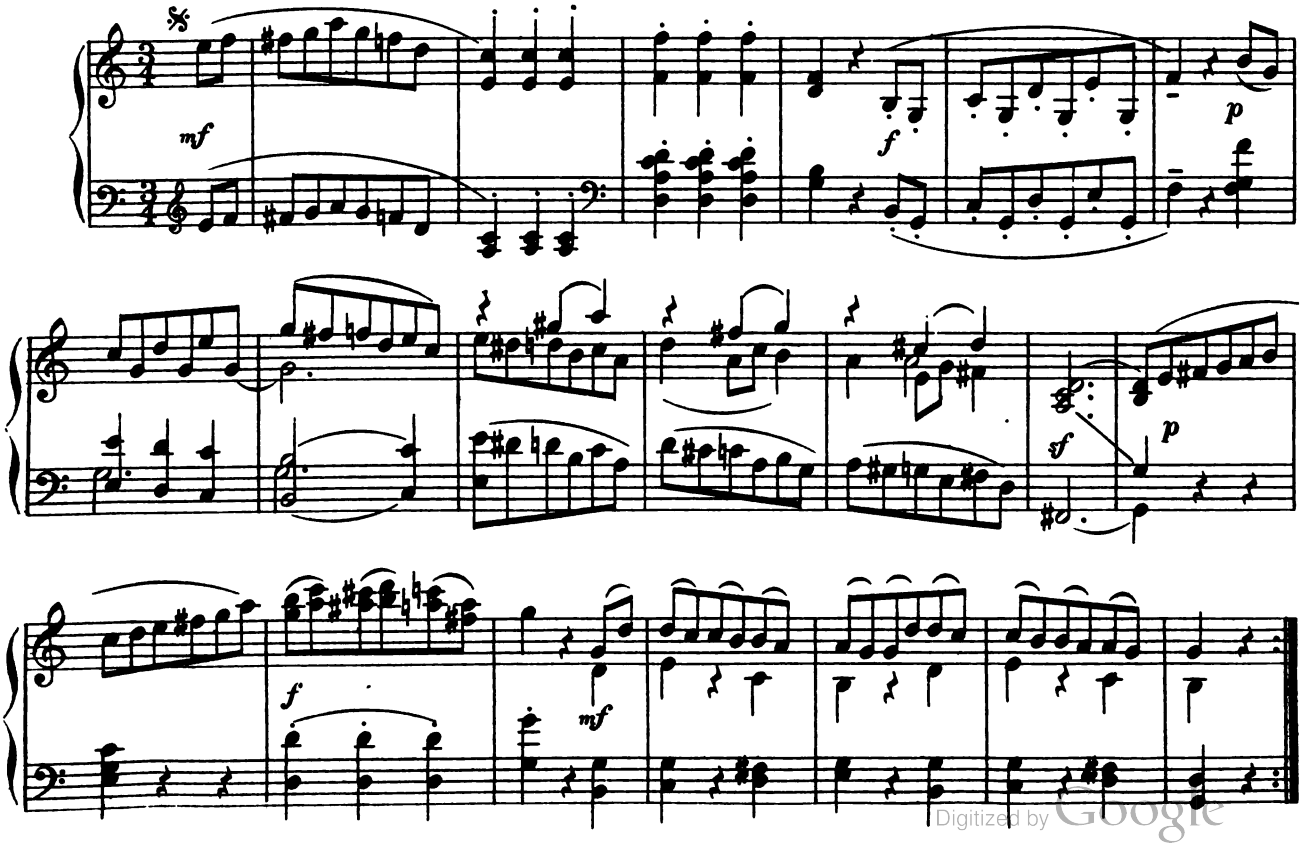

Tempo di minuetto. (♩ = 168.)

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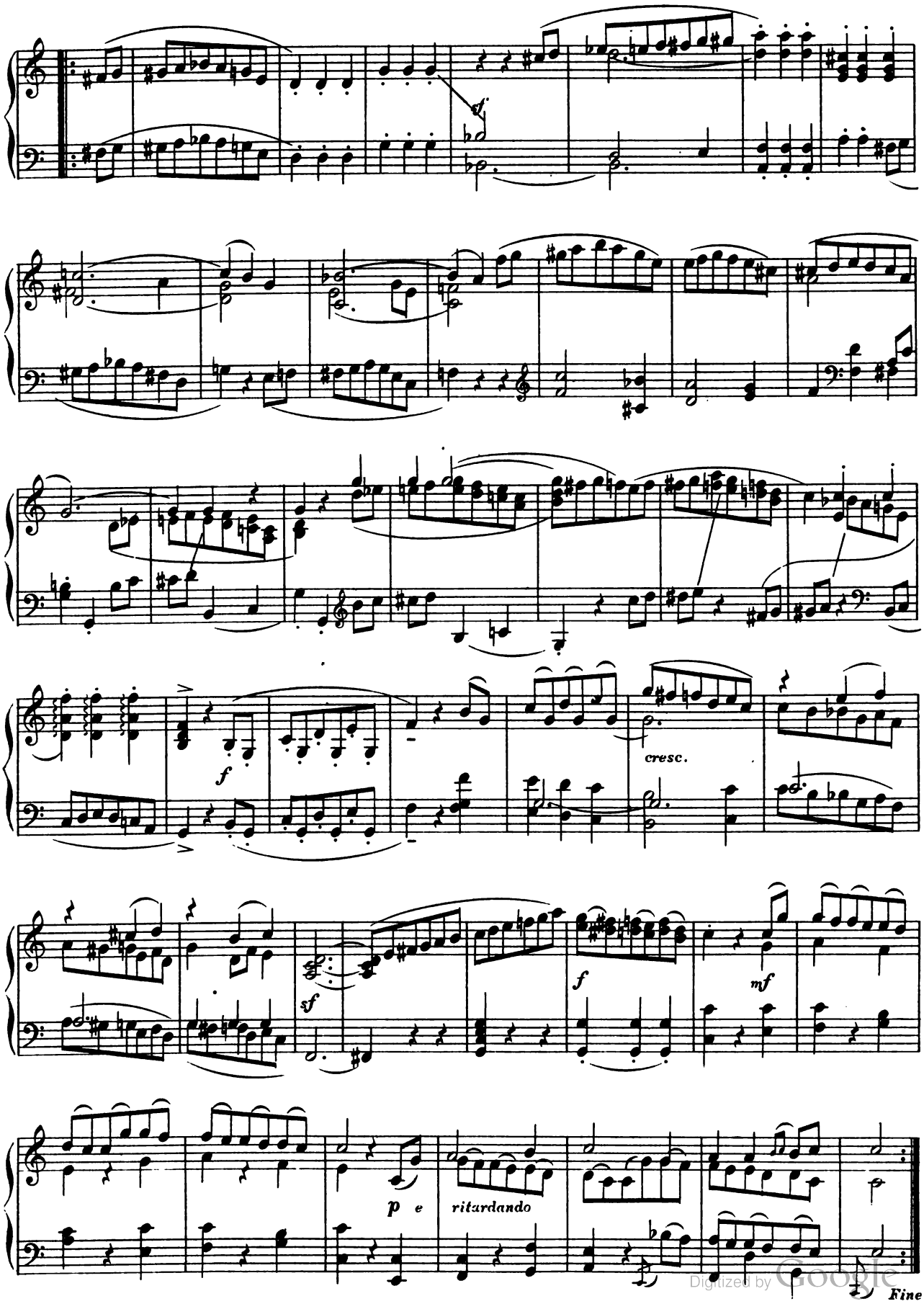
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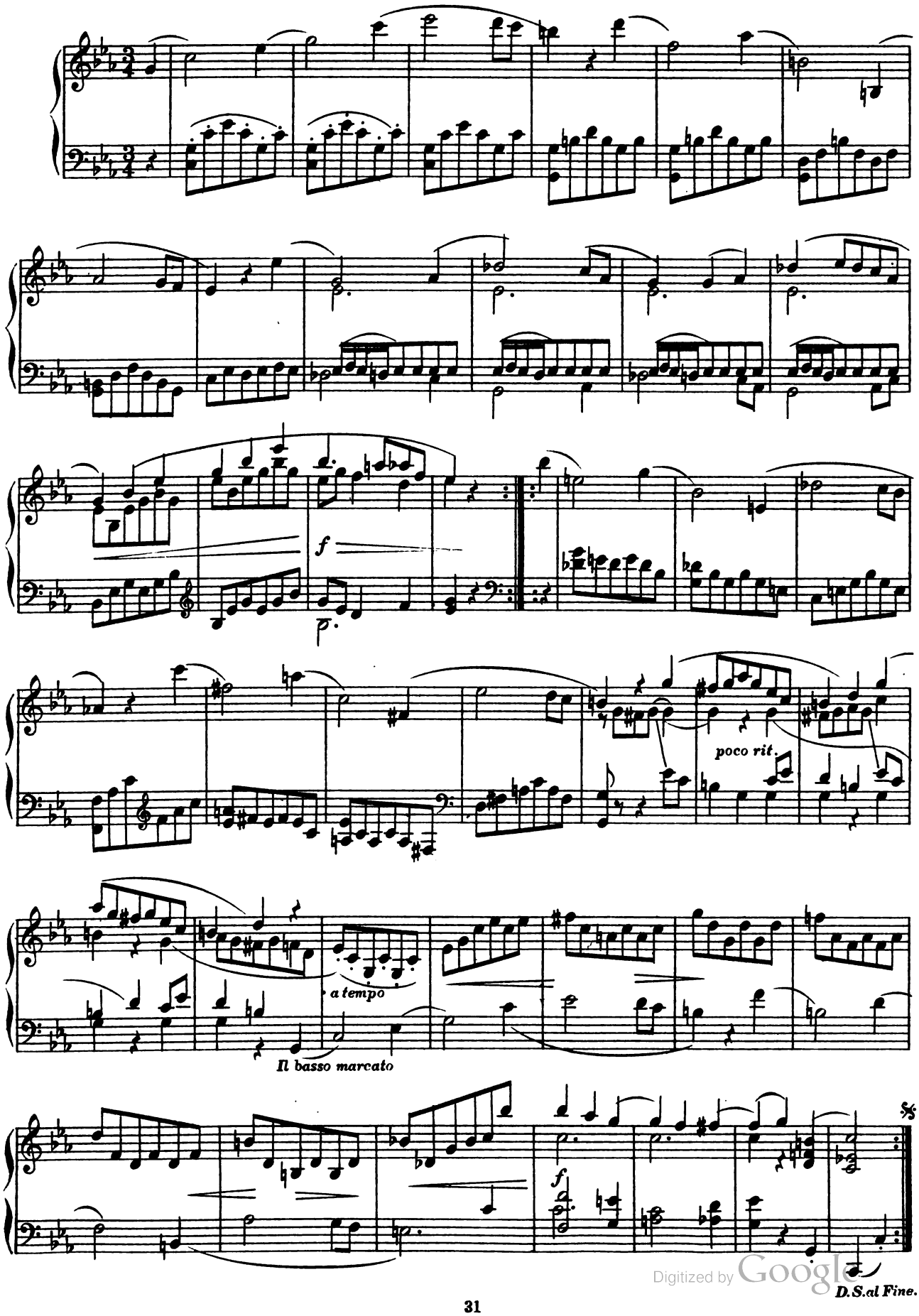
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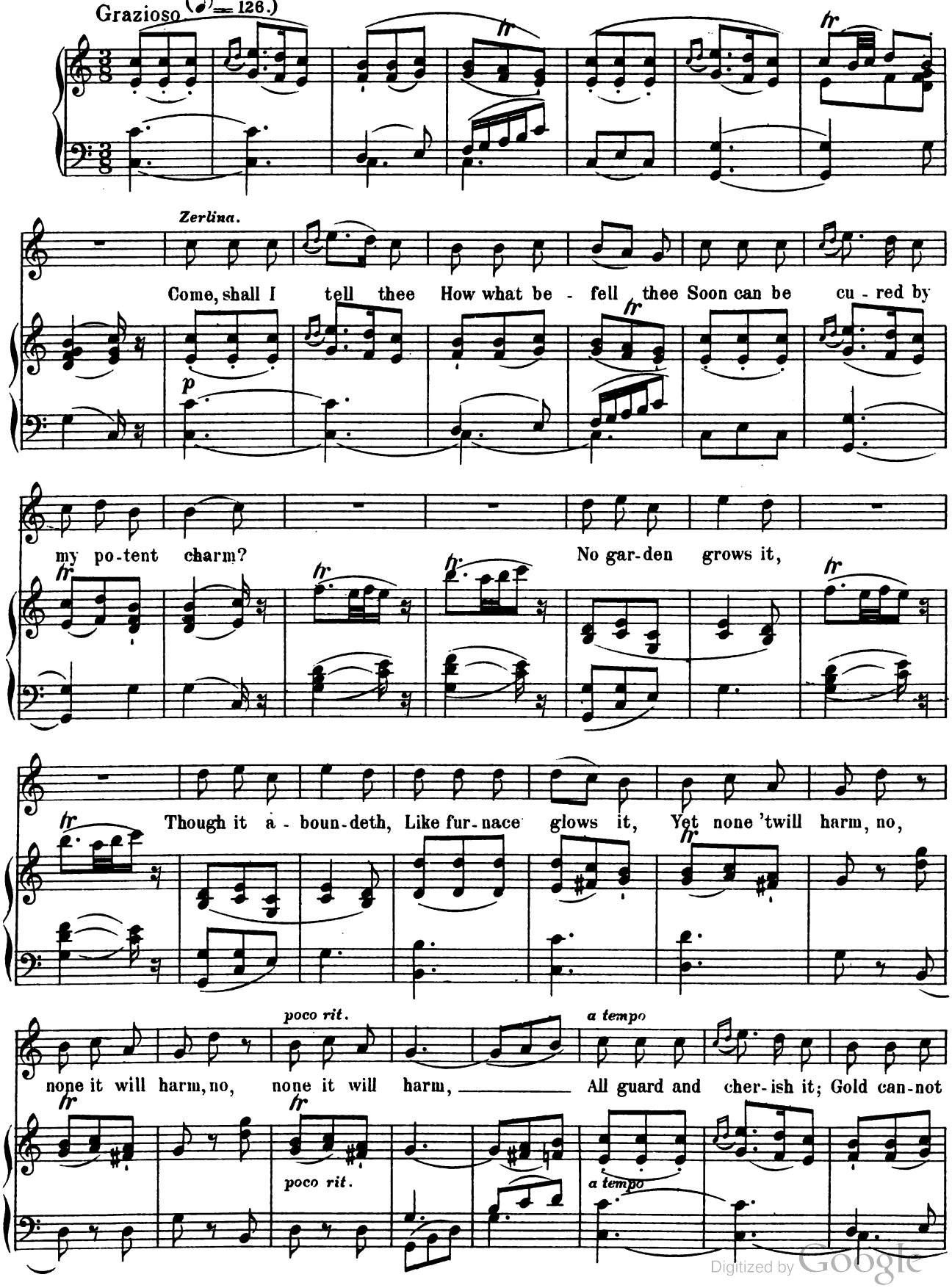
III. "COME, SHALL I TELL THEE"

SOPRANO ARIA FROM 'DON GIOVANNI'

Grazioso (♪ = 126.)
Zerlina.
Come, shall I tell thee How what be - fell thee Soon can be cu - red by
my po-tent charm? No gar-den grows it,
Though it a - boun-deth, Like fur-nace glows it, Yet none 'twill harm, no,
poco rit.
a tempo
none it will harm, no, none it will harm, All guard and cher-ish it; Gold can-not
poco rit.
a tempo

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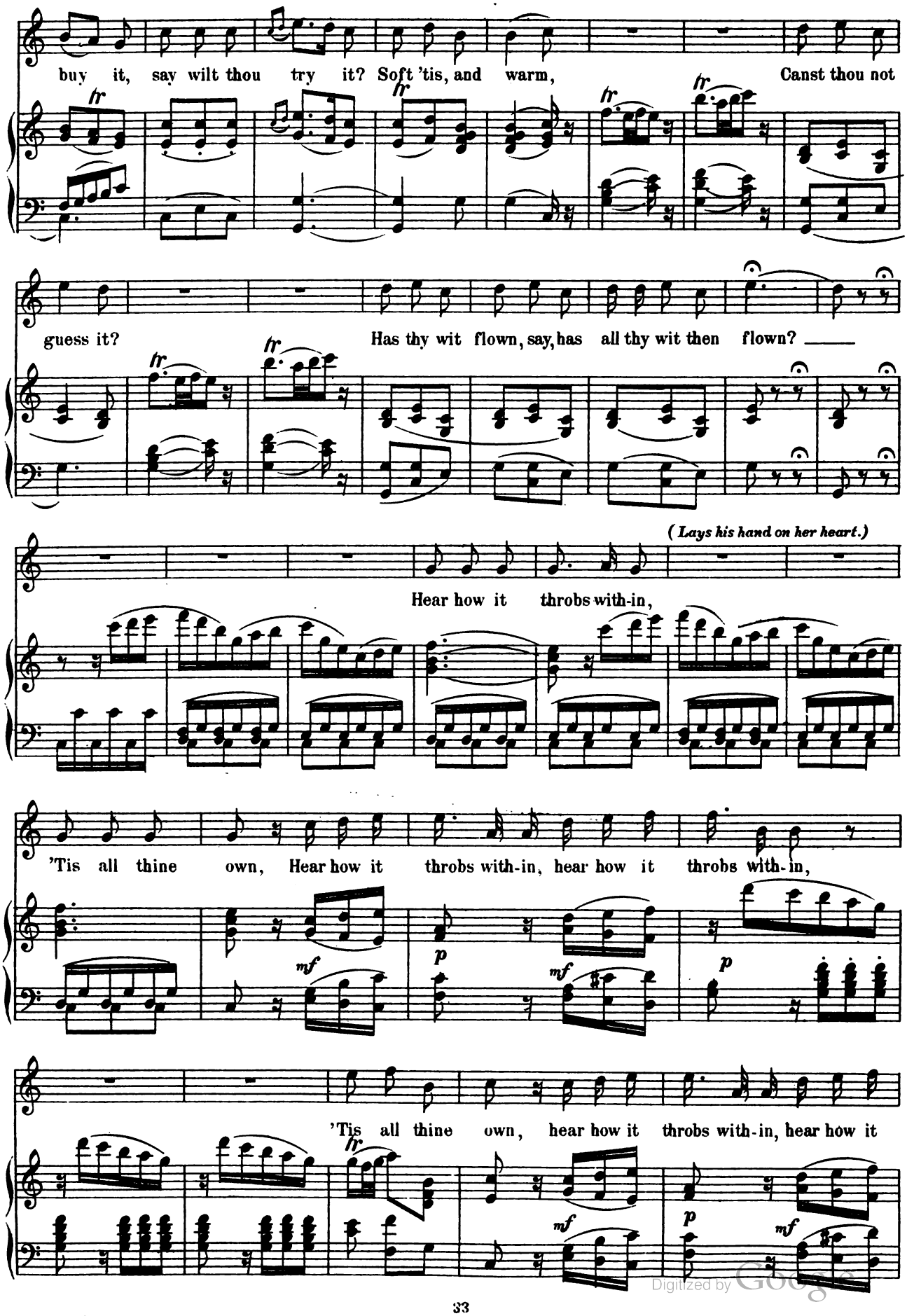
buy it, say wilt thou try it? Soft 'tis, and warm, Canst thou not
guess it? Has thy wit flown, say, has all thy wit then flown? ——
(Lays his hand on her heart.)
Hear how it throbs with-in,
'Tis all thine own, Hear how it throbs with-in, hear how it throbs with-in,
'Tis all thine own, hear how it throbs with-in, hear how it

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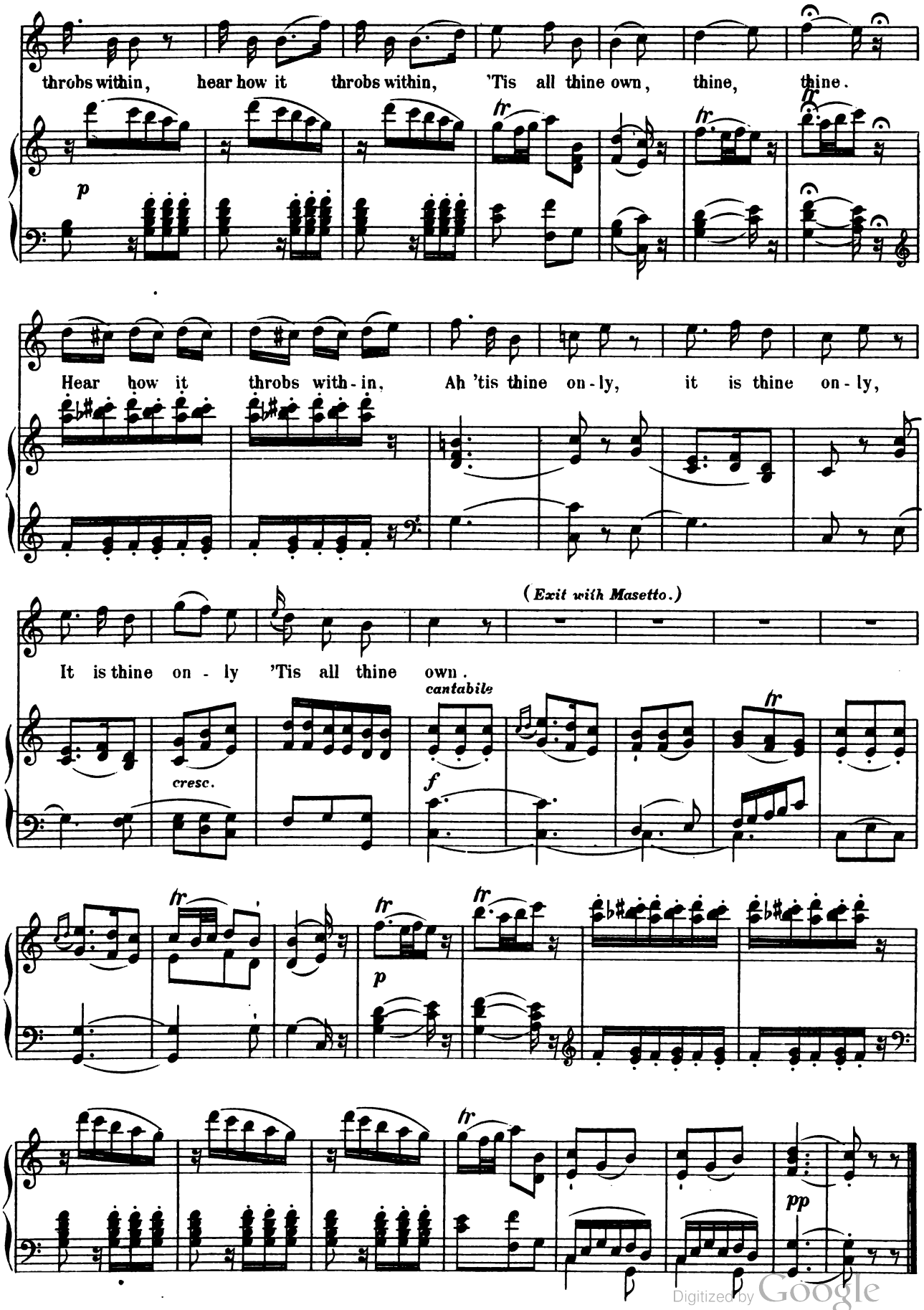
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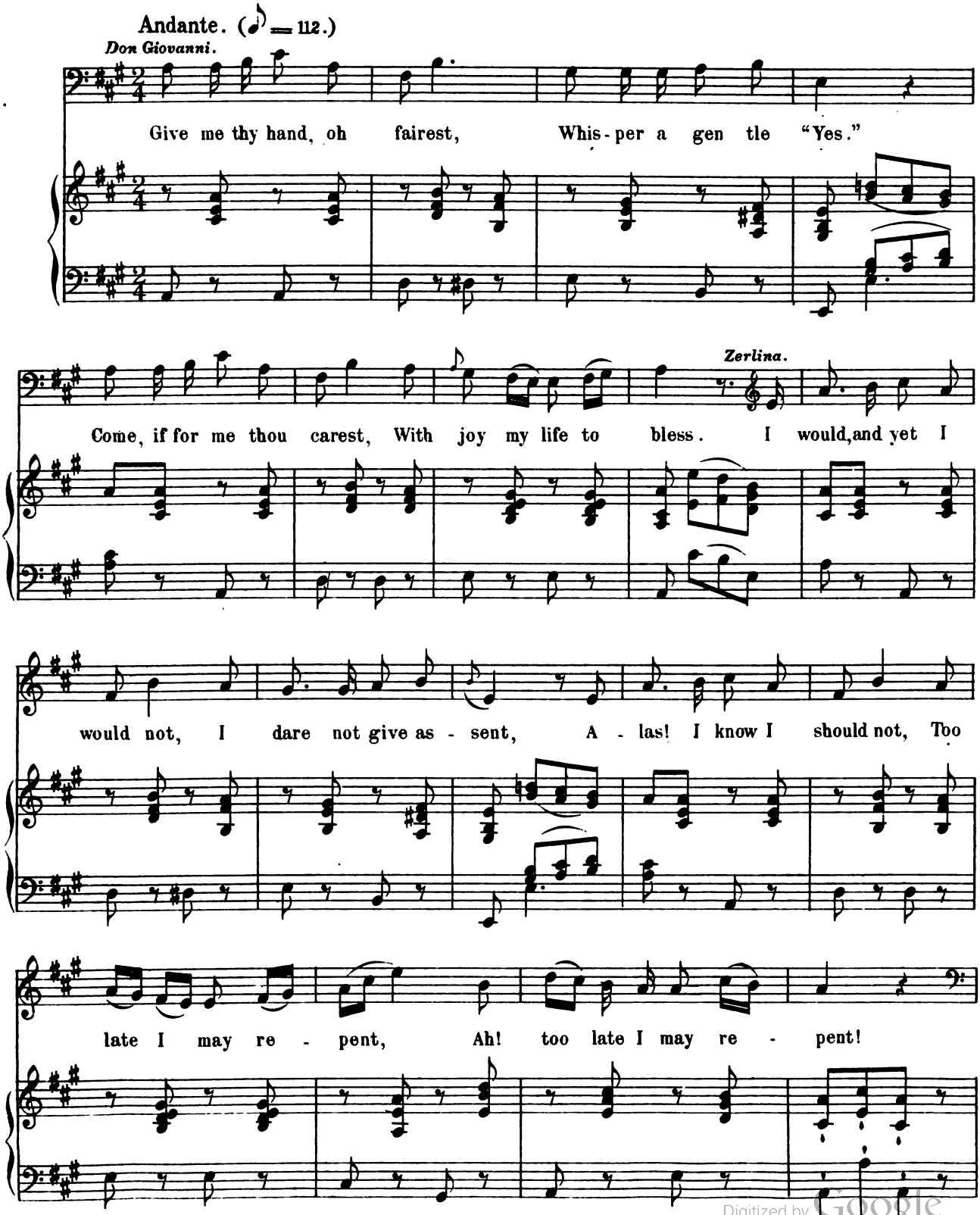
MOZART

IV. "GIVE ME THY HAND, O FAIREST"

DUET FOR SOPRANO AND BARITONE FROM 'DON GIOVANNI'

Andante. (♪ = 112.)
Don Giovanni.
Give me thy hand, oh fairest, Whis-per a gen tle "Yes."
Zerlina.
Come, if for me thou carest, With joy my life to bless. I would, and yet I
would not, I dare not give as - sent, A - las! I know I should not, Too
late I may re - pent, Ah! too late I may re - pent!

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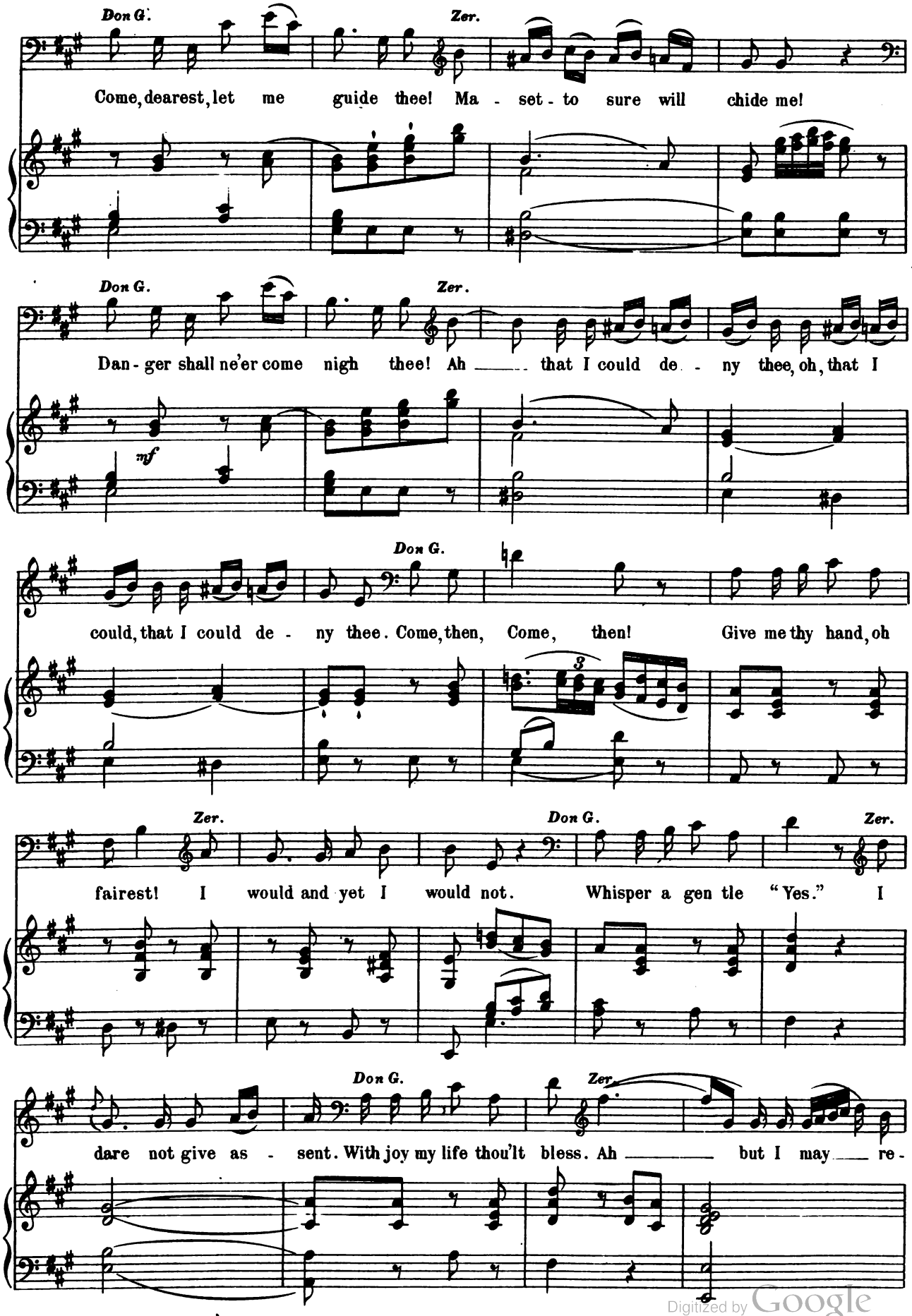
Don G.
Zer.
Come, dearest, let me guide thee! Ma - set - to sure will chide me!
Don G.
Zer.
Dan - ger shall ne'er come nigh thee! Ah ____ that I could de - ny thee, oh, that I
mf
Don G.
could, that I could de - ny thee. Come, then, Come, then! Give me thy hand, oh
3
Zer.
Don G.
Zer.
fairest! I would and yet I would not. Whisper a gen tle "Yes." I
Don G.
Zer
dare not give as - sent. With joy my life thou'lt bless. Ah ____ but I may ____ re -

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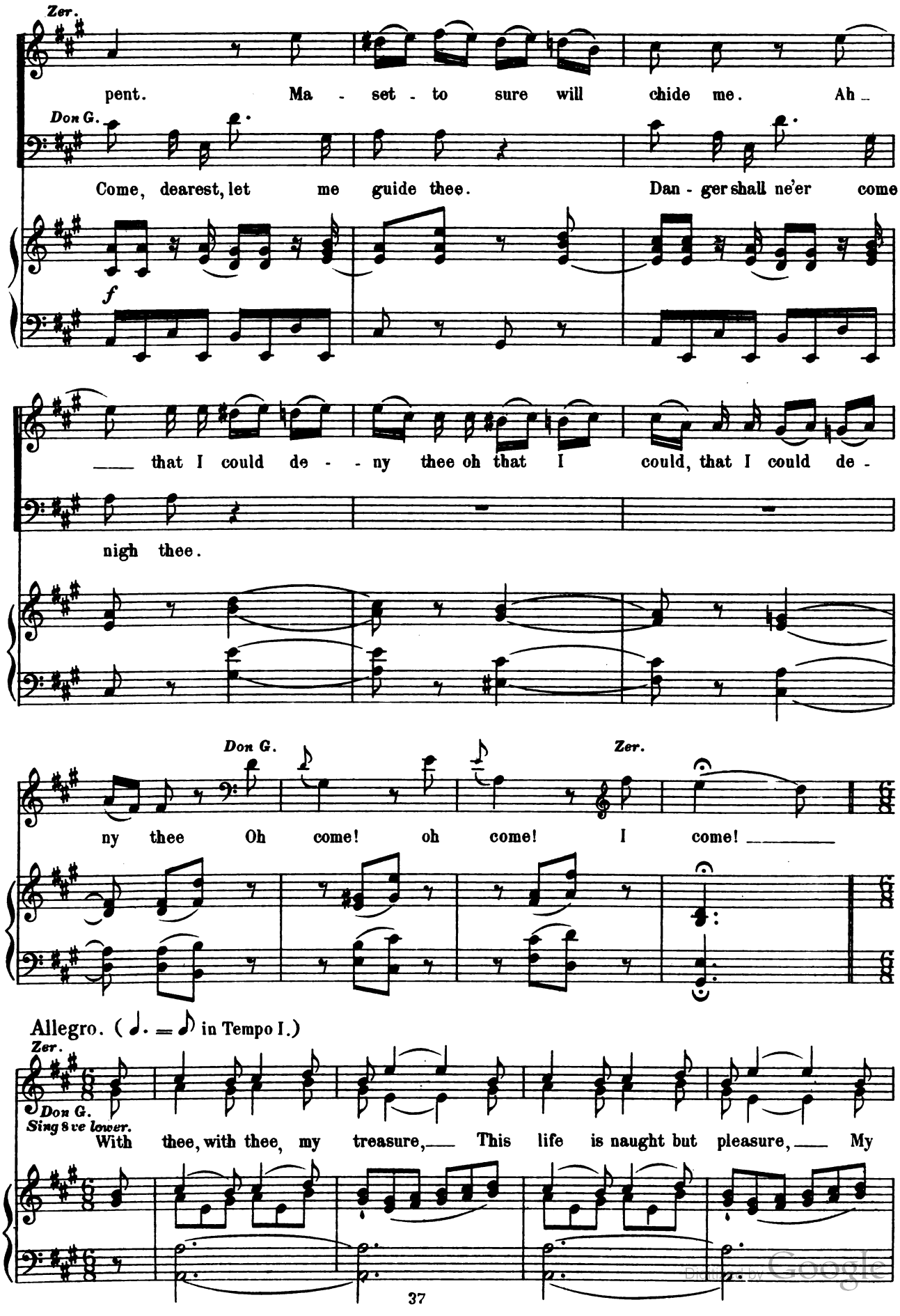
Zer.
pent. Ma - set - to sure will chide me. Ah _
Don G.
Come, dearest, let me guide thee. Dan - ger shall ne'er come
f
___ that I could de - - ny thee oh that I could, that I could de -
nigh thee.
Don G.
Zer.
ny thee Oh come! oh come! I come! ___
Allegro. (♩. = ♪ in Tempo I.)
Zer.
Don G.
Sing 8ve lower.
With thee, with thee, my treasure, ___ This life is naught but pleasure, ___ My

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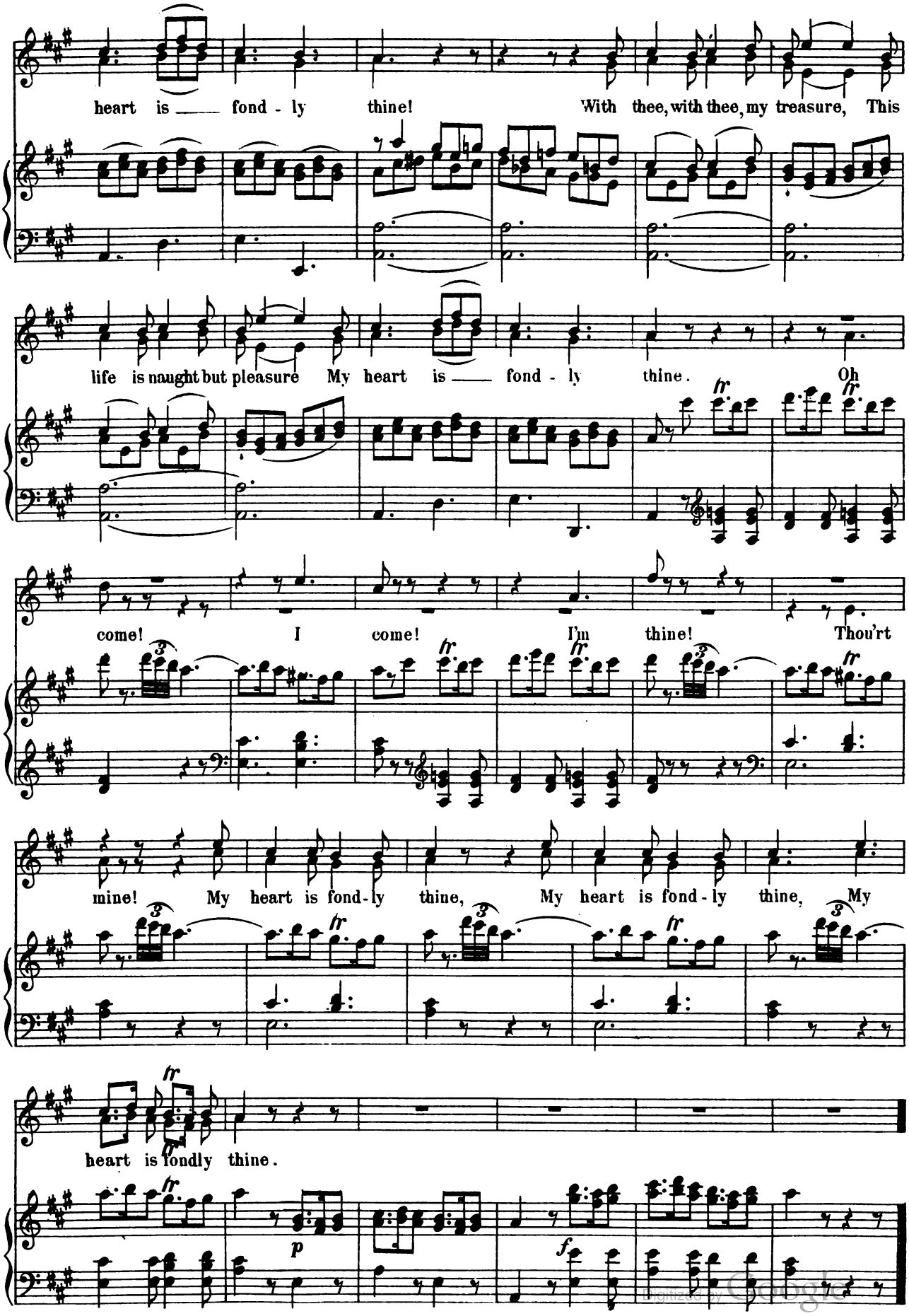
heart is ___ fond - ly thine! With thee, with thee, my treasure, This
life is naught but pleasure My heart is ___ fond - ly thine. Oh
come! I come! I'm thine! Thou'rt
mine! My heart is fond - ly thine, My heart is fond - ly thine, My
heart is fondly thine.
tr
p
f

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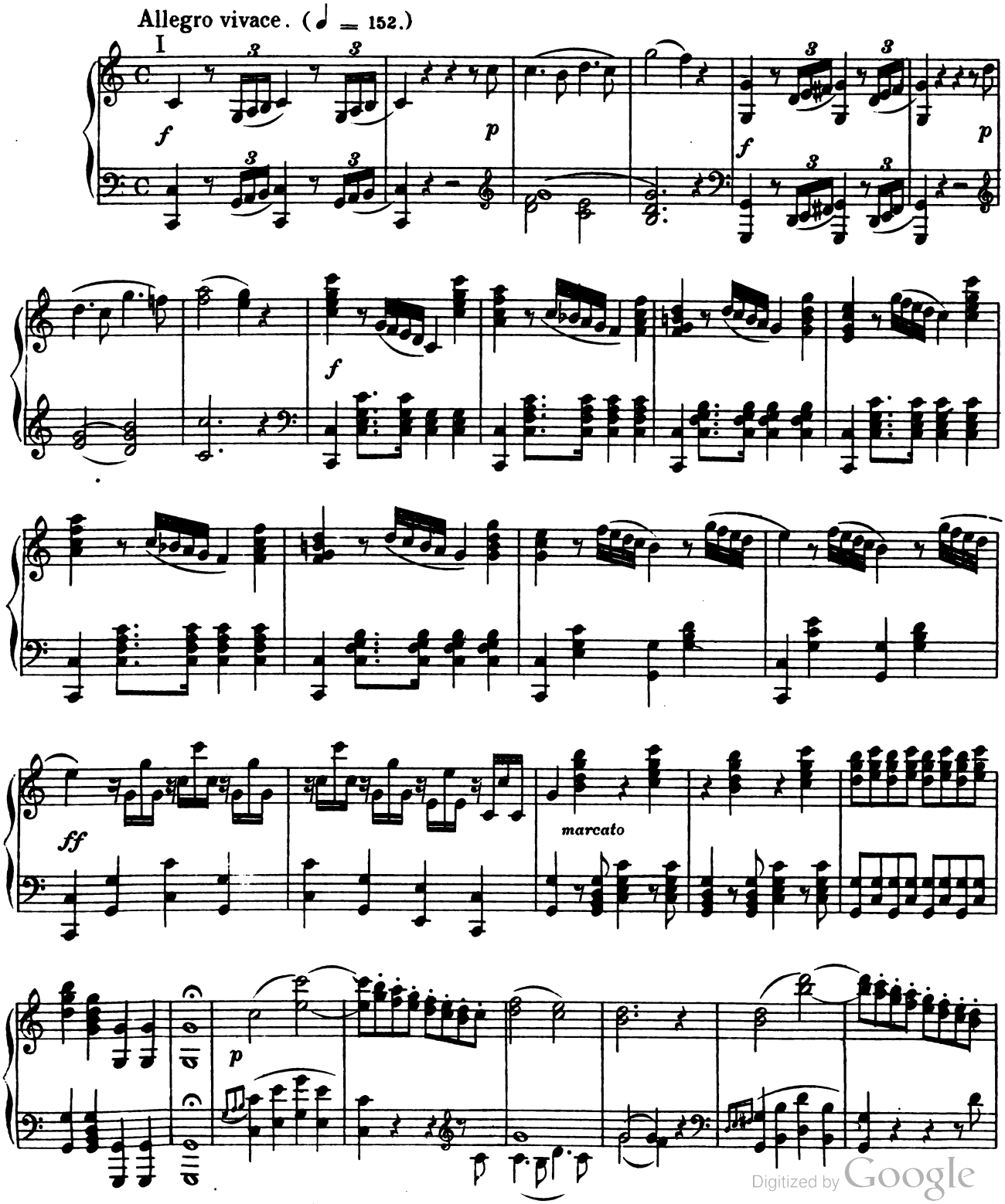
MOZART

V. THE "JUPITER" SYMPHONY

FIRST MOVEMENT

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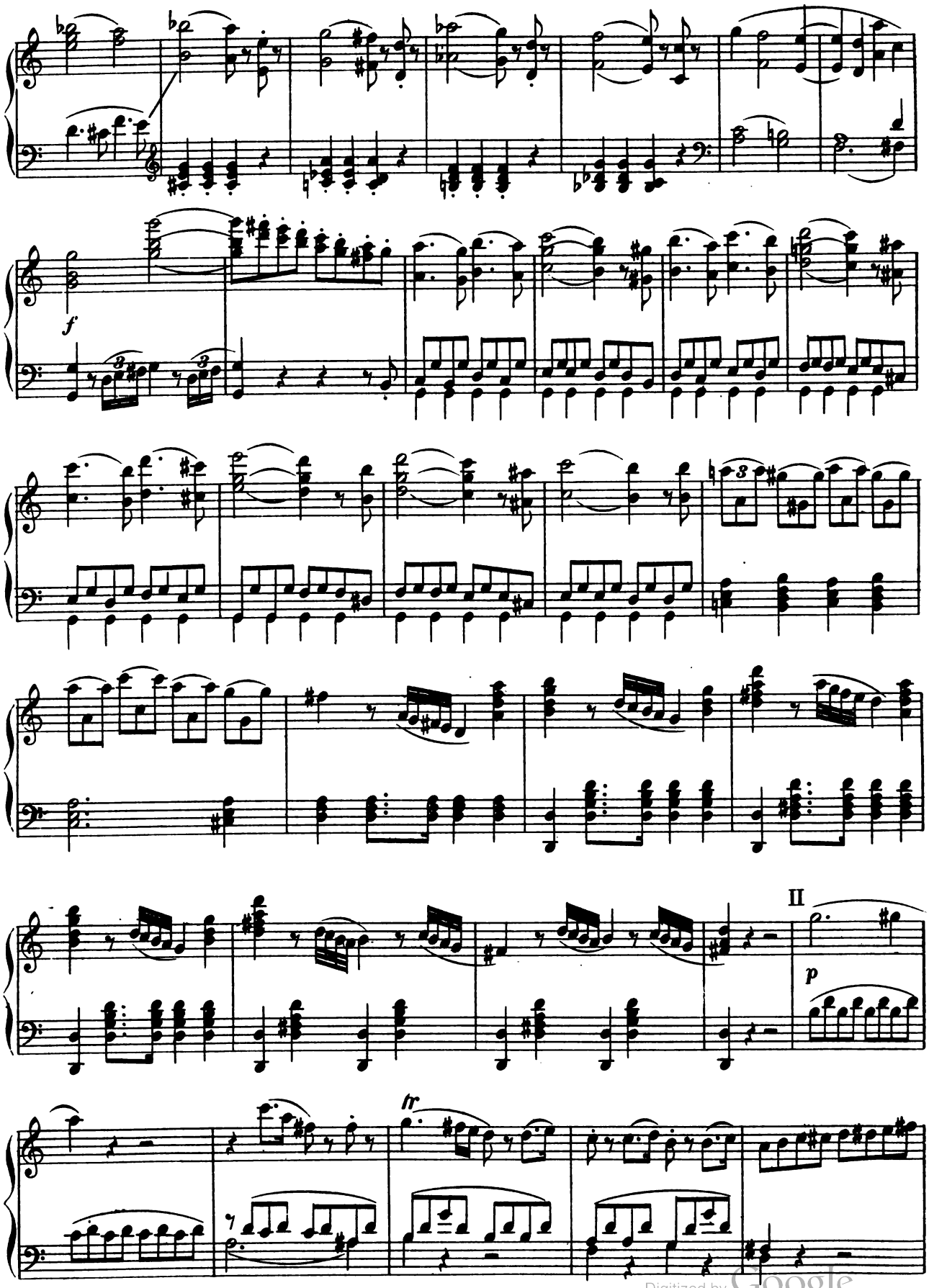
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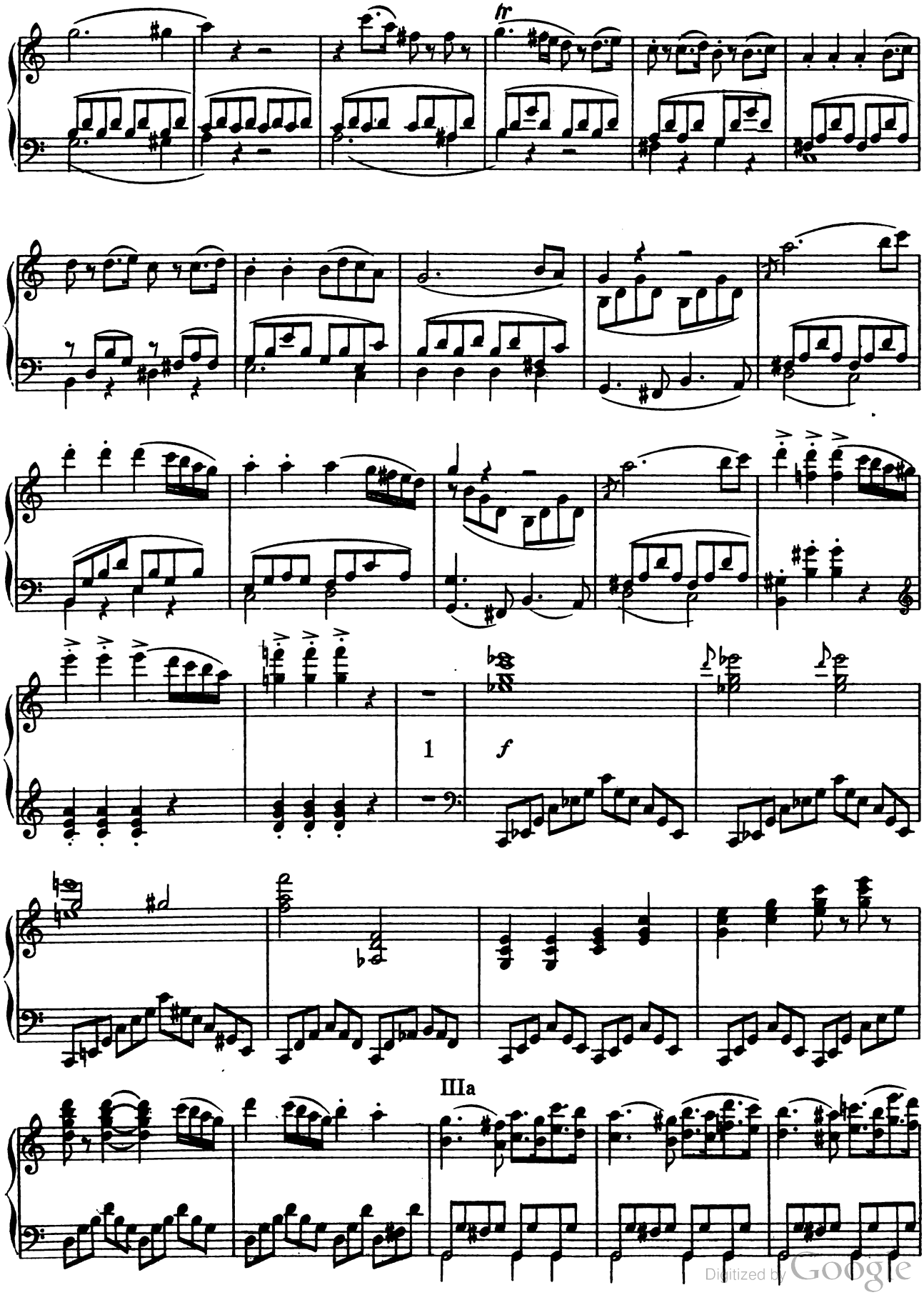
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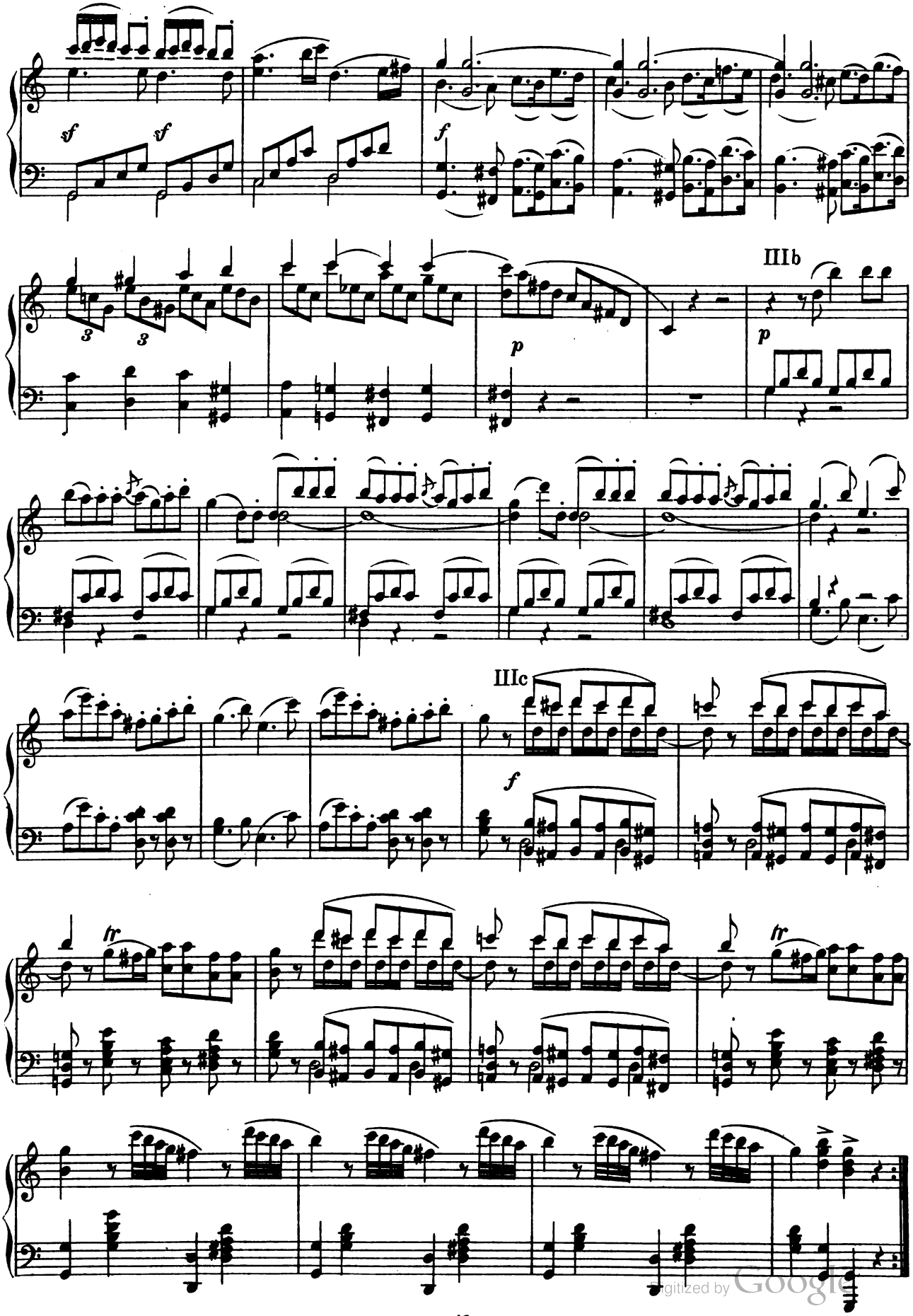
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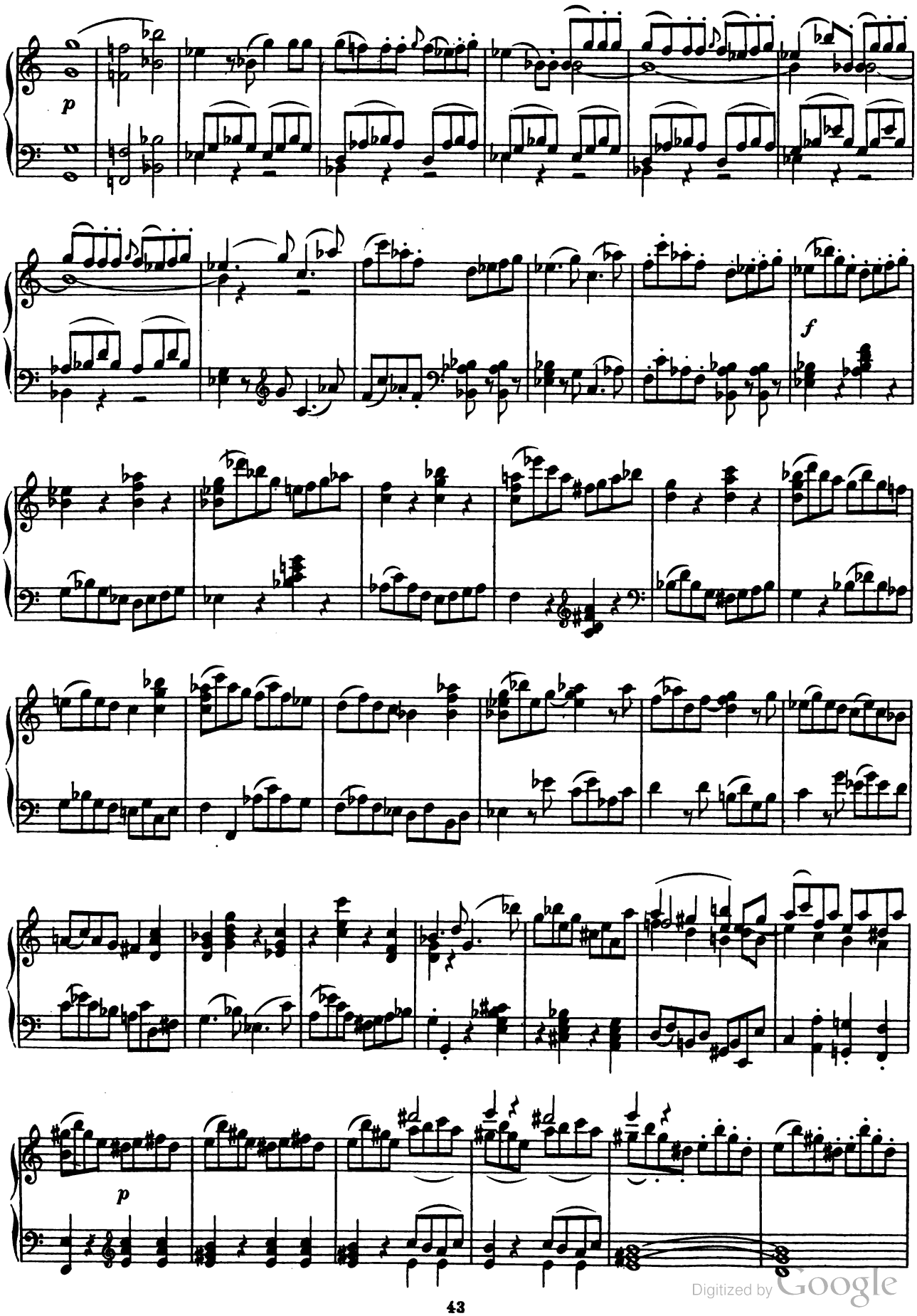
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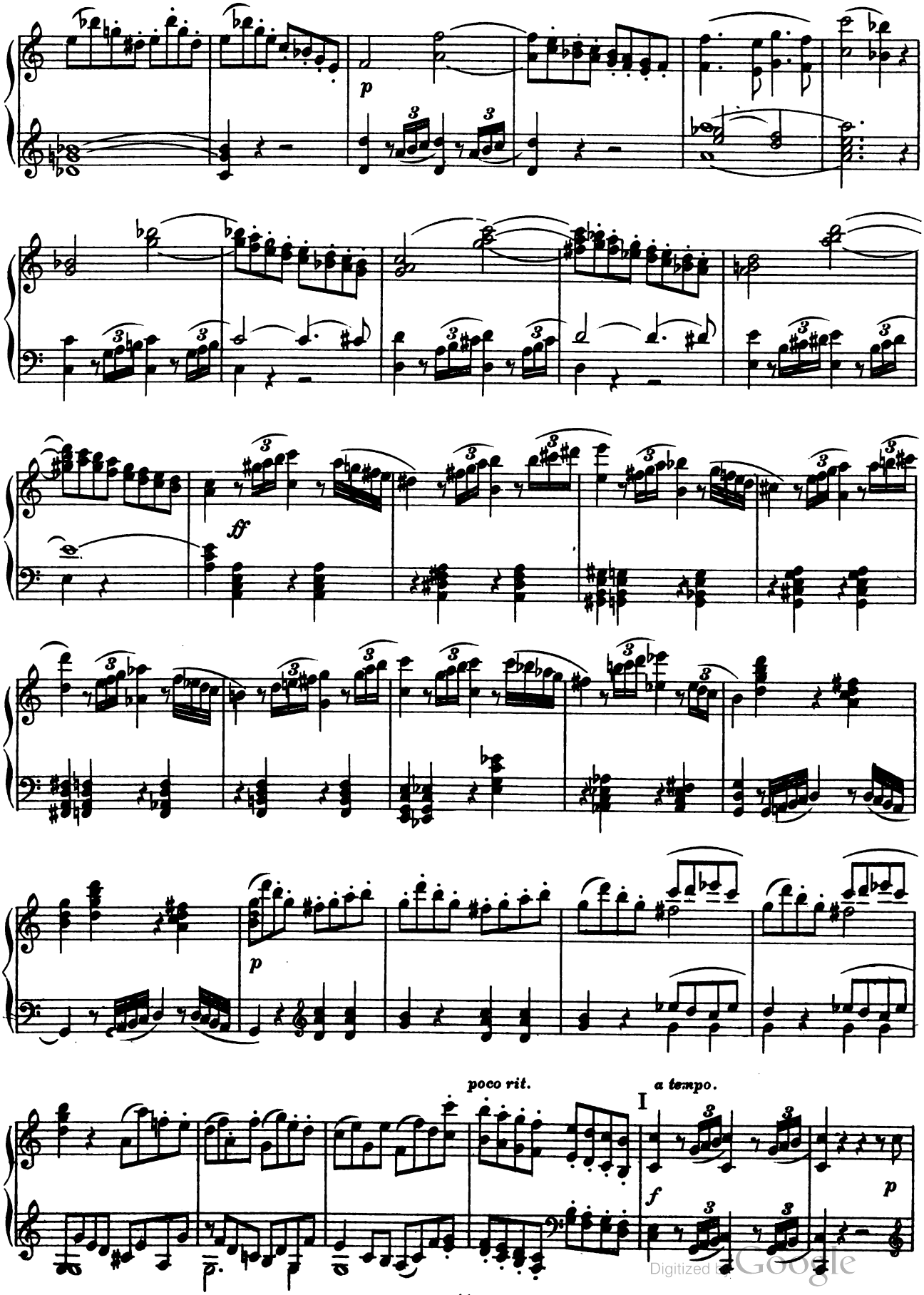
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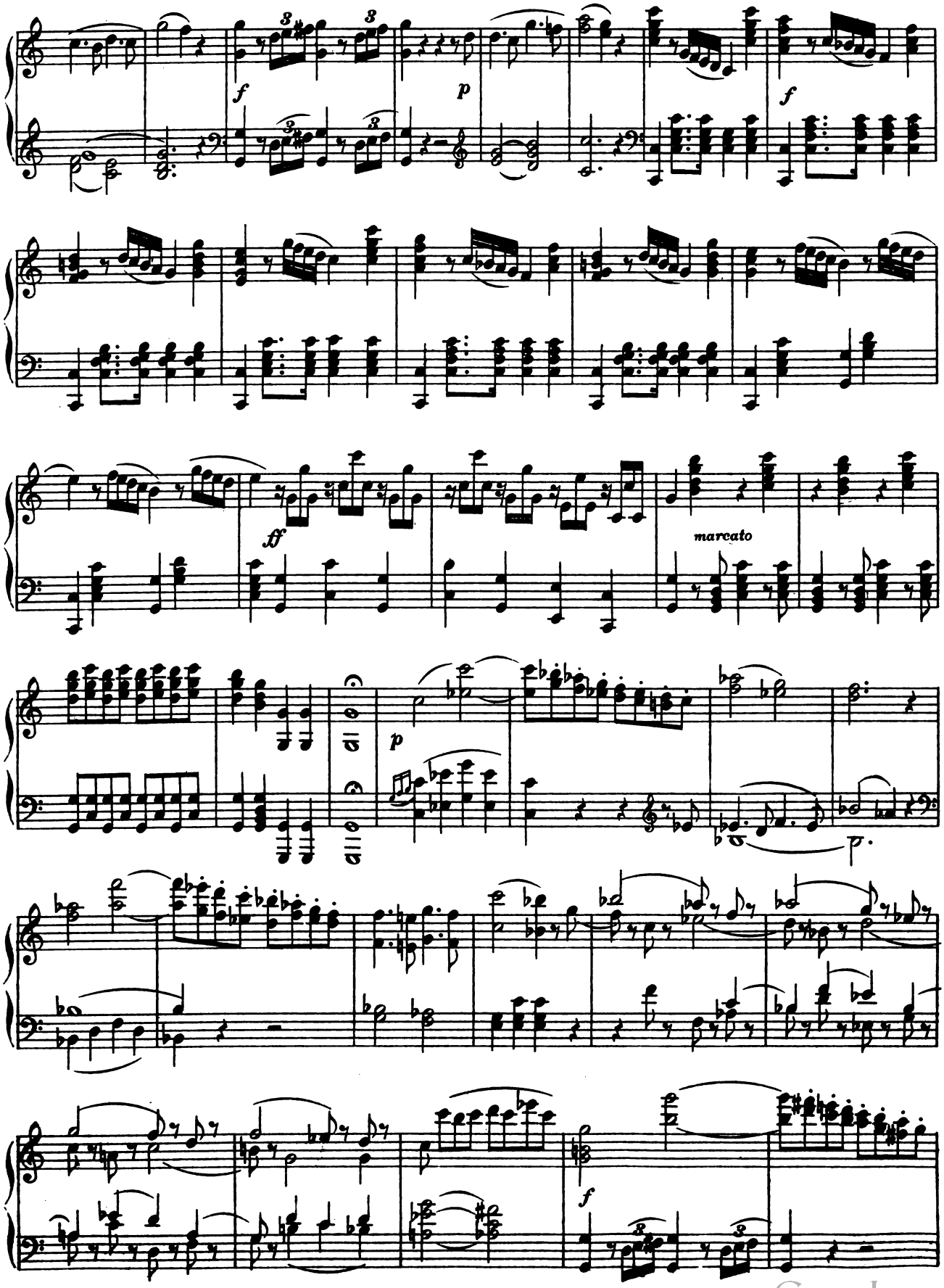
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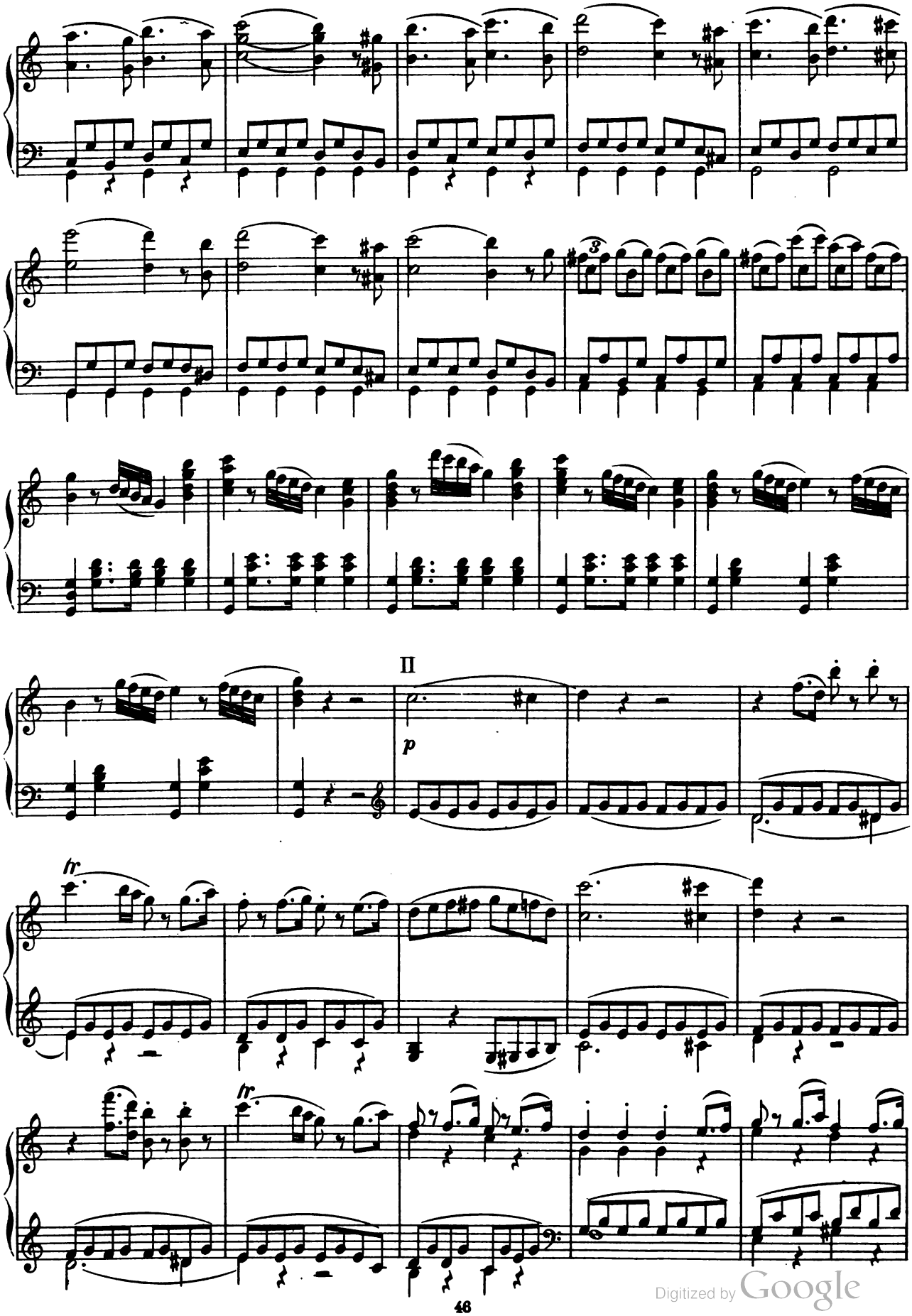
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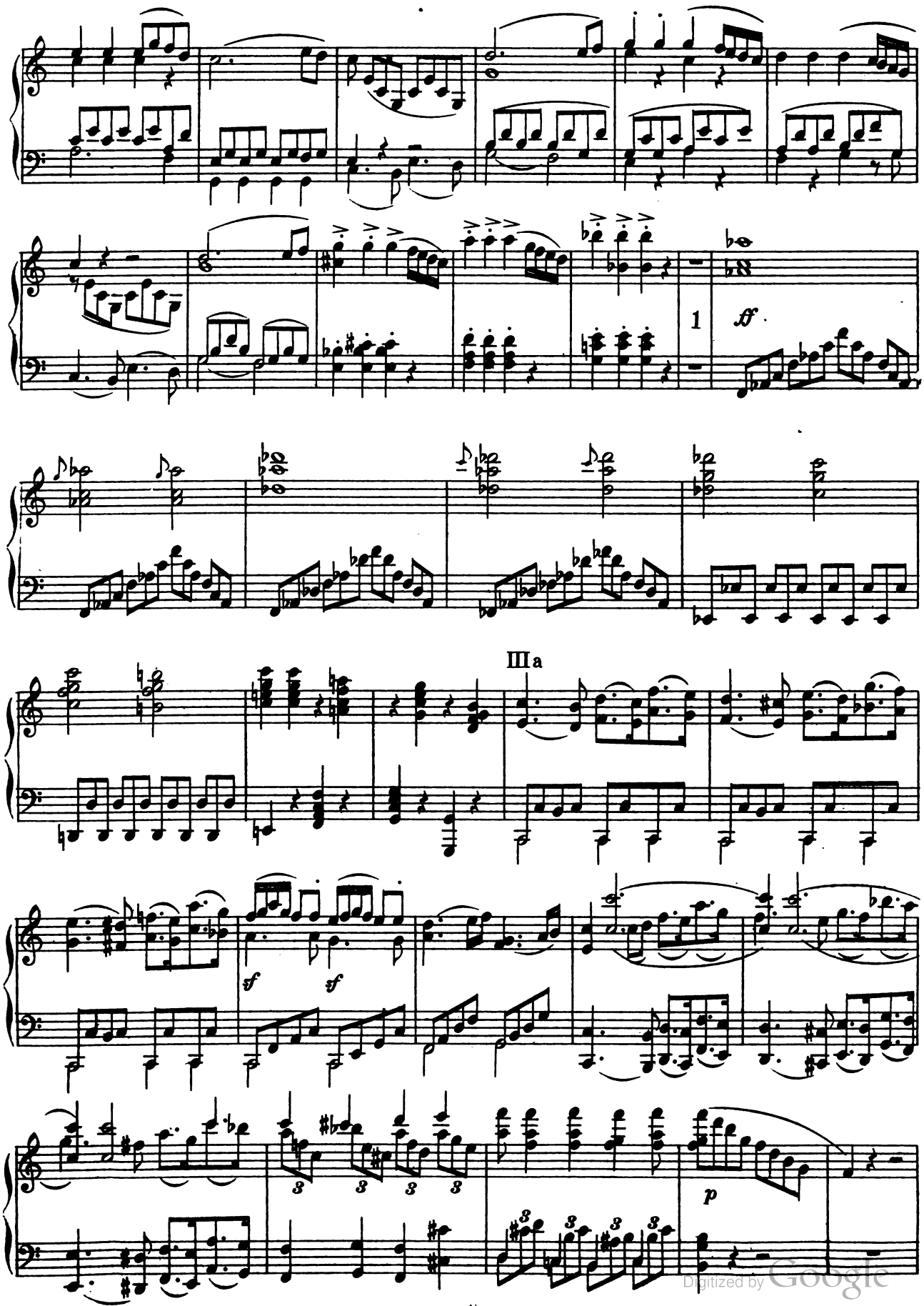
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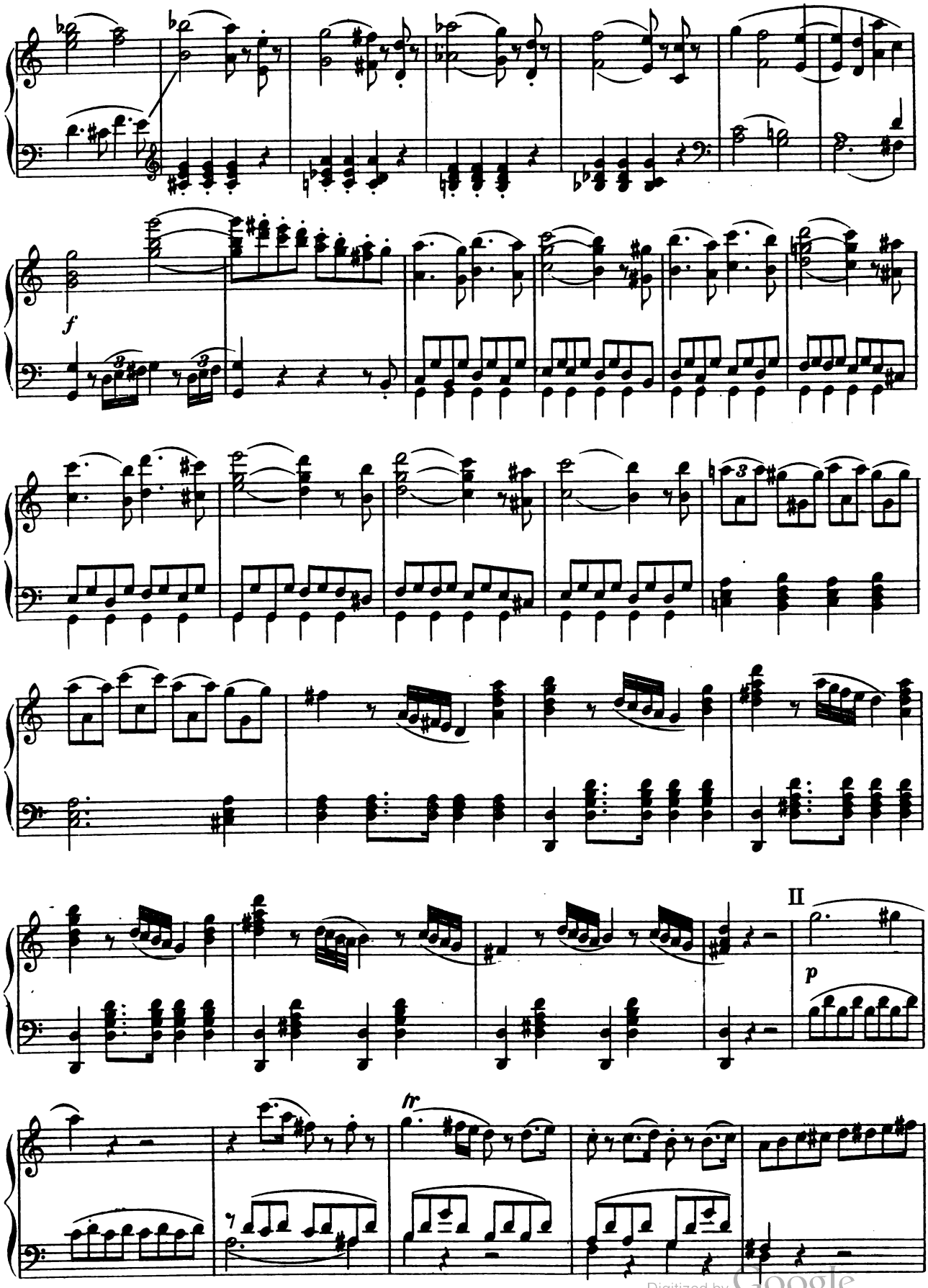
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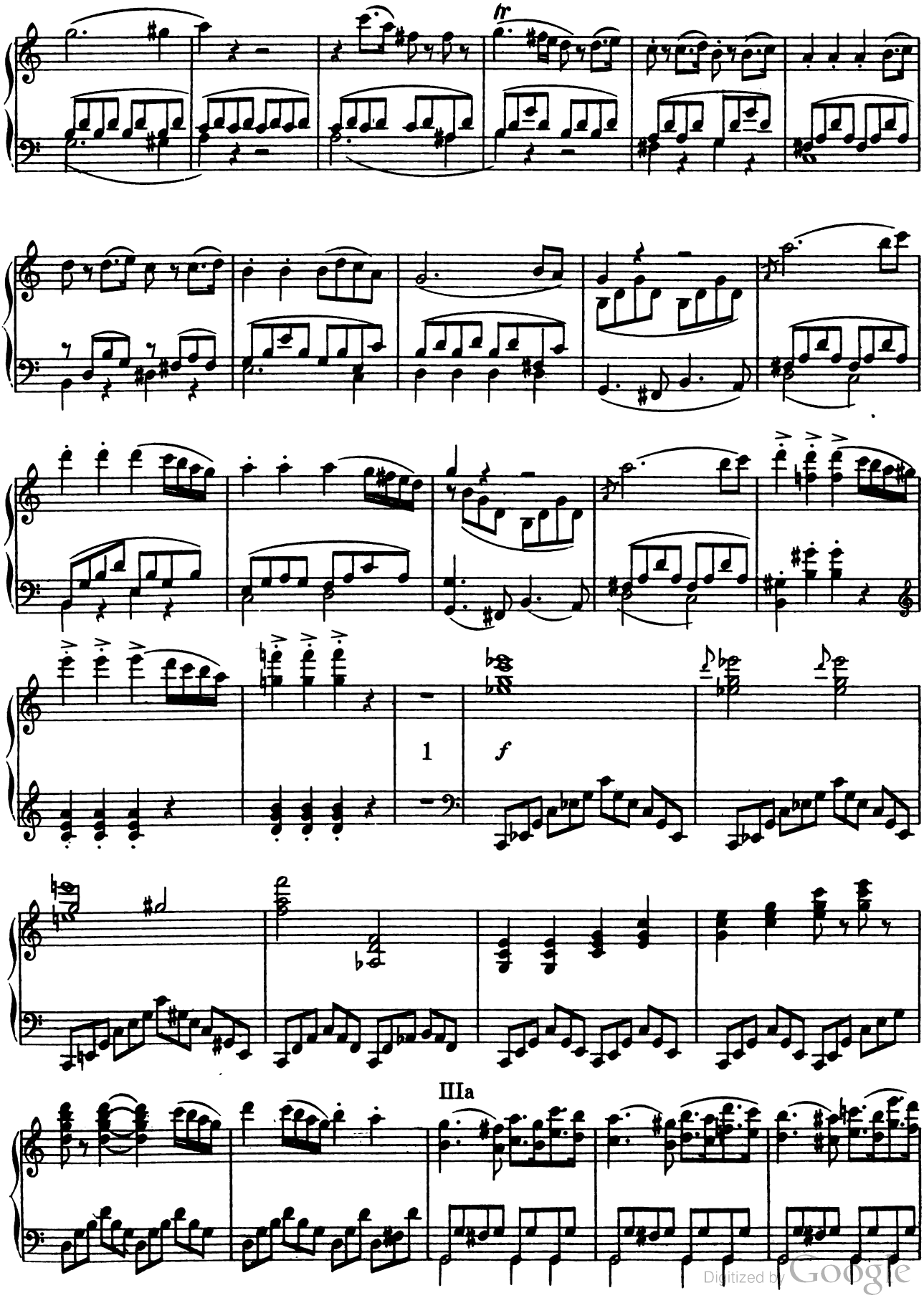
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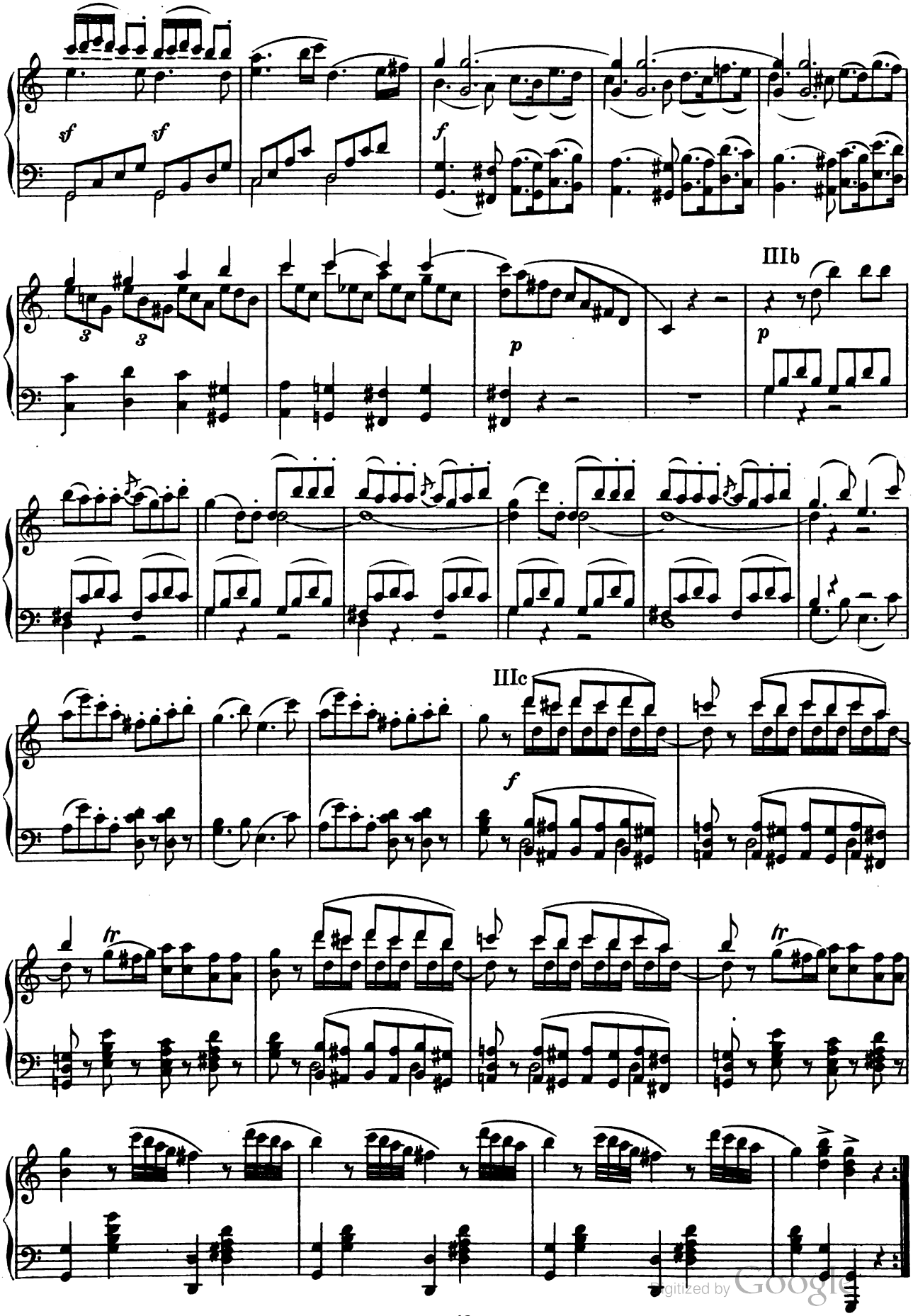
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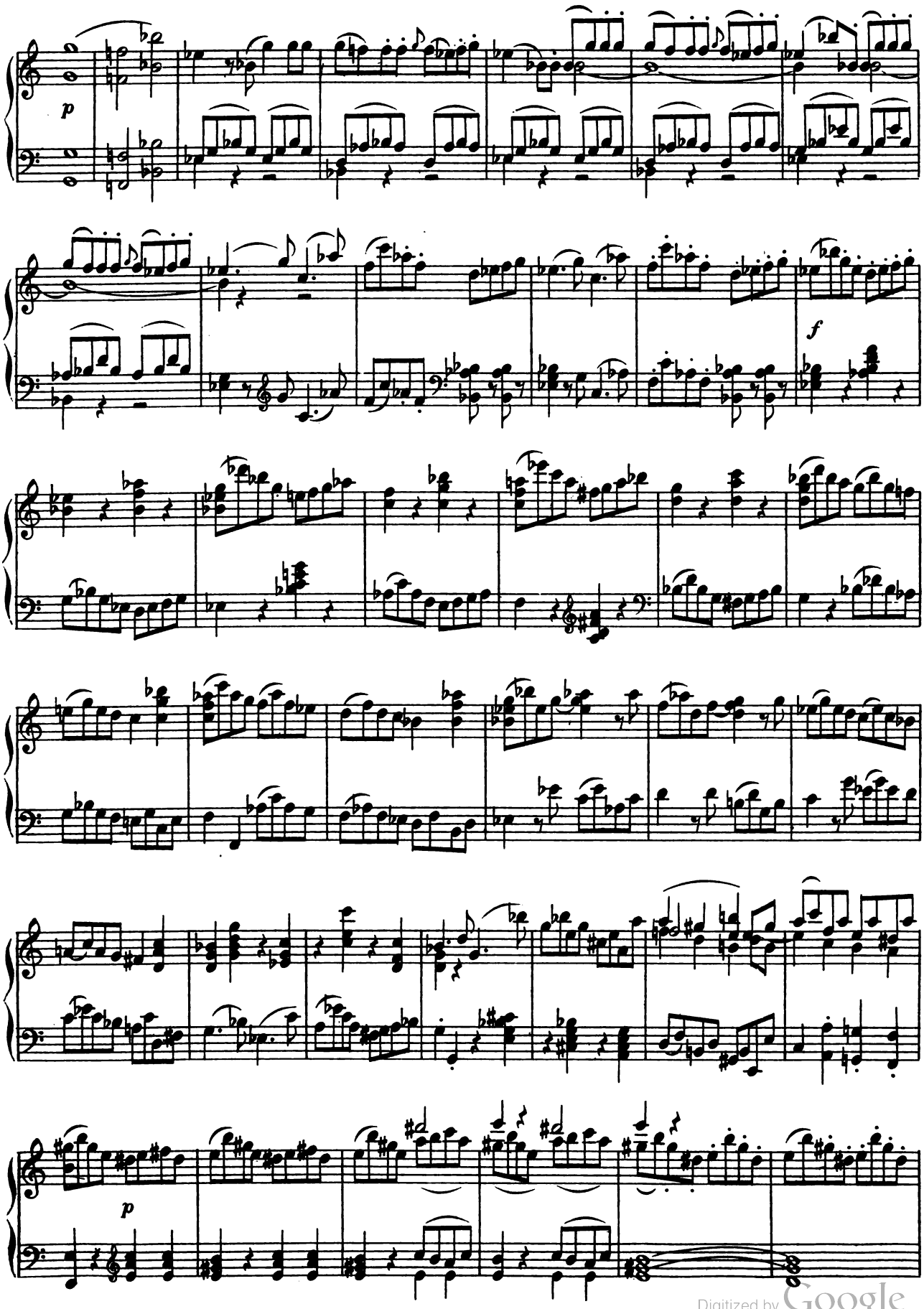
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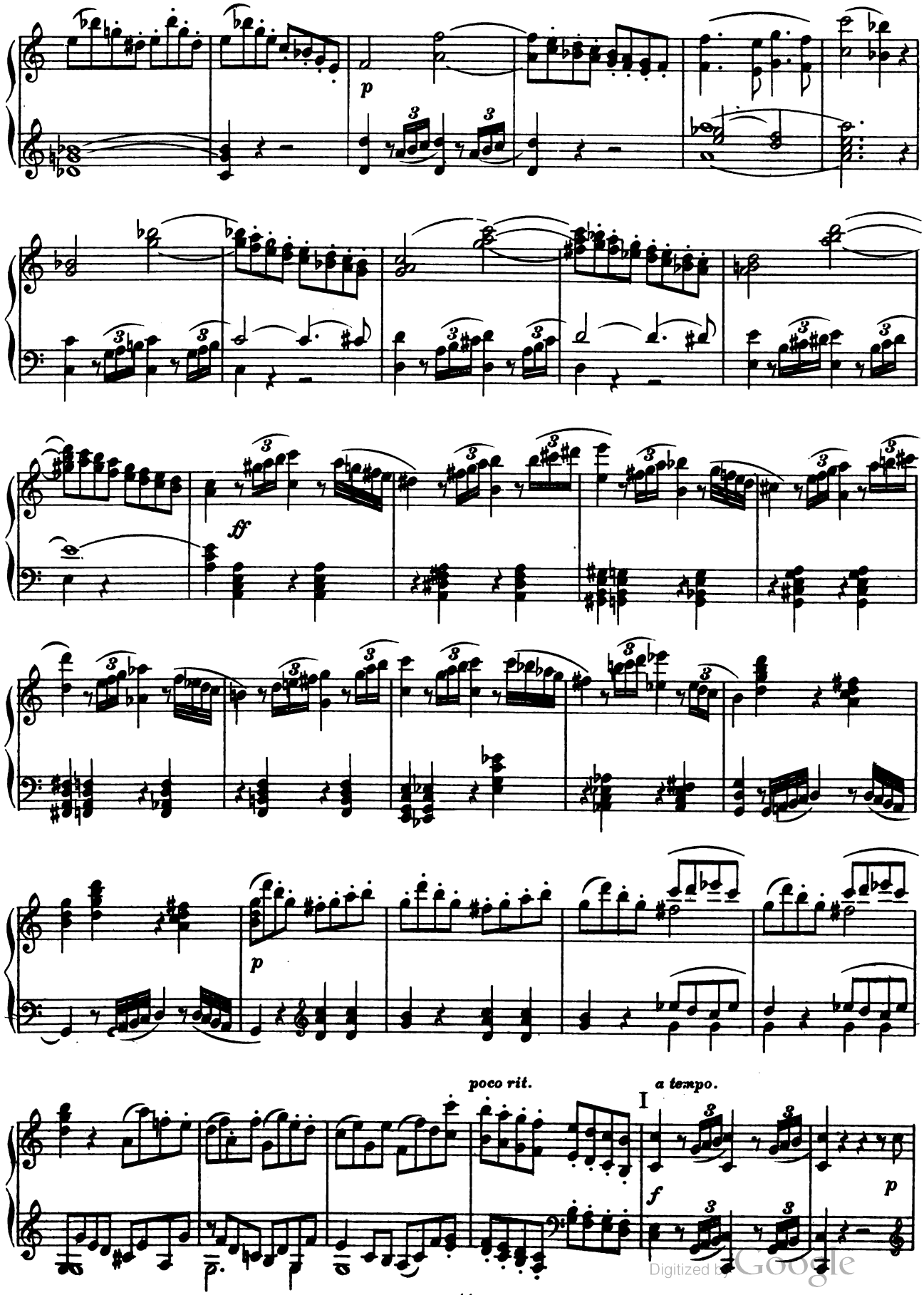
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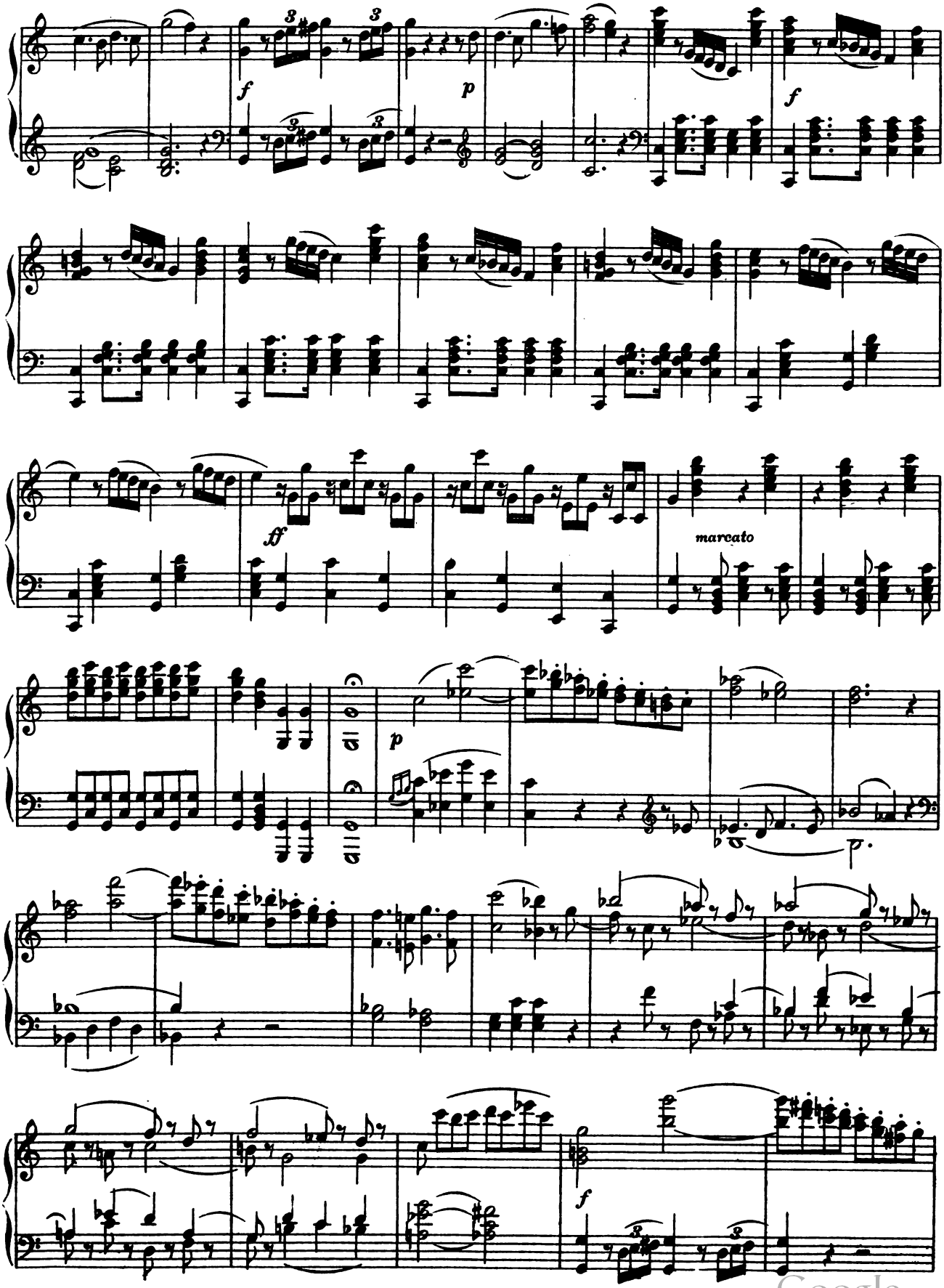
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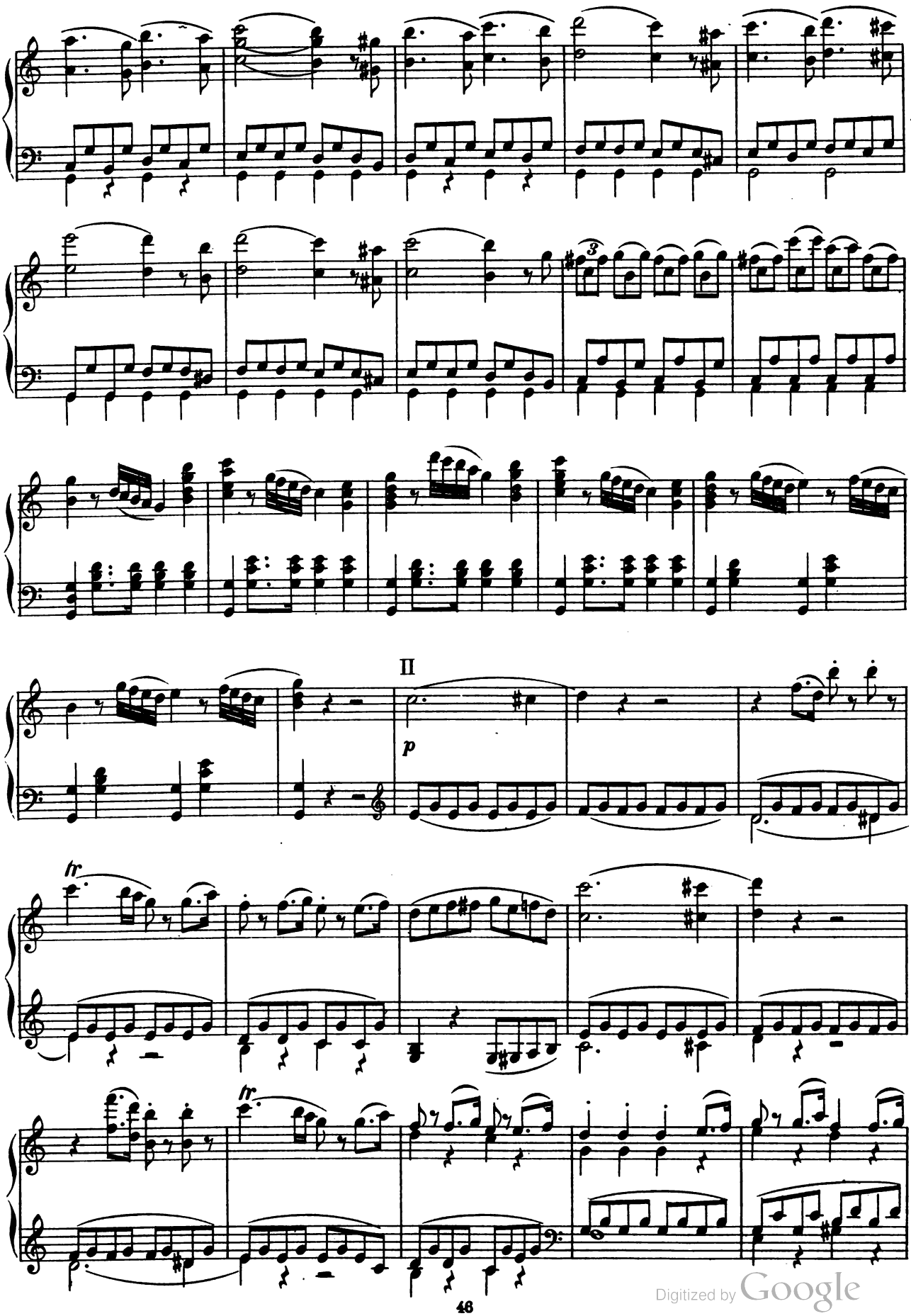
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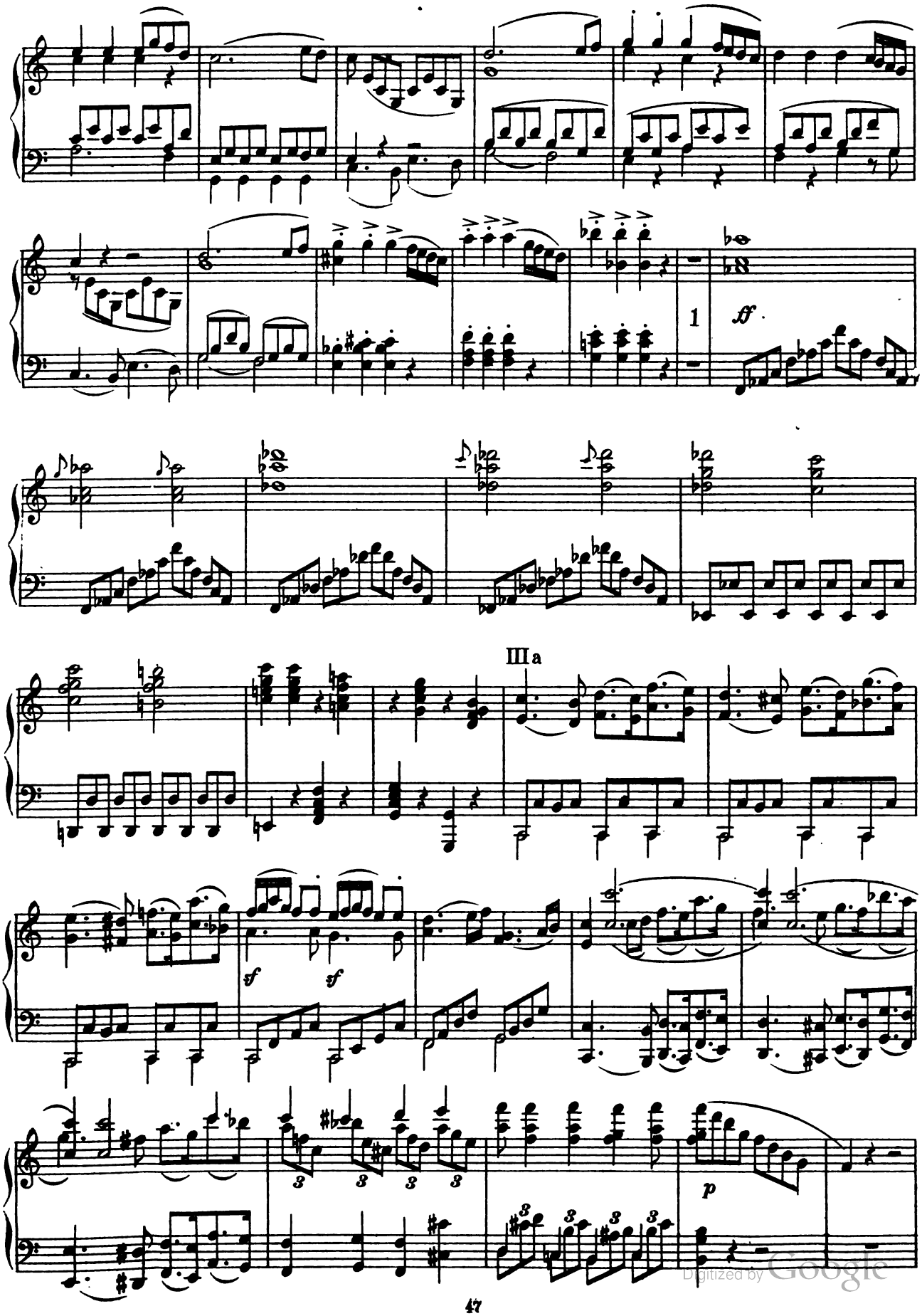
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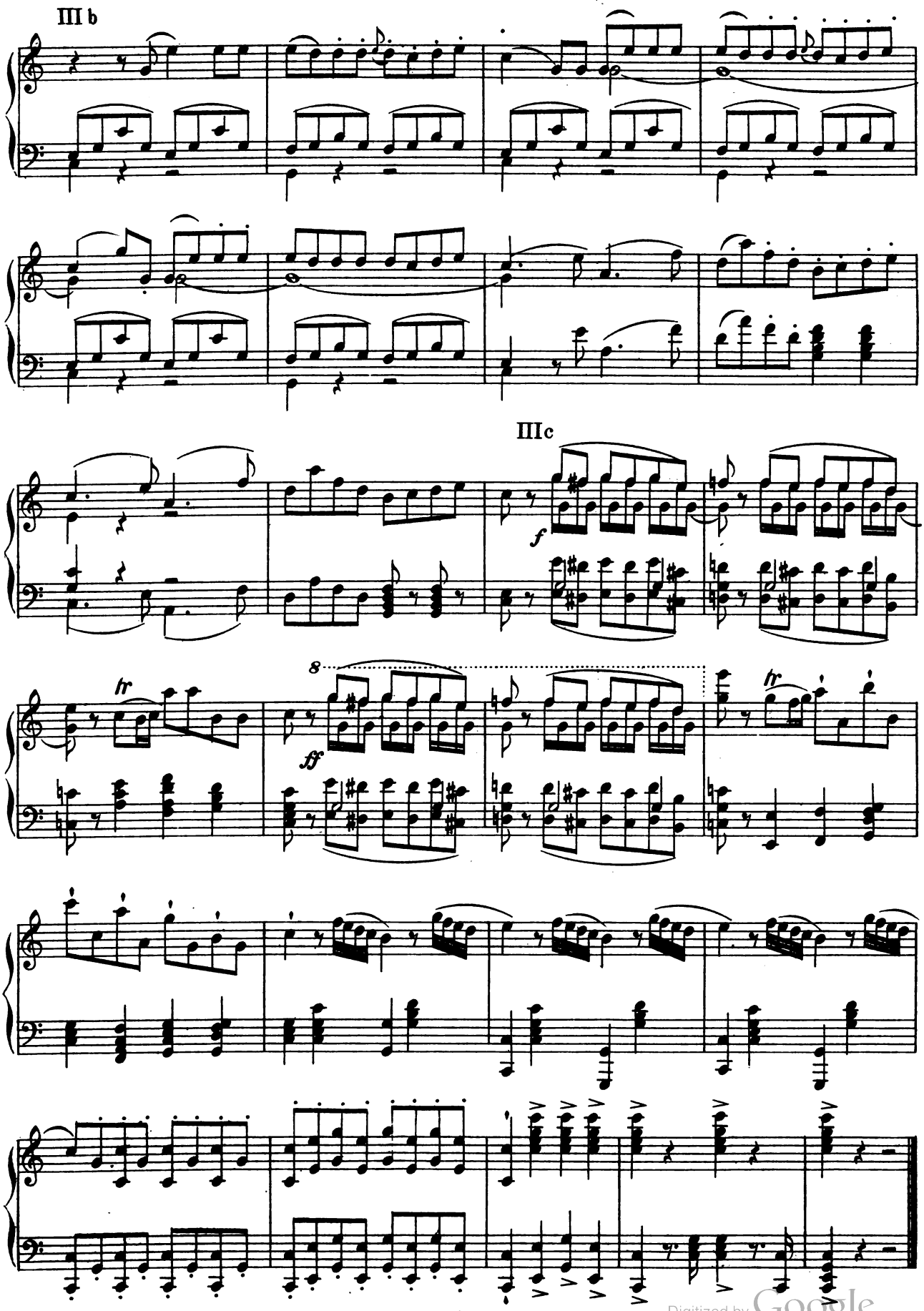
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MASTERS IN MUSIC

CHOPIN

BORN 1809: DIED 1849

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FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN

Chopin was remarkable for his delicate and distinguished features, and his aristocratic bearing. His manner was haughty and reserved, though he was able to be genial and even merry on occasion. His high, thoughtful forehead, his prominent aquiline nose, his finely chiseled mouth with protruding lower lip, his long chestnut hair, and his imaginative eyes, light brown in color, marked him as a man of sensibility and intelligence. His expression was generally melancholy, and physical weakness showed itself in bent shoulders and languid movement. The portrait here given is reproduced from a medallion by Bovy.

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FRÉDÉRIC

CHOPIN

BORN 1809: DIED 1849

FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN (whose surname should be pronounced in the French fashion, with the *Ch* like *Sh*, and with long *o* and nasal *n*) was born in Zelazowa-Wola, a small village in Poland, on March 1, 1809. His father, Nicholas Chopin, at this time a private tutor, and later a professor in the Lyceum at Warsaw, a man of sound intelligence and character, and the friend of many authors, artists, and scientists, was of French extraction. The mother, of whom little is definitely known, but who seems to have been a sweet, lovable woman, was a Pole. Frédéric's three sisters were of pronounced literary taste. All the evidence, then, indicates that Chopin was happy in his inheritance. When he was a year old his family moved to Warsaw, and a little later put him under the guidance of Adalbert Zywny in piano-playing, and of Joseph Elsner in theory and composition. He was again fortunate in his teachers, especially Elsner, who, while he taught him to be exacting to himself, and in Liszt's words, "to value the advantages that are obtained only by dint of patience and labor," yet also respected his individuality, so rare and peculiar, and allowed him to write in those dance forms—mazurka, polonaise, and waltz—that were native to his genius. He guided his pupil toward a pure style, held up before him the best models, especially Bach, and yet gave him sufficient freedom to stimulate his inventiveness and ambition, and to prompt him to much writing, by which he gained certainty and facility.

As a boy and youth Chopin was delicate, but by no means sickly. It is true that he did not care for boisterous sports, that he "was no friend of long excursions on foot, and preferred to lie down and dream under beautiful trees;" that even his outward appearance was that of a poet and student rather than that of a hearty boy. His biographer Niecks thus describes him as he looked in a portrait made in his seventeenth year: "His face was clearly and finely cut, especially the nose, with its wide nostrils; the forehead was high, the eyebrows delicate, the lips thin, and the lower one somewhat protruding. The expression was not only meditative, but even melancholy." On the other hand, however, we have it on the same

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excellent authority that he was remarkable for "a sparkling effervescence that manifested itself in all sorts of fun and mischief." He was a delightful mimic, and could convulse his schoolmates with his lifelike imitations of the rector of the Lyceum, the German Protestant clergyman who spoke broken Polish, and other local characters who stimulated his sense of fun. He was given to making practical jokes, some of which sprang from a slightly malicious, sardonic kind of humor that was characteristic. Though not an athlete, he was not a prig, and he had the invaluable knack of laughing at himself. He writes to one of his boy friends that he lets his horse go where it pleases, sitting on it, like a monkey, with fear, and that in driving he always takes a back seat. One sees that he was quiet, thoughtful, and very sensitive, but not effeminate or sentimental; his seriousness was leavened with humor.

The real interest of Chopin's life begins with his arrival, in 1831, at Paris, which he thereafter made his home. Heretofore he had shown in an incipient stage the qualities which made him unique, he had laid the foundations of his skill as a pianist, and he had given in his early compositions the cue to his style; but only with his arrival in Paris did he become a settled character, a finished virtuoso, and a mature artist. He could not have selected a better place to live. The French were not only full of sympathy for everything Polish, which appealed both to their political passion and to their love of the picturesque, but they were by nature fitted to appreciate an artist who combined the elements of emotion and of finesse in workmanship as did Chopin. He was on congenial ground; after a few concerts he found himself established. "Evening after evening," says Mr. Hadow, "was occupied with visitors or filled with invitations; pupils began to present themselves; concert managers solicited his services; and before long he shared with Liszt the honor of being the most fashionable musician of the day." It speaks well for his wisdom that all this neither confused nor unduly elated him. "If I were more silly than I am," he wrote, "I might imagine myself a finished artist; but I feel daily how much I have still to learn." Thus his desire to advance in his work combined with his distaste for the nervous wear and tear of concert-giving to make him play but little in public. He settled down to the labor of teaching for a livelihood, devoting all the time he could save from his lessons and his social duties to composition.

Up to this time his work, though personal enough in inspiration, had been somewhat conventional in form. He had been going through the apprentice stage, in which one must be almost slavish in the imitation of models. He was not entirely at home either in the variation form which he used in his Variations on 'Là ci darem la mano,' opus 2 (the work which nevertheless called forth Schumann's enthusiastic "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius!") or in the strict and logical sonata form of the concertos on which he was employed in 1829 and 1830. But now, in 1832, he began that wonderful series of pieces in short dance and song forms, the incomparable mazurkas, polonaises, waltzes, études, preludes, and nocturnes, in which

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his genius finds its proper expression. Their very smallness is an index of their perfection, for all are gems, complete and beautiful. The earlier works, more ambitious, were for that very reason less perfect. But by the time he came to Paris Chopin had found himself; and of his inner life, if one may so call it, of his artistic life, that is, which was what gave his career meaning, purpose, and success, the record is from now on one of continuous and noble achievement.

What a contrast with it is his outer life, so uneasy and tragic, so full of those intangible sufferings that high-strung natures like his cannot escape! Many causes combined to make his short career difficult. In the first place, like all true artists he was most exacting in his demands upon his work. "He shut himself up in his room," writes George Sand, "for whole days, weeping, walking, breaking his pens, repeating and altering a bar a hundred times, writing and effacing it as many times, and recommencing the next day with a minute and desperate perseverance." And not only was he thus punctilious in workmanship, but the nature of his ideas, their romantic and elusive quality, made composition a far greater drain upon him than it is on men in whose work there is more pulp, so to speak, to the same amount of juice. Add to this that he was never satisfied with what he had done, and we see that his work alone exhausted much nervous energy.

Again, though he never suffered severe poverty, he had to slave persistently for his living. He gave generally five lessons a day, which to a man of his conscientiousness and sensitiveness was a heavy strain. What made matters worse was that his luxurious, or at least aristocratic, tastes prompted him to spend more than he could afford. Too delicate in health to earn a large income, he was as fastidious as a prince. His letters to his friend Fontana are full of minute instructions about rooms to be engaged, furniture to make them elegant, flowers, pictures, knickknacks, which must be precisely to his taste. The mere necessities of his position as a fashionable piano teacher, his white gloves and carriages, ate up much of his earnings. A careless economist, he made poor bargains with publishers, gave many lessons without charge, and let himself be impoverished by charities to needy friends and fellow countrymen.

But his worst handicap was his health. His nervous irritability was extreme. "On his better days," says Mr. Hadow, "he would be buoyant, gay, even extravagant, playing fantastic tricks at the pianoforte, or mimicking his rivals with inimitable skill and good-natured satire; on his worse he would appear peevish and fretful, not from ill-humor, but from sheer exaggeration of sensibility. He broke into fierce anger at a stupid joke of Meyerbeer's, which a moment's thought would have allowed him to disregard. He quarreled permanently and irrevocably with Liszt over some trivial slight which would never have ruffled the composure of a healthier mind." There was always something of the sick child about Chopin, a petulance and moodiness that ought not to be attributed to malice, but to the raw and jangled nerves he could not control.

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This nervous weakness, and the lack of self-sufficiency that resulted from it, had much to do with the most widely known and talked-of incident of Chopin's life, his relationship with Madame Dudevant, better known as George Sand. In 1837, his condition being aggravated by an influenza that in his later years developed into pulmonary trouble, it became necessary to do something for his health. He decided to accompany the novelist, who had separated from her husband, on a trip she was planning with her two children to the Island of Majorca. In November, 1838, they traveled together to Palma. For a while all went well; Chopin wrote to a friend of the "palms, cedars, cactuses, aloes, which the Jardin des Plantes possesses only thanks to its stoves," and exclaimed, "Ah, my dear friend, I am now enjoying life a little more; I am near what is most beautiful—I am a better man." After a few weeks, however, all was changed. The wet season began; rain was incessant; the house was loosely made and unheated; the braziers smoked and smelled insufferably, and Chopin began to cough. To make matters worse, the ignorant and superstitious Majorcans, fearing contagion, put the whole party under a ban. It became difficult to get the bare necessaries of life. Chopin, always nervous, grew irritable and melancholy. His one desire was to return to France, but for a long while he was too weak to travel, and then contrary winds interfered. When at last they set out, their vessel carried a cargo of pigs which smelled and squealed so that the fastidious invalid could not sleep. He finally reached Paris, however, in the spring of 1839.

Thus begun, the relation of dependence on George Sand, who was as masculine and competent as Chopin was feminine and sensitive, lasted, at Paris and at her summer home in Nohant, for many years. It was a curious connection. The novelist knew little of music, and surrounded herself with literary and political people who were most uncongenial to Chopin. He was nothing of a philosopher; he hated discussion, argument, problems. His tastes, elegant and aristocratic, were out of keeping with those of the bohemians he met in her drawing-rooms. She, on her part, regarded him with a pity that may have had in it a grain of contempt. Altogether, it is hard to avoid the impression that both were somewhat selfishly bent on getting what they could from each other; the novelist saw promising literary material, and the invalid enjoyed being nursed and sheltered. In support of this view we have the evidence of George Sand's numerous and apparently faithless love affairs, and of Chopin's general tendency in friendship to receive more than he gave, to reward constant and requested services with amiable but empty protestations of regard.

Whatever other elements there may have been in this curious alliance, —and doubtless there were elements of sincere devotion in it—the fact of its final rupture points conclusively to an egotism such as seems inevitable in all relations of the sort. Not being bound together by any principle of social welfare, the parties to it finally tired of each other and drifted apart. Of the exact manner of the rupture there are conflicting accounts, the most plausible of which is that George Sand, out of patience with Chopin, rid herself of him by caricaturing him in her novel, 'Lucrezia

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Floriani.' Another version is that he took sides with her daughter in a family quarrel. The essential point is, however, that after the winter of 1847-48, dependent by long habit and wretchedly ill, he found himself with no one to care for him. It was virtually the end of his life. He made, it is true, a concert tour to England and Scotland in 1848, meeting as always with great success; but his health and spirit, never robust, were broken, and he returned to Paris bent with weakness, and unable to play, compose, or teach. He lingered on for a while, bearing his utter exhaustion with patient courage, and conquering, it is said, his petulance and moodiness. His last months were solaced by the devotion of countless friends and admirers. He died peacefully on October 17, 1849.

The key to Chopin's curiously contradictory life is to be found in the discrepancy between his mental and his physical powers. In art he was strong, in life pathetically weak. So long as he could absorb himself in the things of the intellect, in the beauty of music, in the happiness of successful artistic work, in the wit and charm of brilliant society, he was conscious of power. But when thought halted, when work was refractory, when solitude or illness reminded him of his limitations, then no man was more unhappy or pitiable. "Over himself," says one of his critics, "his art exercised a great charm. I have seen him look fifty when he sat down at the piano, and twenty-five when he left it;—sit down a meagre, worn, livid, panting man (his face, as some one described it, '*seamed* with pain and anxiety') and, as he played, shadow after shadow gradually dissolve, fold after fold soften, and the flush of health come back to the cheek, and the dim glassy eyes brighten with a cheerful and living intelligence." Another writer says: "Though anything but foolish, anything but weak (there is iron in the rose), he was a curious compound of fantasy, feeling, and strength—one of the most wayward, tender, spiritual persons I have ever conversed with. Alike remarkable for his self-consciousness and for his simplicity, he could be as irritable as a child about some little mistake in a concert program, as eagerly entertained over the toys of art or luxury with which his apartment was filled by his friends and pupils. Yet never did artist more quietly trust in his own genius as sufficient for his own success, nor more worthily hold himself remote from intrigues and littlenesses." But no one has brought out the pathetic duality of Chopin's nature more clearly than Frederick Niecks, at the close of his admirable biography. "Notwithstanding the lack of robustness and all it entails," he says, "Chopin might have been moderately happy if body and soul had been well matched. This, however, was not the case. His thoughts were too big, his passions too violent, for the frail frame that held them; and the former grew bigger and more violent as the latter grew frailer and frailer. He could not realize his aspirations, could not compass his desires, in short, could not fully assert himself. . . . Had not Chopin been an artist, the tale of his life would forever have remained a tale untold. But in his art he revealed all his strength and weakness, all his excellences and insufficiencies, all his aspirations and failures, all his successes and disappointments, all his dreams and realities."—THE EDITOR

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THE ART OF CHOPIN

Amelia R. Gere *'Atlantic Monthly' 1873*

IN morbid intensity of organization, as well as in the fragility of his constitution and the peculiar sorrows that entered into his life, Chopin resembled the poet Keats. It was the misfortune of both to be painfully self-conscious. But Keats was more spontaneous and demonstrative. The world knew how loftily he aspired, how deeply he loved, how hard he struggled, and how bitterly he was disappointed. Chopin combined with the same excess of sensibility a rare pride and self-command. Whatever wounds rankled within, they were concealed behind the polished indifference of the man of the world. There was something heroic in this stern self-repression—when we consider how much it must have cost him—that redeems his character from all charge of weakness. But his life burned out none the less surely because the fires were hidden—not so rapidly as that of Keats, perhaps, for he was not so eager and impulsive. Nor had he the compensations that Keats had. He was not so intoxicated with simple existence, not so passionately in love with sensuous beauty; he could not revel so fully in the outward aspects of nature, in the glowing voluptuous effects of light and color. He caught, rather, their inner meaning.

In this respect, as well as in the essence of his character, he had more affinity with Shelley, like whom he was serious, earnest, and introspective, deeply tinged with the mysticism that belongs to all spiritual natures. There was the same "passion for perfection" in both, the same fine and subtle thought. Shelley almost steps into the province of music sometimes, so delicate and ethereal is his expression. Both are often reproached for obscurity of style, and in both this was the result of an intensity of feeling that could find no adequate language. This is more especially true of the musician's later works, when sickness and sorrow had rendered him doubly morbid.

But Chopin had none of the combativeness that belonged to Shelley's more complex character. He opposed no one, attempted no changes, sought no discussions. As has been said in effect before, the tragedy of his life lay in an absorbing ideality and an excessive sensibility unbalanced by active mental discipline and practical interests. His spirit was driven to feed upon itself—a fate not uncommon among musical artists, whose work lies in an atmosphere as full of danger as it is of fascination.

The nature that we find revealed in Chopin's music was a nature full of caprices and inconsistencies, proud, tender, fitful, melancholy, passionate, and pure. Everything he has written bears the stamp of his own individuality. His gayest strains imprison some secret sorrow, his saddest thrill with a grief too deep for tears; but it is always veiled from a too curious gaze—suggested, never quite disclosed. There is something akin

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to himself, too, in the easy perfection of his style; in the blending of Southern grace and gaiety with shy Northern tenderness; in the airy setting he often gives to his so gloomy fancies. A sparkling ornament suddenly falls like a flash of sunshine upon some melancholy thought, leaving it only darker by contrast. A trace of his descent appears in this; for his father was French, although his mother was a Pole. Had not this double nationality something to do with the eternal conflict in his nature, the restless cravings that had no realization in fact because he had no unity of aim and action? Does it give us no clew to those tremulous shades of feeling, those subtle inner experiences, which he portrayed as no other artist has ever done? Beethoven had more strength, Mozart more simplicity, Schumann more passion, Mendelssohn more calmness; but Chopin was infinitely finer and more spiritual than any of these. Artist and man are one: we cannot separate them.

Edward Dannreuther *'Chopin,' in Grove's Dictionary of Music*

CHOPIN was a legitimately trained musician of quite exceptional attainments, a pianist of the very first order, and a writer for the pianoforte preëminent beyond comparison—a great master of style, a fascinating melodist, as well as a most original manipulator of puissant and refined rhythm and harmony. As he preferred forms in which some sort of rhythmic and melodic type is prescribed at the outset,—such as the mazurka, polonaise, waltz, bolero, and tarantelle,—he virtually set himself the task of saying the same sort of thing again and again; yet he appears truly inexhaustible. Each étude, prelude, impromptu, scherzo, ballade, presents an aspect of the subject not pointed out before; each has a reason for being of its own. . . . Like a magician he appears possessed of the secret to transmute and transfigure whatever he touches into some weird crystal, convincing in its conformation, transparent in its eccentricity, of which no duplicate is possible, no imitation desirable. He was a great inventor, not only as regards the technical treatment of the pianoforte, but as regards music in itself, as regards composition. He spoke of new things well worth hearing, and found new ways of saying such things.

W. H. Hadow *'Studies in Modern Music'*

PERFECTION of form was Chopin's ostensible ideal. No composer in the whole history of music has labored with a more earnest anxiety at accuracy of outline and artistic symmetry of detail. We have here "no clattering of dishes at a royal banquet," no casual indolence of accompaniment, no gap filled with unmeaning brilliance or idle commonplace; every effect is studied with deliberate purpose, and wrought to the highest degree of finish that it can bear. Of course the thoughts were conceived spontaneously; no

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man could have written the poorest of Chopin's works by rule and measure; but before they were deemed ready for presentation they were tried by every alternative which a scrupulous ingenuity could propose. It is no small commendation that workmanship so elaborate should be beyond the reach of any imitator. As a rule, it is the dashing, daring, impetuous pioneer in art who distances all followers, and finds himself, he hardly knows how, on a height that they can never hope to attain; in this case the climber has planted every footstep with a careful circumspection, he has employed all his prudence, all his foresight, all his certain command of resource, and yet, at the end of the ascent he stands alone. The reason for this is twofold: first, that Chopin's intuition of style was a natural gift which few other composers have possessed in an equal degree; second, that he brought to its cultivation not only an untiring diligence, but a delicacy of taste which is hardly ever at fault. His limitations are plain and unmistakable. For the larger types of the art, for the broad architectonic laws of structure on which they are based, he exhibited an almost total disregard. His works in "sonata form," and in the forms cognate to the sonata, are, with no exception, the failures of a genius that has altogether overstepped its bounds. Of choral compositions, of symphony, of opera, he has not left us a single example. But when all this has been admitted, it still remains true that he is a great master; great in his exquisite sense of beauty, in his almost unerring skill, and in the deliberate and reasoned audacity with which he has extended the range of musical expression.

Like all modern composers of acknowledged rank, Chopin was strongly influenced by the popular music of his native country. As a child, he had been fond of collecting and studying the folk-sŏngs which he heard at harvest-field or market or village festival; they supplied him with his first models, and in some cases with his first themes as well. In later life their impression deepened rather than faded. He always thought of himself as a national poet: "I should like," he told Hiller, "to be to my people what Uhland is to the Germans." No doubt the external qualities of his music are entirely his own, the richness of harmony, the complexity of figure, the delicate elaboration of ornament; but the texture which these color and adorn is essentially of native growth and native substance. In a word, he made precisely the right use of national materials, taking them as a basis, and developing them into fuller beauty by the force and brilliance of his own personal genius. The popular music of Poland, unlike that of Italy or Germany, is almost invariably founded on dance forms and dance rhythms. Its gifts to the art of Europe are the polonaise, the krakowiak, and the mazurka: types which, however widely they may differ in grade of social acceptance, are all essentially Polish in history and character. The very ballads of the country have the same lilt and cadence; they are primitive dances not yet differentiated from the use of words. They move with recurrent figure, with exact balance of melodic phrase, with that precise symmetry which is required by a "muse of the many twinkling feet."

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And it is hardly necessary to point out that in this respect Chopin is a true Pole. More than a quarter of his entire composition is devoted ostensibly to dance forms; and throughout the rest of it their effect may be traced in a hundred phrases and episodes. Grant that his treatment of the rhythmic figures is very different from the simple naïveté of his models: we are here discussing not treatment but conception, and in conception his indebtedness to his country is incontestable. His mazurkas, in short, bear somewhat the same relation to the tunes of the peasantry as the songs of Robert Burns to those of the forerunners whom he superseded.

Chopin was to some extent affected by the tonality of his native music. A large number of the Polish folk-songs are written, not in our modern scale, but in one or the other of the ecclesiastical modes. . . . Some, again, end on what we should call dominant harmony, a clear survival of the ecclesiastical distinction between plagal and authentic. Of this tonal system, some positive traces may be found in the cadences of the thirteenth, seventeenth, and twenty-fifth mazurkas, the frequent use of the sharpened subdominant, and the like; while on the negative side, it may perhaps account for Chopin's indifference to the requirements of key-relationship. . . . He often allows his modulations to carry him where they will, and is so intent on perfecting each phrase and each melody that he has no regard left to bestow on the general principles of construction. No doubt some of this weakness was due to defective training; some, also, to the prevailing spirit and temper of the Romantic movement. But, in Chopin's case, there was a special reason beyond. As a Pole, he approached our western key system from the outside, and although he learned its language with wonderful skill and facility, he never wholly accustomed himself to the method of thought which it implies.

It is quite possible that, in any case, Chopin would have found himself incapable of dealing with large masses. The want of virility which has been noted in his character appears beyond question in his music, leaving untouched all the grace and tenderness, all the rare and precious qualities of workmanship, but relaxing into an almost inevitable weakness at any crisis which demands sustained force or tenacity. When he is at his strongest we miss that sense of reserve power, that quiet, irresistible force, "too full for sound or foam," which characterizes the dignity of the noblest art. He can be passionate, vehement, impetuous, but he expends himself in the effort. He can express agitation, challenge, defiance, but he lacks the royal magnanimity that will never stoop to defy. Even his melody is never sublime, never at the highest level. Its more serious mood stands to the great tunes of Beethoven as Leopardi stands to Dante, rising for a moment on a few perfect lines to follow the master's flight, and then sinking back to earth under some load of weariness or impatience.

This want of manliness, moral and intellectual, marks the one great limitation of Chopin's province. . . . If we accept from him what he has to give, we shall be in no mind to bear malice for what he is forced to withhold. His passion is so keen and vital, his melody so winning, his love

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of beauty so single-hearted, that to demand the sterner qualities is almost an act of ingratitude. He knows the full secret of that mysterious power —so easy to feel, so impossible to define—through which music fulfils its function of suggesting and typifying emotion. He can appeal to our sensuous nature with a mastery which is almost irresistible, and he never degrades the appeal into vulgarity or sensationalism. Under his spell even the display of technical difficulty acquires life and significance. His studies, avowedly classed as exercises of dexterity, stand to those of other writers as pictures to freehand drawings. His "virtuoso passages" differ from those of Herz, and Hunten, and even Thalberg, as a pianoforte differs from a barrel-organ. In his lightest moments he is a poet; graceful in fancy, felicitous in expression, and instinct with the living spirit of romance.

So far Chopin's music has been treated from the creative side. It now remains to add a few words on the peculiar tact and intelligence with which he employs his medium. . . . It is a high testimony to the exactitude of Chopin's writing that it has almost entirely escaped the sacrilegious hand of the transcriber. Some of the mazurkas are occasionally adapted for the voice, one or two of the nocturnes misused to the service of the violin or the violoncello; but by far the greater number of Chopin's compositions are too obviously suited to the piano for any other medium to be regarded as possible. His narrowness gave him concentration; his want of sympathy with all other instruments enabled him to devote his whole attention to the one that he understood. And, as a result, he gives us pianoforte music which, considered as a pure expression of technical intelligence, is almost without rival in the history of the art. No other composer has ever surpassed the unerring judgment to which we owe these wide-spread arpeggios, these wonderful liquid ripples of chromatic scale, these showers of sparkling notes which fall, as Liszt said, "like dew-drops" on some bend of phrase or turn of cadence. Beethoven, of course, understood the piano as fully as he understood everything else; but since Beethoven's time musicians, and especially romantic musicians, have a little tended to blur and obliterate these necessary distinctions and to merge a due recognition of piano technique into their overmastering desire for emotional significance. Hence the fatal error of trying to extract orchestral effects from the keyboard, an error into which Schumann falls occasionally and Liszt habitually, but from which Chopin may be regarded as entirely free. In a word, he appreciates both the capacities and the limitations of his instrument, and while he draws from it every tone that it can legitimately produce, he never strains it beyond the due and fitting bounds of its proper individuality.

To sum up, Chopin can claim no place among the few greatest masters of the world. He lacks the dignity, the breadth, the high seriousness of Palestrina and Bach and Beethoven; he no more ranks beside them than Shelley beside Shakespeare, or Del Sarto beside Michelangelo. But to say this is not to disparage the work he has done. If he be not of the greater gods, he is none the less of the Immortals, filled with a supreme

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sense of beauty, animated by an emotional impulse as keen as it was varied, and upholding an ideal of technical perfection at a time when it was in danger of being lost by the poets or degraded by the virtuosi. In certain definite directions he has enlarged the possibilities of the art, and though he has, fortunately, founded no school—for the charm of his music is wholly personal—yet in a thousand indirect ways he has influenced the work of his successors. At the same time, it is not as a pioneer that he elicits our fullest admiration. We hardly think of him as marking a stage in the general course and progress of artistic history, but, rather, as standing aside from it, unconscious of his relation to the world, preoccupied with the fairyland of his creations. The elements of myth and legend that have already gathered round his name may almost be said to find their counterparts in his music; it is ethereal, unearthly, enchanted, an echo from the melodies of 'Kubla Khan.' It is for this reason that he can only make his complete appeal to certain moods and certain temperaments. The strength of the hero is as little his as is the vulgarity of the demagogue; he possesses an intermediate kingdom of dreams, an isle of fantasy, where the air is drowsy with perfume, and the woods are bright with butterflies, and the long gorges run down to meet the sea. If his music is sometimes visionary, at least it is all beautiful; offering, it may be, no response to the deeper questions of our life, careless if we approach it with problems which it is in no mind to resolve, but fascinating in its magic if we are content to submit our imagination to the spell. And precisely the same distinction may be made on the formal side of his work. In structure he is a child, playing with a few simple types, and almost helpless as soon as he advances beyond them; in phraseology he is a master whose felicitous perfection of style is one of the abiding treasures of the art. There have been higher ideals in music, but not one that has been more clearly seen or more consistently followed. There have been nobler messages, but none delivered with a sweeter or more persuasive eloquence.

THE WORKS OF CHOPIN

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

THE player must be warned, first of all, against a wide-spread and very unfortunate misconception of Chopin. Many pianists who would never dare take liberties with Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, or Mendelssohn, play Chopin much as they please; he was a sentimental dreamer, they argue, and may therefore be interpreted in accordance with the mood of the moment. And they proceed to distort his meter, to exaggerate his rhythms, and to deliver his melodies with the most cloying sentimentality. Their interpretation

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is bad because their premises are erroneous. Chopin, for all his fantasy and romanticism, was an accurate, finished, and punctilious artist. His emotion was regulated by a keen and precise mind. Accordingly, he must be played with expression, to be sure, with intimate feeling, but also with clearness and restraint.

Take, for example, the matter of the famous Chopin *tempo rubato*, or modified time. His conception of it was far from permitting the mere careless go-as-you-please, the entire confusion of accent, in which so many players indulge. *Tempo rubato*, literally "robbed time," but better translated as "borrowed time," was with him a means of expression that was never allowed to obscure the clear outline of the musical phrase. Part of the time of one note or group of notes was borrowed to give emphasis to another, but the relative note-values, on which the definiteness of the musical figure as a whole depended, never became ambiguous. "That which particularly characterized Chopin's playing," says Von Lenz, "was his *rubato*, whereby the rhythm and time through the whole remained accurate. 'The left hand,' I often heard him say, 'is the conductor; it must not waver, or lose ground; do with the right hand what you will and can.'" A safe rule for the player is, secure first of all perfect definiteness of rhythm by means of proper accentuation and phrasing, just as one reading aloud first of all pronounces the words and inflects the sentences intelligibly; then, and only then, try for the expressiveness that comes from minor variations and shadings of time and emphasis. Or, in more general terms, do not sacrifice sense to feeling, since feeling that is incompatible with sense is after all futile. Pay Chopin the compliment of remembering that he had a head as well as a heart.

I. Nocturne in F-minor — *Opus 55, No. 1*

THE characteristic trait of the nocturne, as a general form, is its sustained, singing melody, which gives it somewhat the character of a serenade. If the player will think of his right hand as singing the melody and of his left as accompanying it on a guitar, he will get the right combination of effect. In the present nocturne, this lyrical part is contrasted with a more vigorous section, entering at page 18, and marked "piu mosso," which must be vigorously accented. There is an example, in the return to the first part, of Chopin's delight in elaborate yet natural modulations. In two measures, starting from F-minor, he goes through the keys of G-flat, E-flat, A, D, and C-minor, coming out again where he started. The last page of this nocturne, where the melodic idea blossoms, so to speak, into luxuriant foliage, illustrates his matchless sense for pure beauty in tone-combination, and will tax the player's skill in pedaling.

Pedal signs are uniformly omitted in MASTERS IN MUSIC, as, in the opinion of the editor, they confuse rather than help the student. Proper

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pedaling must be prompted by the ear, not by the eye; it must aim to reënforce the legato of the fingers, to bind the harmonies together without confusing them, and to increase the general sonority without blurring the main outlines of melody and rhythm. All this can be achieved only by an understanding of musical structure and by constant, heedful practice.

II. Prelude in D-flat major — *Opus 28, No. 15*

OF Chopin's preludes Schumann wrote, "They are sketches, commencements of studies, or, if you will, ruins, single eagle-wings, all strangely mixed together. . . . Chopin is the proudest poet-mind of the time." The present prelude, though less sketchy than many, being firmly and carefully composed, with a contrasting middle section (marked "piu mosso"), is as good an expression as any of the imaginative, poetic quality of Chopin's genius. It is the musical incarnation of two moods: the first warm, gracious, tender; the second somber, grim, and passionately apprehensive. After the monotony and shuddering dread of the section in C-sharp minor, how bright and reassuring is the reëntrance of the first subject! The player must be warned, however, against exaggerating the emotions of this piece; it must be played simply and sincerely, and with careful regularity of tempo in the middle part. The reiterated G-sharp must be very firm and insistent or it will become trivial and tedious. Expression should depend here, not upon *tempo rubato*, but upon phrasing and variations of force. It has been supposed by some writers that this prelude was suggested to Chopin by the pattering of rain-drops during a storm at Majorca. But even if he wrote it there at all, which seems improbable, he was too good a musician to need such mechanical, external inspiration. When George Sand herself suggested to him that he had, by what she quaintly and ignorantly called "imitative harmony," put the rain-drops in his piece, he "was vexed, and protested with all his might against the puerility of these imitations for the ear." Much nonsense has been written about this prelude, which is good enough music to need no apology. Mr. Huneker well says of it that its "architecture is at once Greek and Gothic."

III. Étude in G-flat major — *Opus 25, No. 9*

THIS étude, which has been nicknamed "The Butterfly," shows its composer in his freshest and most unsentimental mood. His études, mazurkas, and polonaises, indeed, though perhaps less popular than the more dreamy nocturnes and preludes, show him as a stronger, more original musician. A strongly marked accent-scheme, and a loose wrist to give the staccato octaves of the right hand, are the essentials of performance here.

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IV. Sonata in B-minor, Opus 58 *Scherzo and Largo*

THESE two movements, especially the second, show Chopin in a larger mood than any of the foregoing selections. Indeed, he reaches perhaps his highest point, in dignity and breadth of emotion, in this beautiful largo. Little need be said in detail of the scherzo, except that the wide and inimitably graceful runs must be played evenly, with fingers close to the keys, and, in the trio in B-major, the melody in the inner part must be given legato, especially where it crosses from one hand to the other. Of the largo, pages might be written, and yet one could say nothing worthy of the wonderful beauty of the music, at once so somber and so exalted, so sensuous and so noble. The student should notice the remarkable harmonic ingenuity of the four-measure introduction, and of the passage at the top of page 35 which leads back to the first tempo; the grace and breadth of the phrase at the end of the fourth system on page 32, which recurs many times; the effectiveness of the accompaniment figure on page 35, wherein Chopin's instinct for piano style is well shown; and the equal beauty of the thought and of its embodiment in the last eight measures of the whole.

V. Waltz in D-flat major *Opus 64, No. 1*

ONE day at George Sand's, Chopin, observing her little dog chasing its tail, went to the piano and improvised this "Valse au petit chien." At least, so lovers of the quaintly picturesque love to think. The piece derives its curious rhythmic quality from a displacement of accent such as we have already met in Mozart, a motif of four eighth-notes occurring three times in two waltz-measures. It must be played with delicacy, and, if one may say so, "like a little dog chasing its tail."

VI. Two Mazurkas *Opus 17, Nos. 1 and 3*

IN his mazurkas and polonaises we get the quintessence of Chopin. In them his finesse, his whimsicality, his peculiar traits of melody, harmony, and rhythm, his nationality and his personal quality, all find place. Niecks, after discussing Chopin's indebtedness to his national music, points out that "generally speaking, Chopin has more of the spirit than the form of Polish folk-music;" but adds, "The only two classes of his compositions where we find also something of the form are his mazurkas and polonaises." These national dances have in common the triple measure, but while the mazurka is rollicking and gay as a rule, the polonaise is more martial, more dignified and heroic. The contrast is well summed up by Niecks when he says, "The mazurkas are social poems, poems of private life, in distinction from the polonaises, which are political poems."

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Of the two mazurkas before us, Niecks writes as follows: "In the first number of opus 17 we meet with the martial, chivalrous element which distinguishes the Polish character. The first three parts are bold and glittering, but not without regretful backward glances; in the last part the piquant melody and the strongly marked rhythm picture to us the graceful motions of the dancers, and suggest the clashing of the spurs and the striking of heels against the ground. . . . A helpless, questioning uncertainty and indecision characterizes the third mazurka. For a while the composer gives way (at the beginning of the second part) to anger, and speaks in a defiant tone; but, as if perceiving the unprofitableness of it, returns soon to his first strain. Syncopations, suspensions, and chromatic passing notes form here the composer's chief stock in trade; displacement of everything in melody, harmony, and rhythm is the rule. Nobody did anything like this before Chopin, and, as far as I know, nobody has given to the world an equally minute and distinct representation of the same intimate emotional experiences."

Though the reader will have no difficulty in finding for himself examples of the whimsicalities mentioned, a few may be pointed out. From the melodic point of view nothing could be queerer or more characteristic than the leaping, jumping tune on page 41, or the scale-melody at the middle of page 43. Special points of harmonic interest are the modulation in the fourth system of page 40, and many "enharmonic changes," of which the taking of E-natural as F-flat, at the bottom of page 43, is a good instance. Ingenuities of rhythm are everywhere; a striking one is that in the accompaniment figure of the section in E-flat in the first mazurka. All these perversities Chopin carries off with the skill and assurance of the finished musician. They stimulate one's interest without doing too much violence to one's habits of thought.

VII. Polonaise in A-major — *Opus 40, No. 1*

THE "Military Polonaise," as it is sometimes called, is full of an abounding vigor, a splendid onrush and impetus. In the bright key of A-major, with grandiose and energetic middle section in D-major, diatonic in melody and restlessly animated in rhythm, it is full of health and fresh air, a far cry from the languid, introspective nocturnes and preludes. It must be played throughout with dash and brilliancy, a free arm and a generous pedal. At first thought, one may suppose that this polonaise and the style it represents is anomalous in Chopin, but as already indicated in the biographical sketch and at the beginning of these explanatory notes, he was by no means a simple nature, but a compound of the most opposite traits. Unable because of ill-health to fully realize his ideals, and consequently troubled, melancholy, and to a certain extent morbid, he was nevertheless endowed with a trenchancy of passion, a keenness of intellect, that constantly infuses his music with animation and strength. Some one perceptively said of him, "His heart

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was sad, his mind was gay." No work of his manifests this vivid gaiety of mind better than the Military Polonaise, which will convince us, if anything can, that they err who see in Chopin nothing but romantic reverie; that he was indeed a composer in whom emotion was combined with energy, sensibility with animation.

THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF CHOPIN

I. CONCERTOS. Two concertos for piano and orchestra, in E-minor, opus 11, and F-minor, opus 21.
II. CHAMBER MUSIC. A trio for piano and strings. Introduction and Polonaise, for piano and violoncello. Sonata, for piano and violoncello. Rondeau, for two pianos.
III. VOCAL. Sixteen Polish songs.
VI. PIANO WORKS. Three sonatas; twenty-seven études; fifty-two mazurkas; twenty-five preludes; nineteen nocturnes; thirteen waltzes; twelve polonaises; five rondos; four scherzos; four *ballades;* four *fantaisies;* three *ecossaises;* four impromptus; four sets of variations; a barcarolle, a *berceuse*, a *krakowiak*, a bolero, a tarantelle, a funeral march, and an *Allegro de concert.*
Breitkopf and Härtel, of Leipsic, publish a complete Thematic Catalogue of Chopin's works.

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I. NOCTURNE IN F-MINOR

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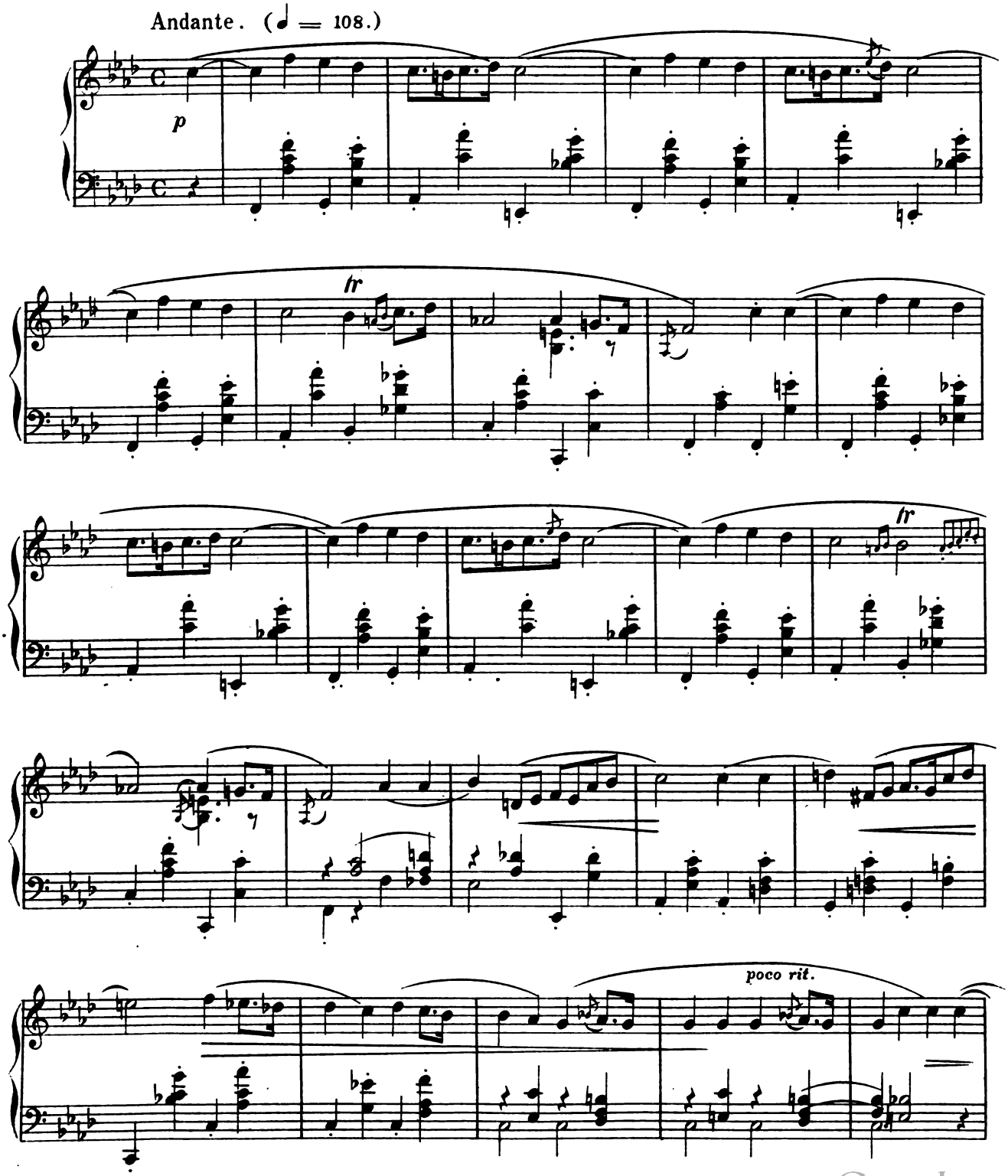
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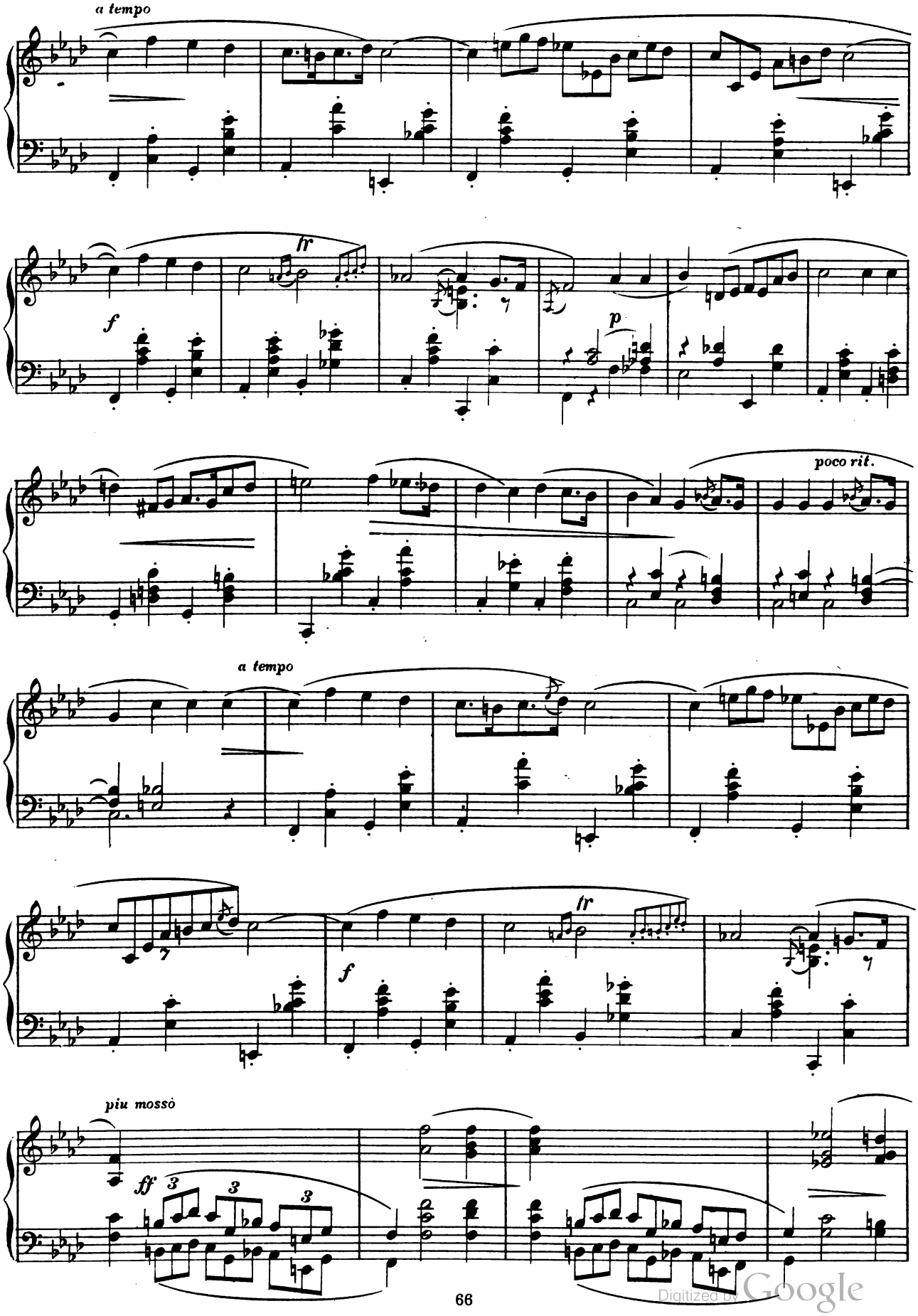
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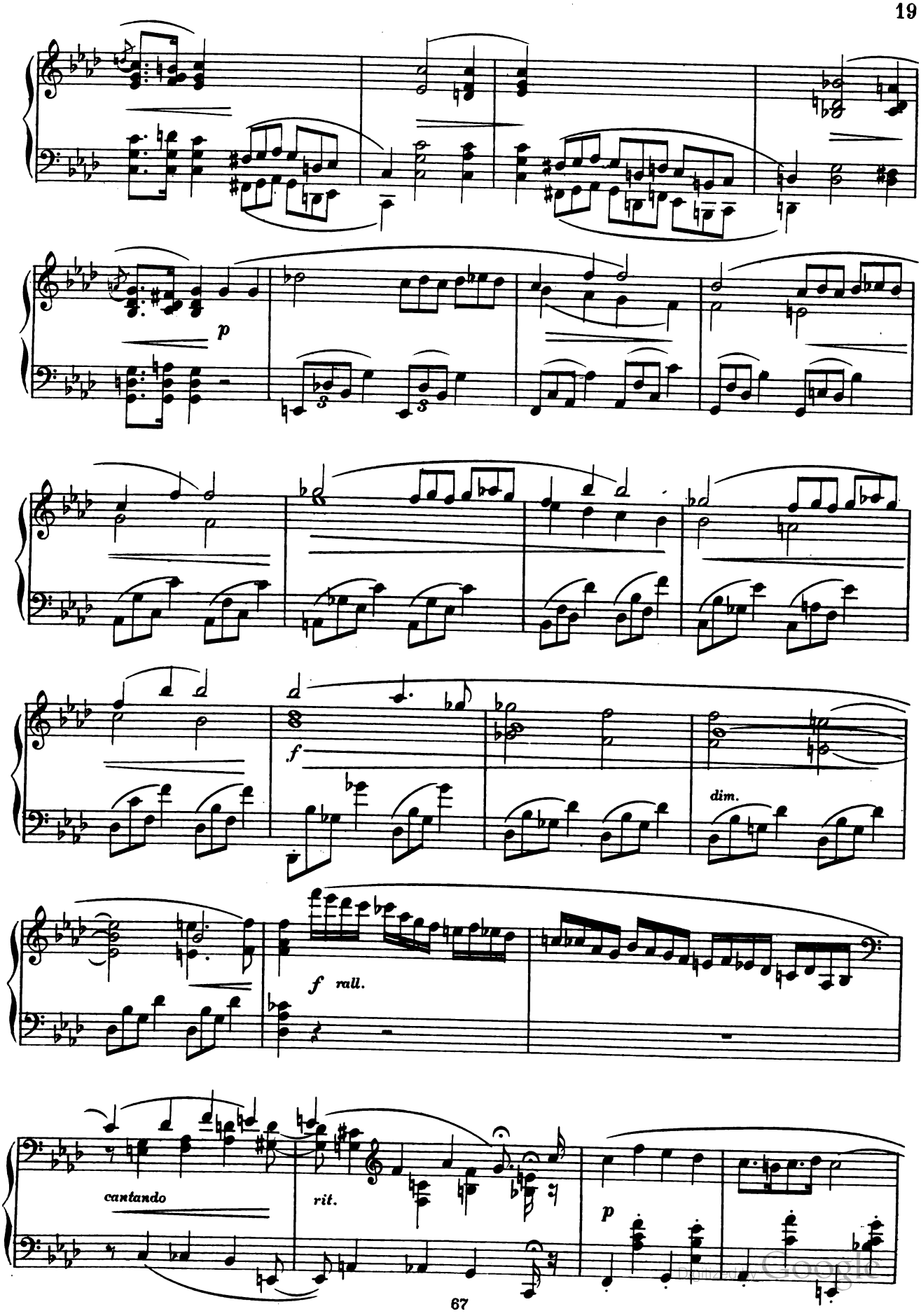
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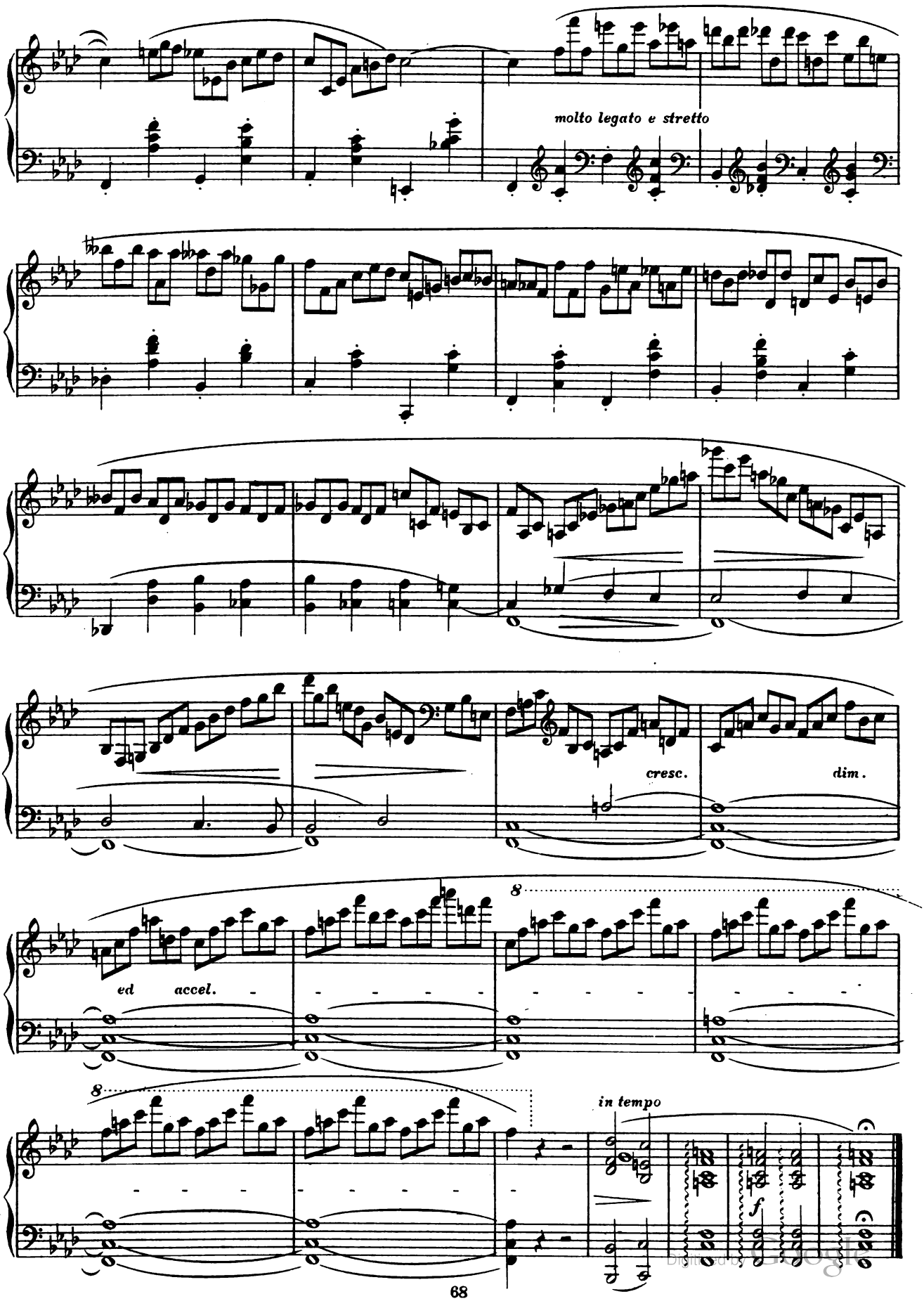
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II. PRELUDE IN D-FLAT MAJOR

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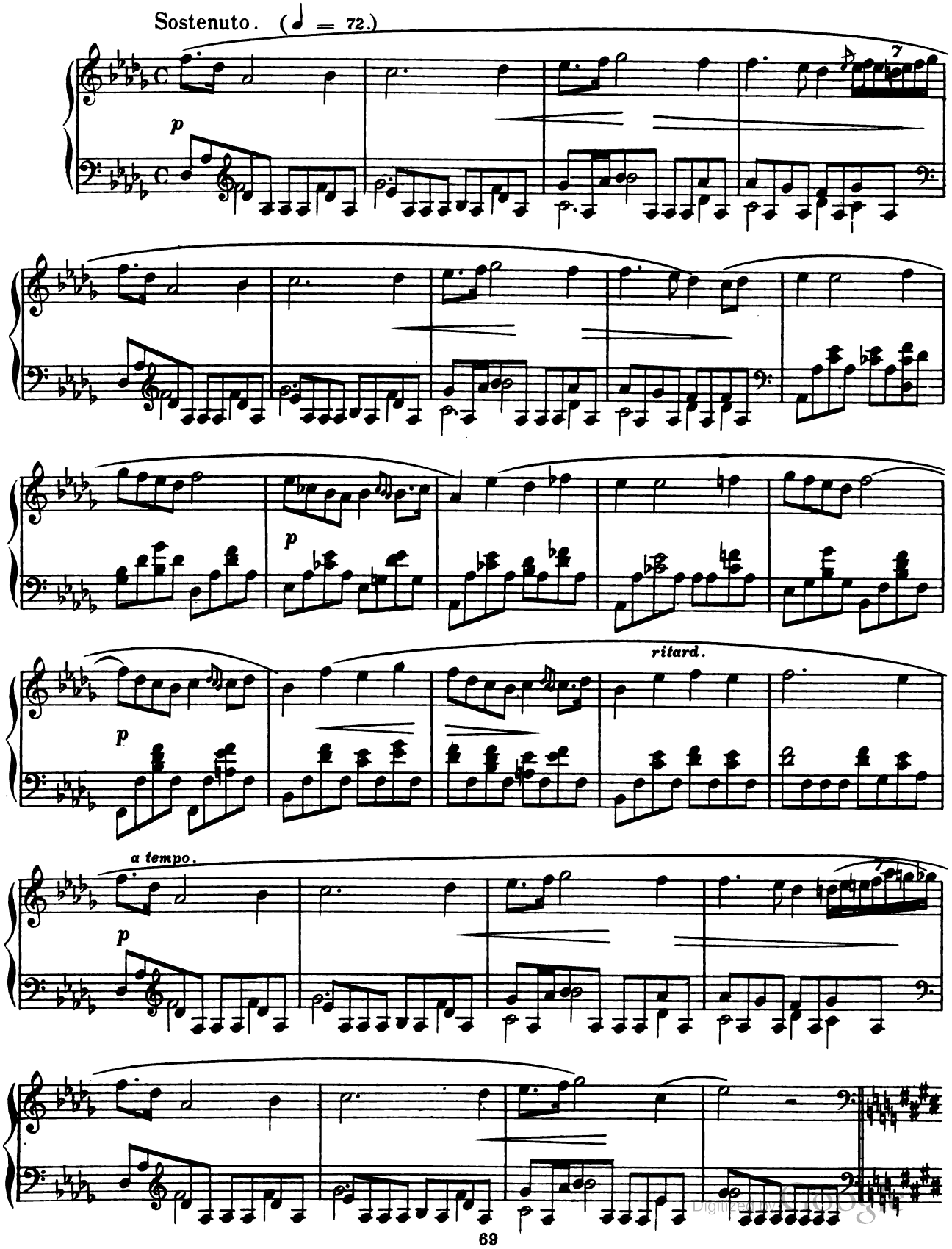
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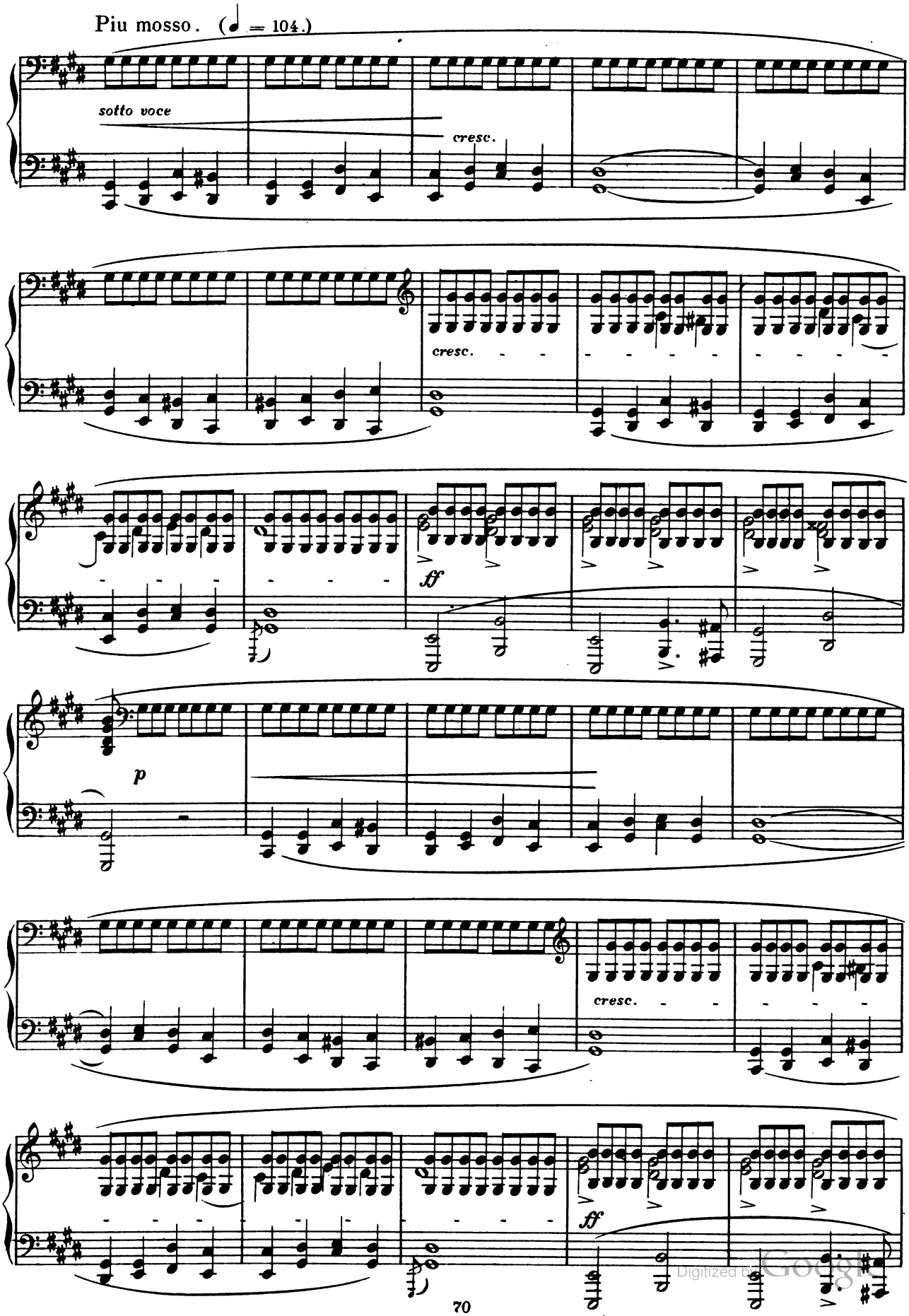
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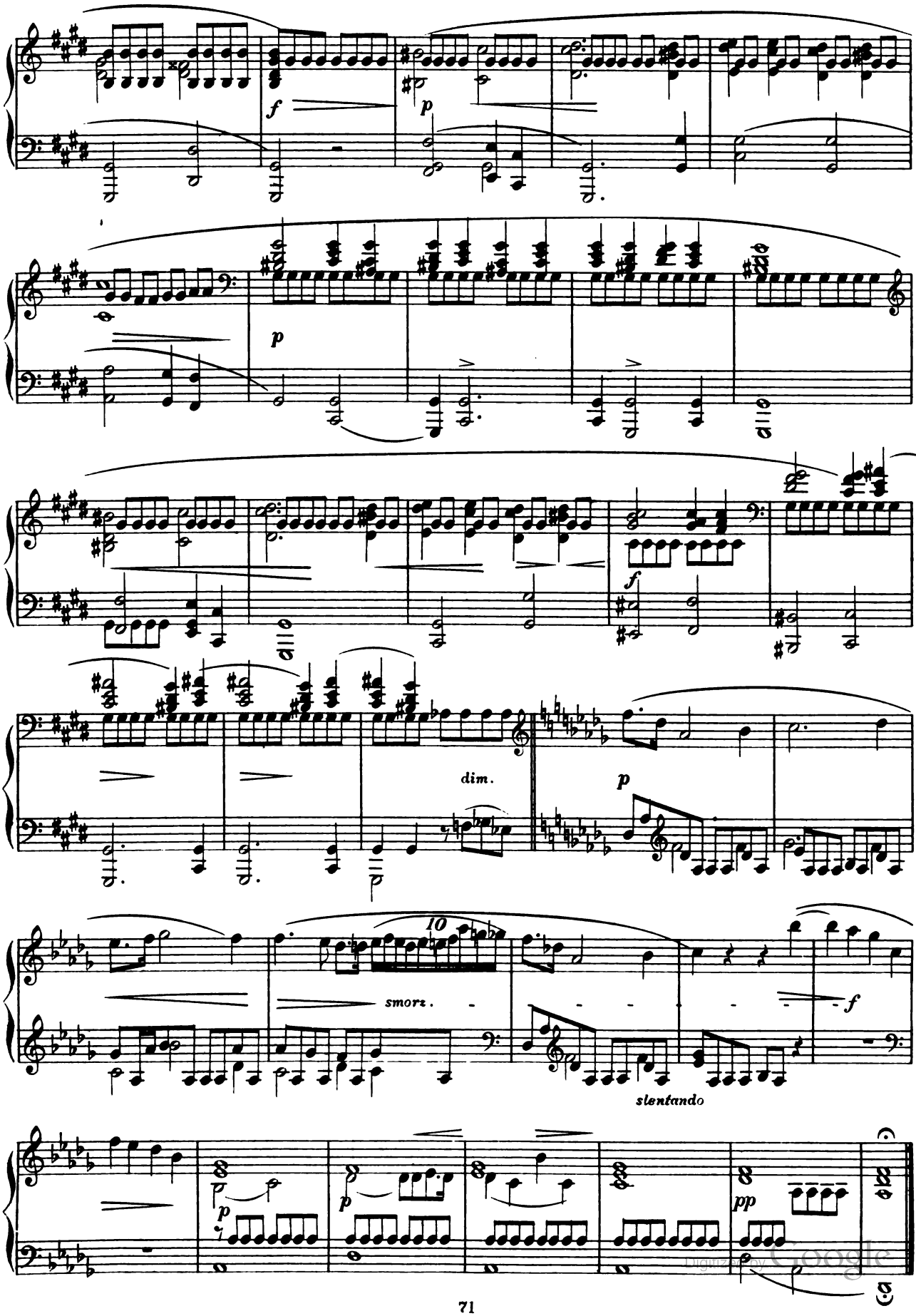
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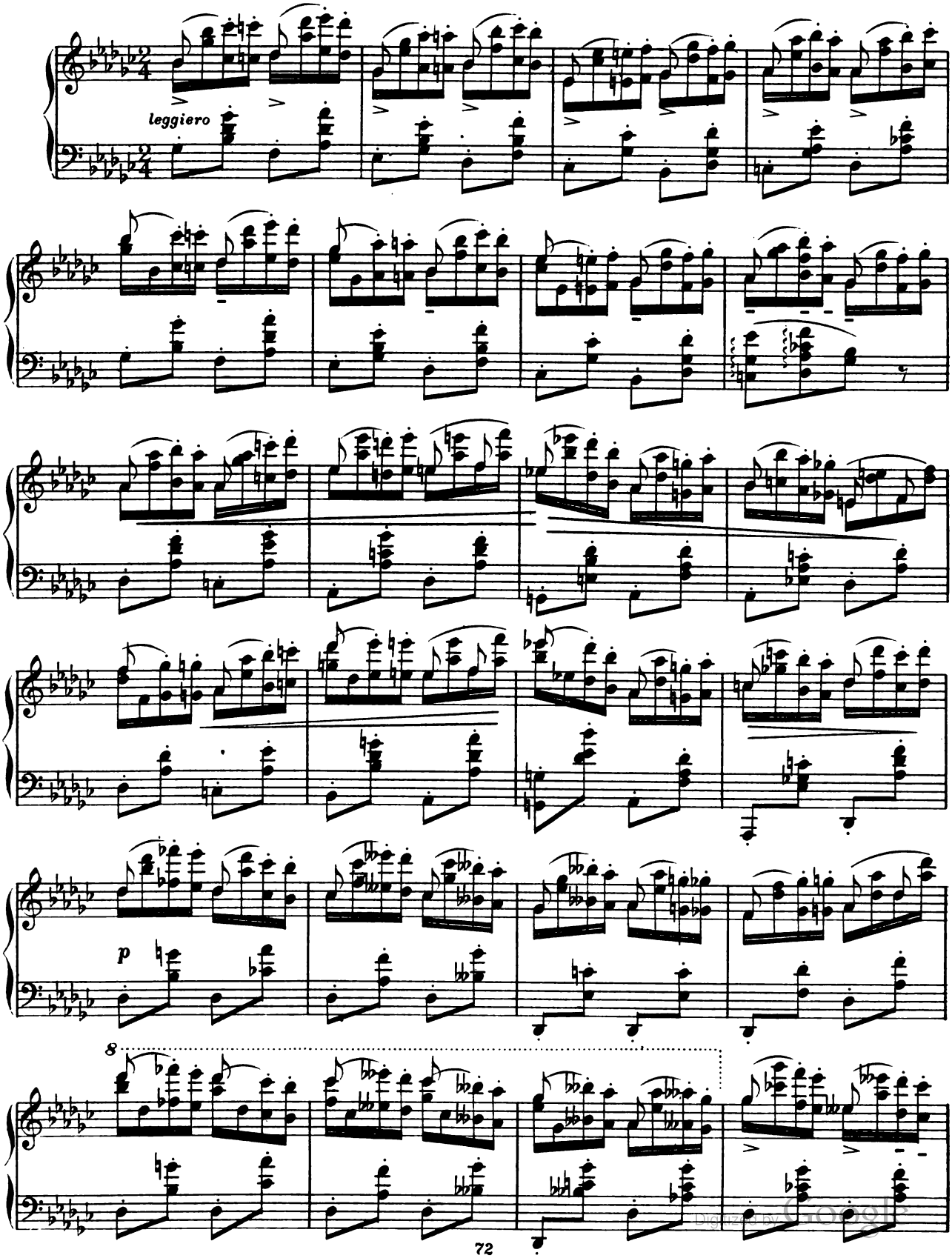
III. Étude in G-flat Major

Opus 25, No. 9. "The Butterfly"

Allegro vivace. (♩ = 96.)

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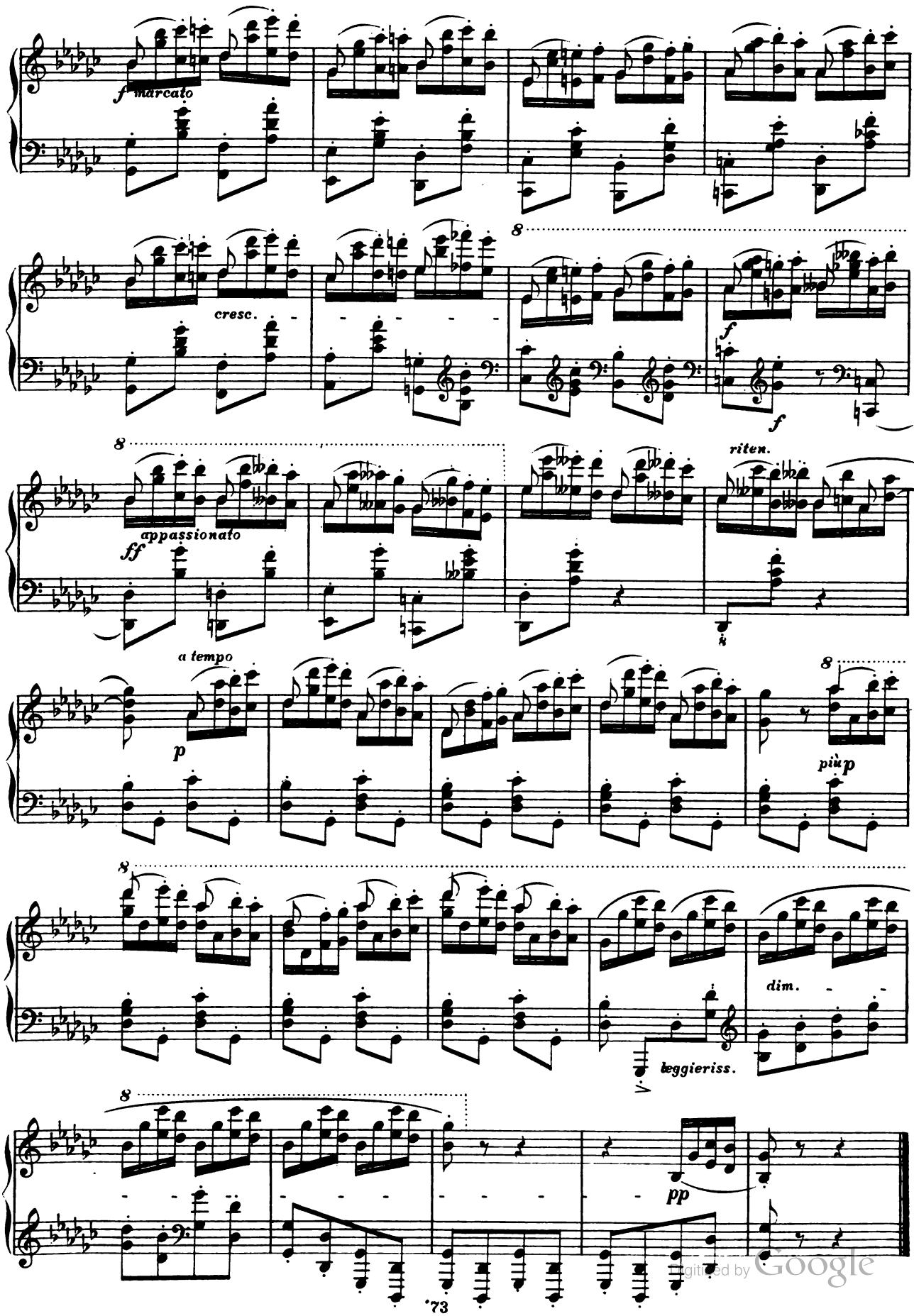
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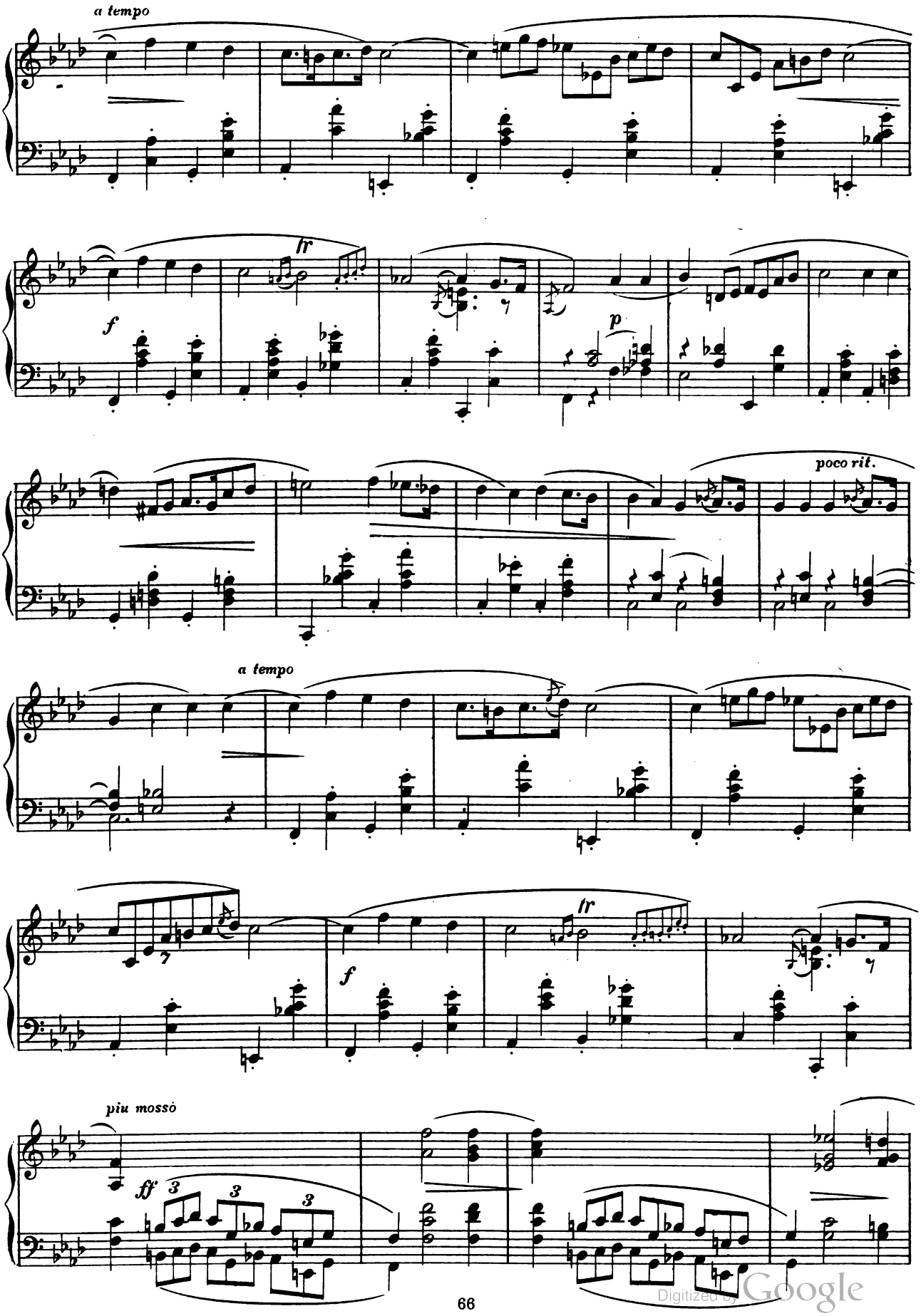
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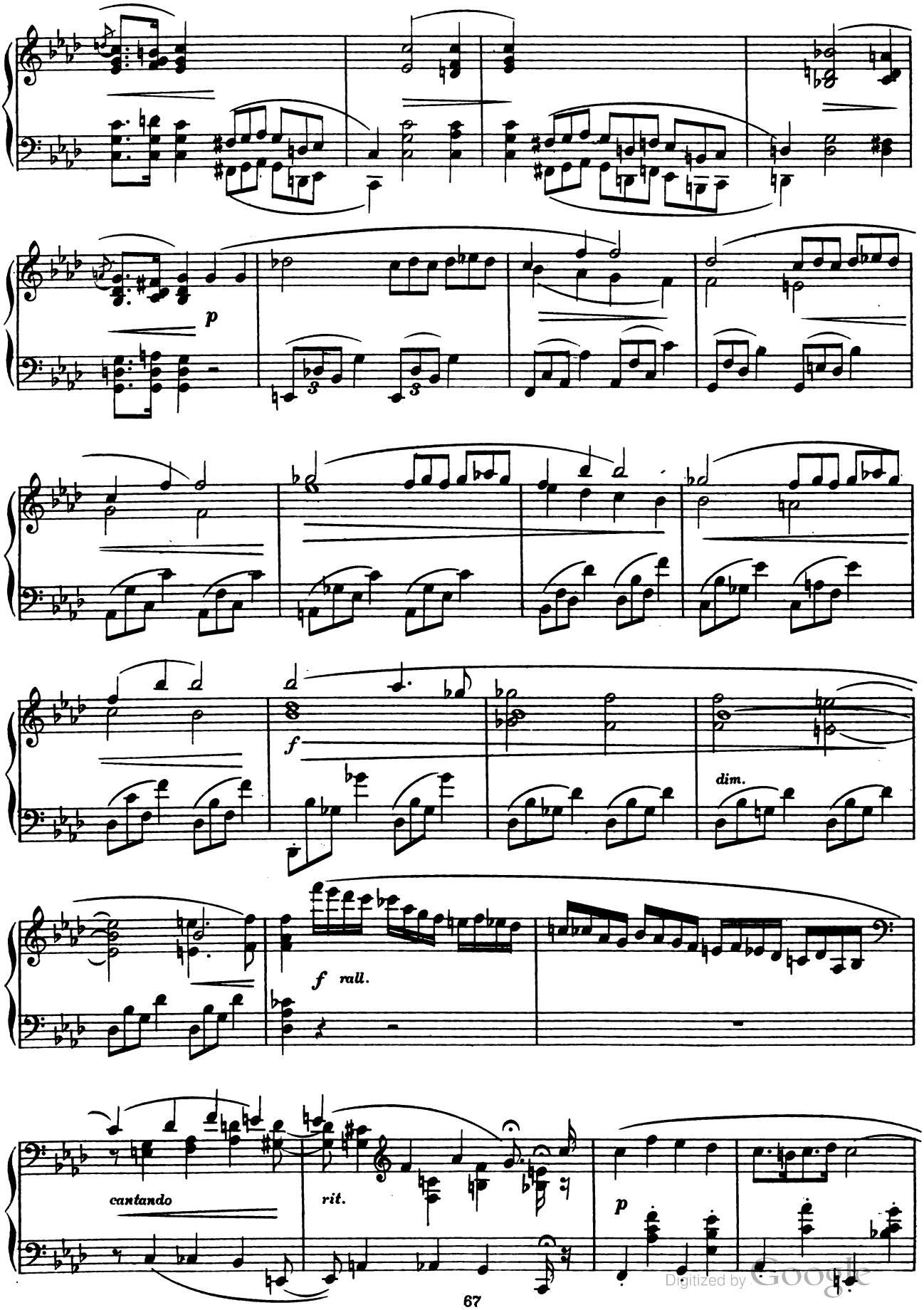
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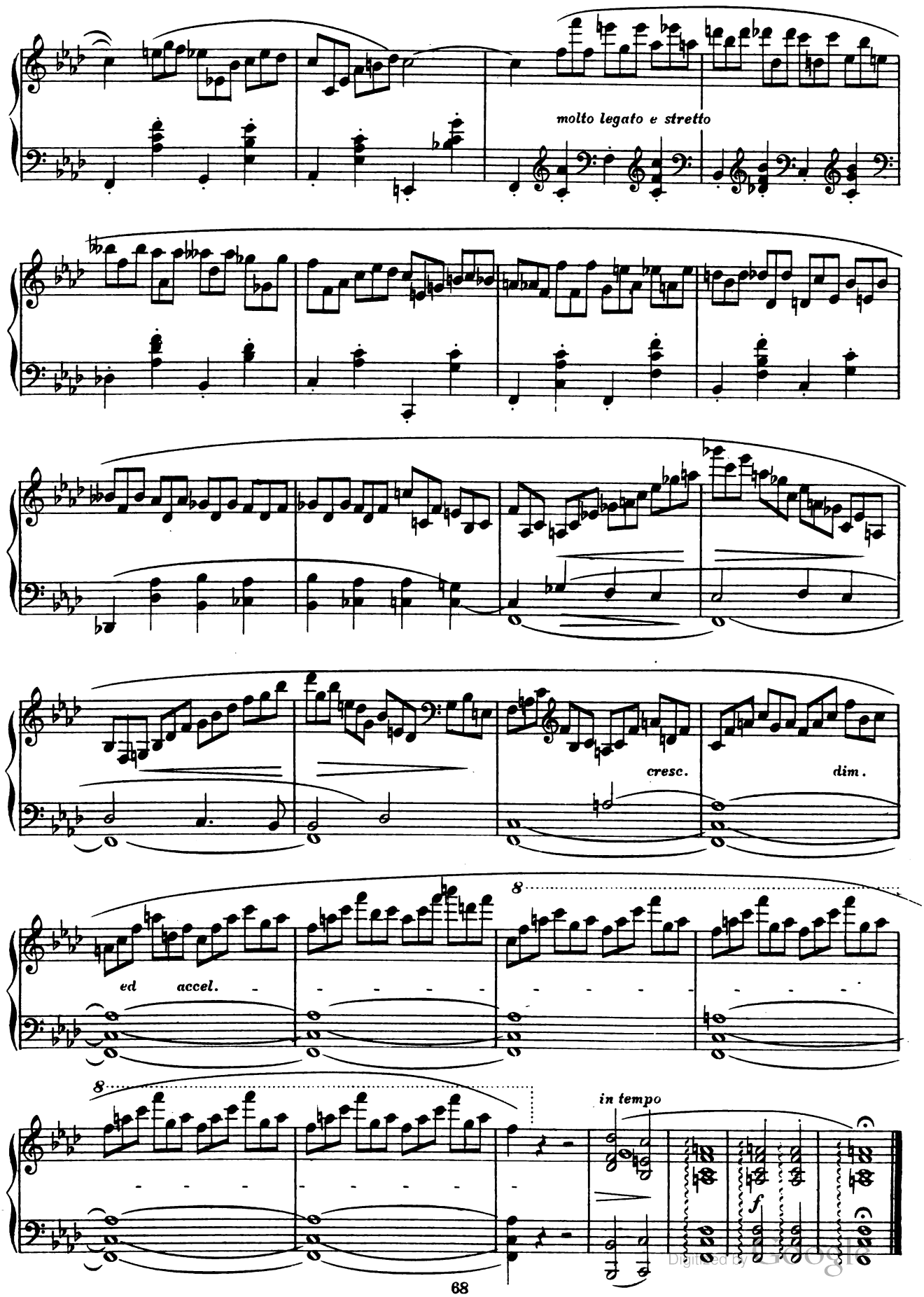
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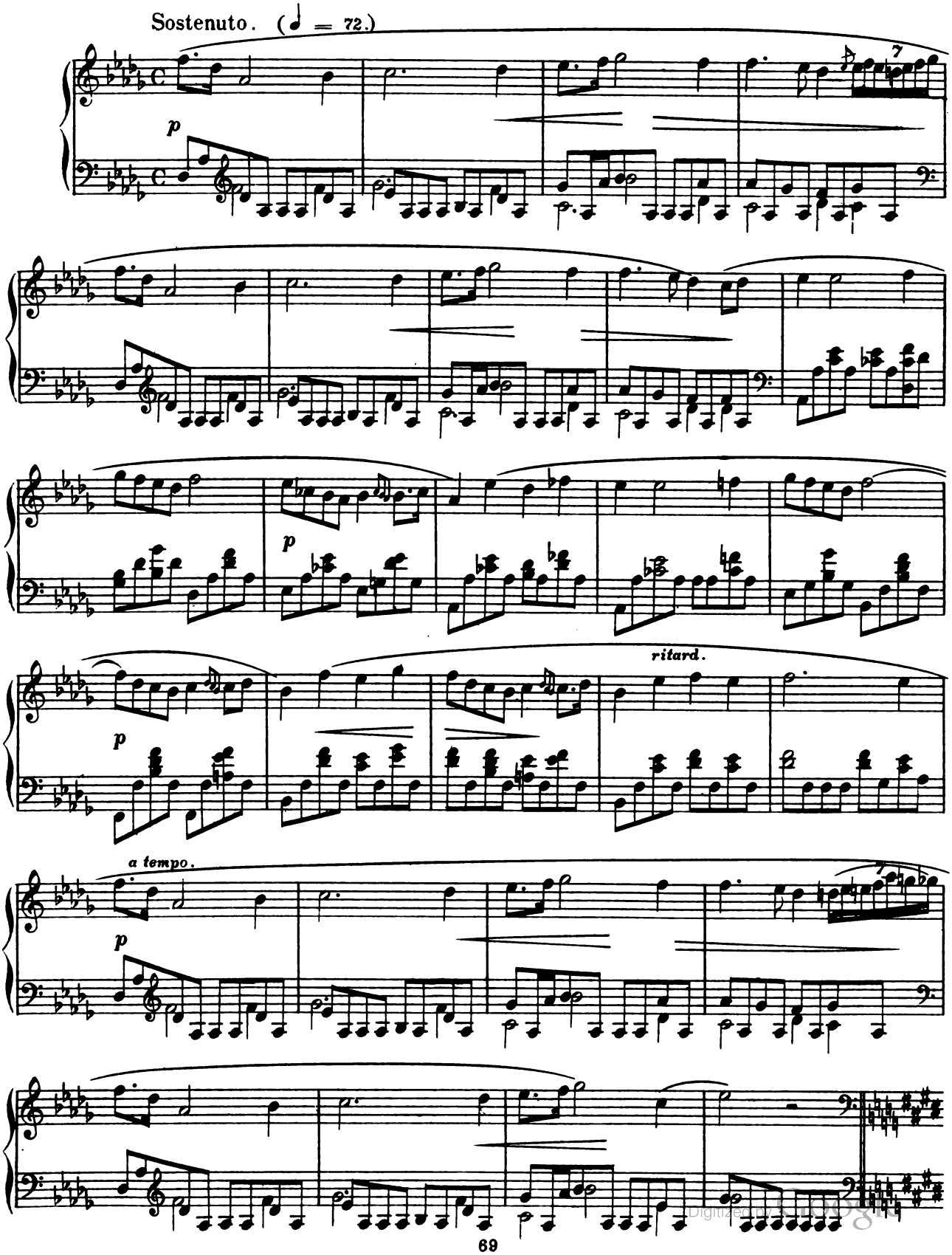
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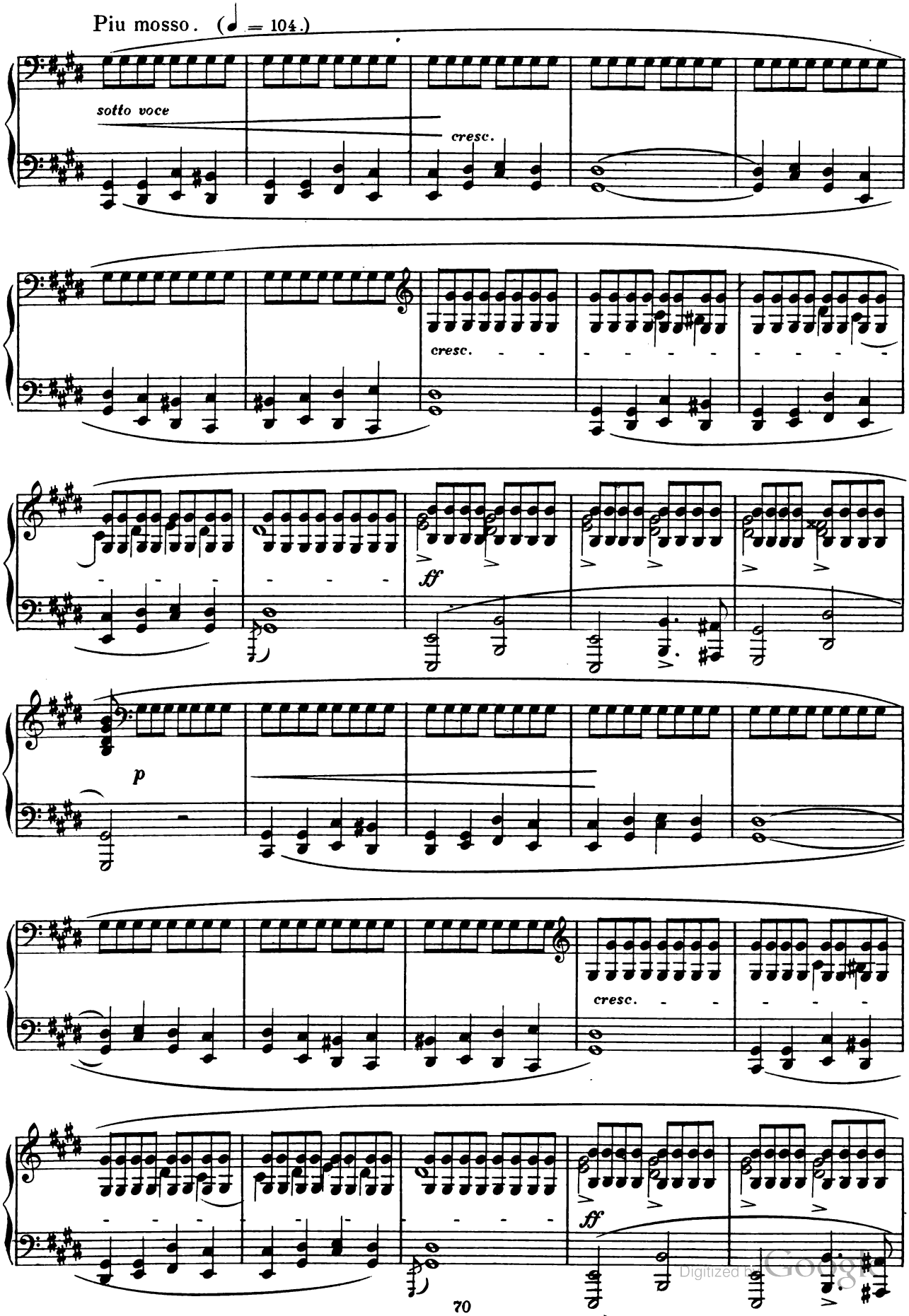
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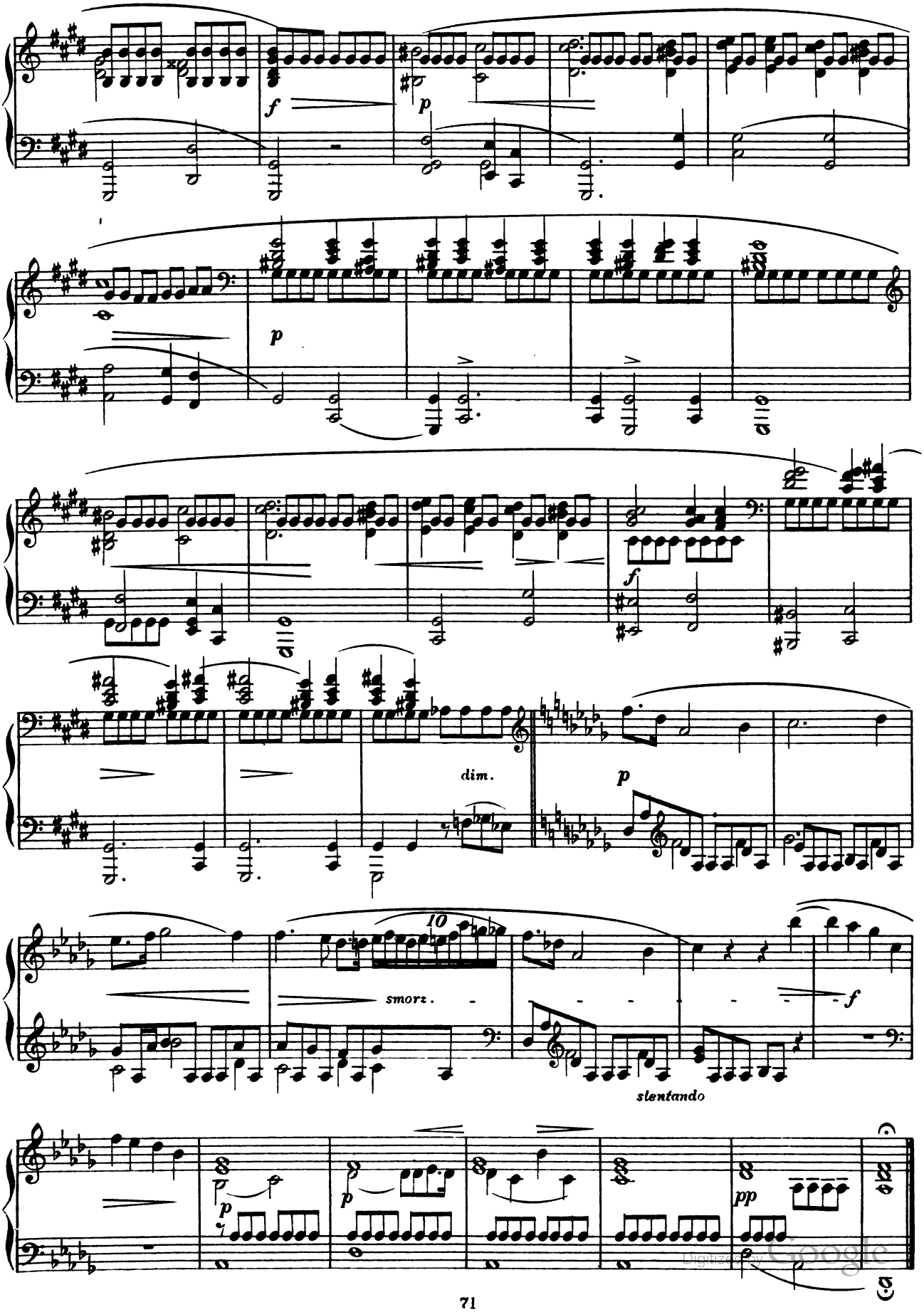
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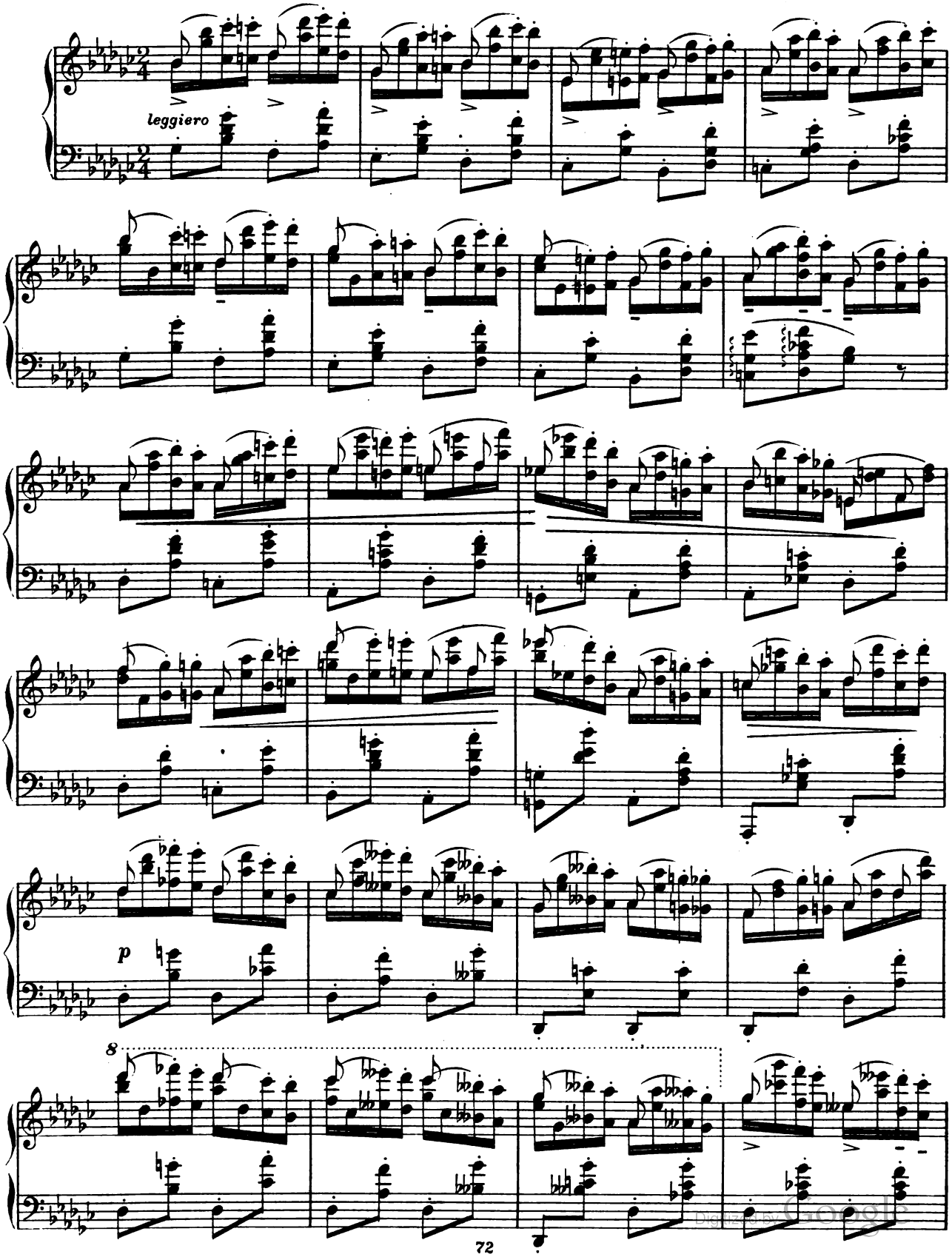
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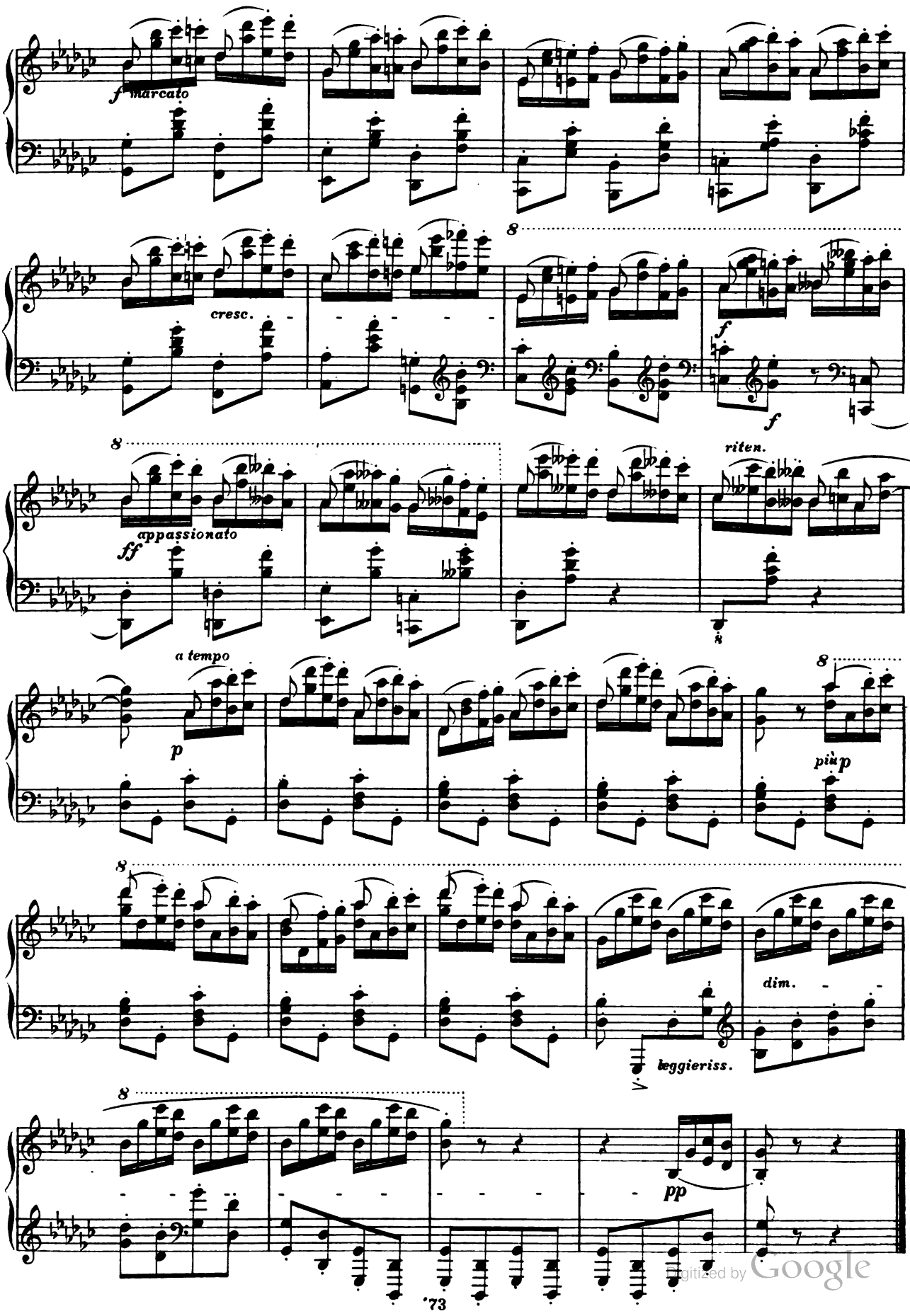
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IV. SCHERZO AND LARGO

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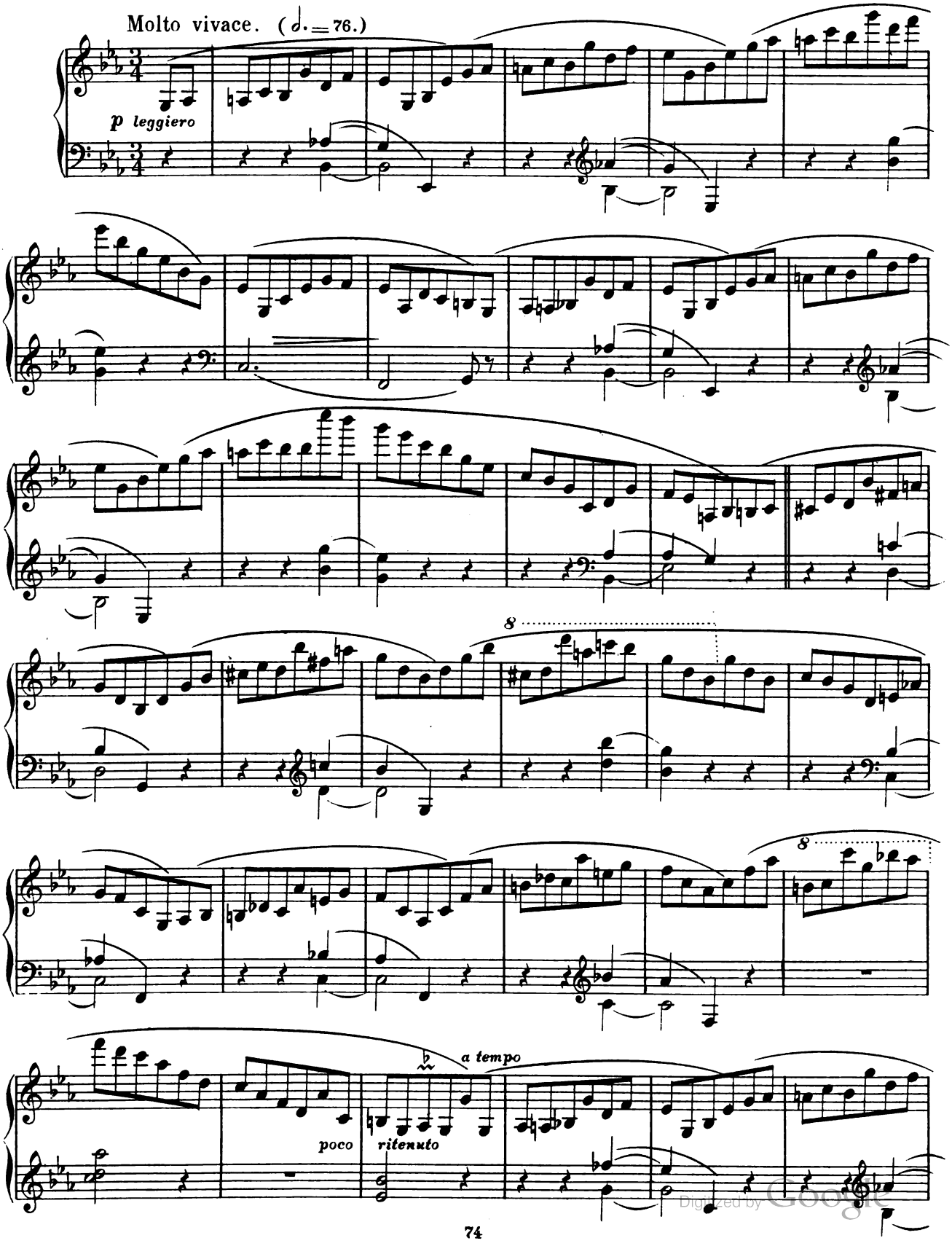
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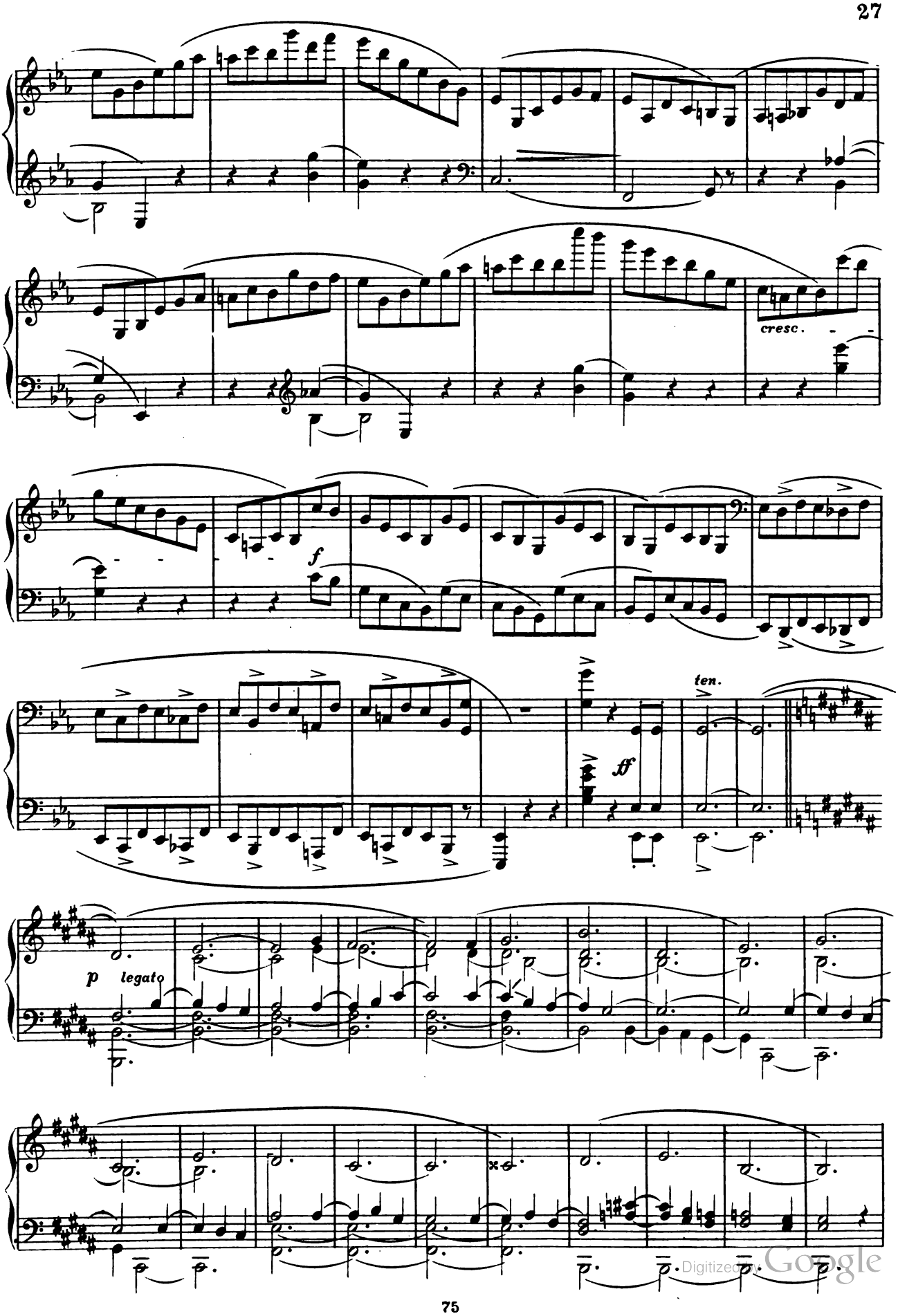
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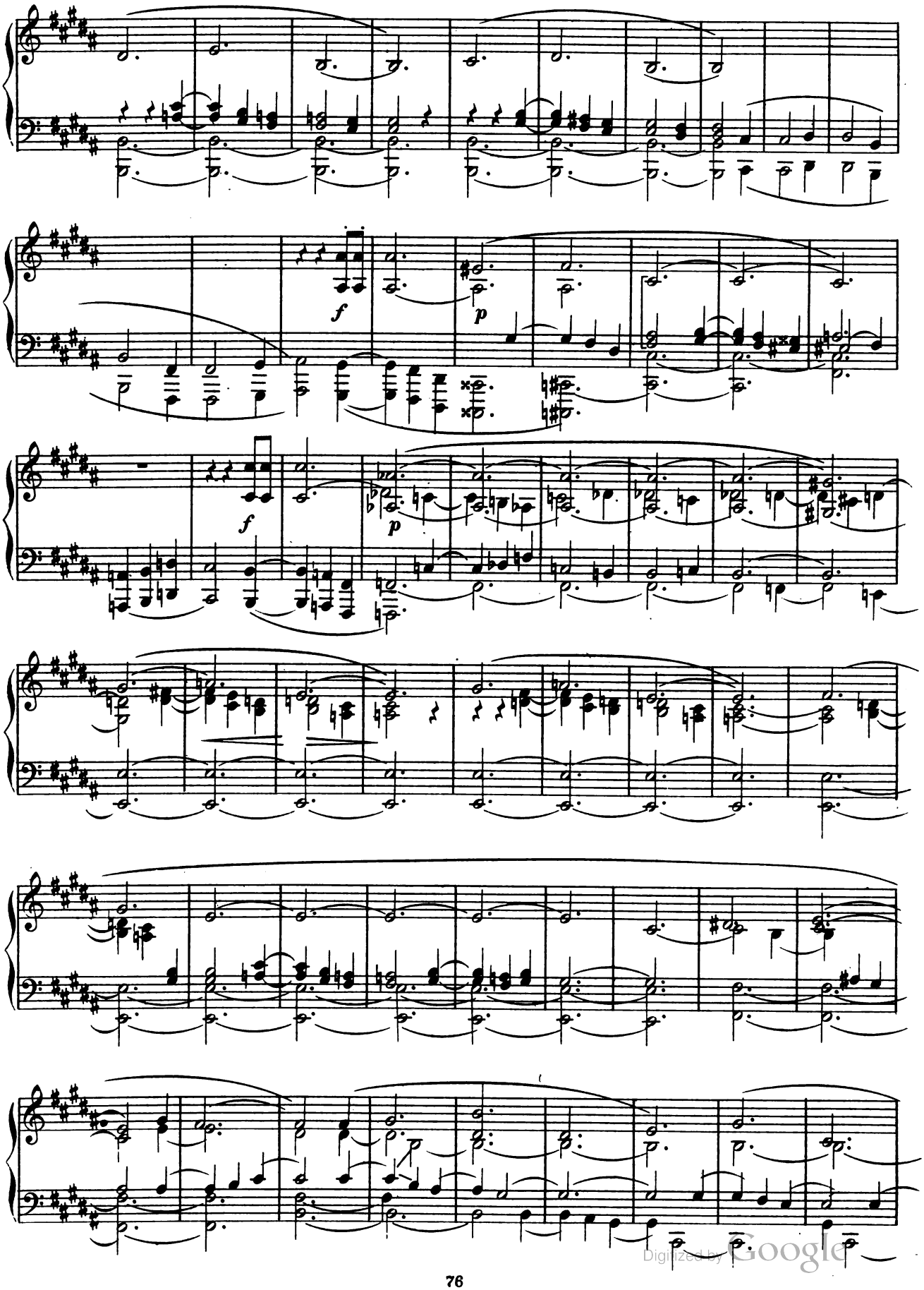
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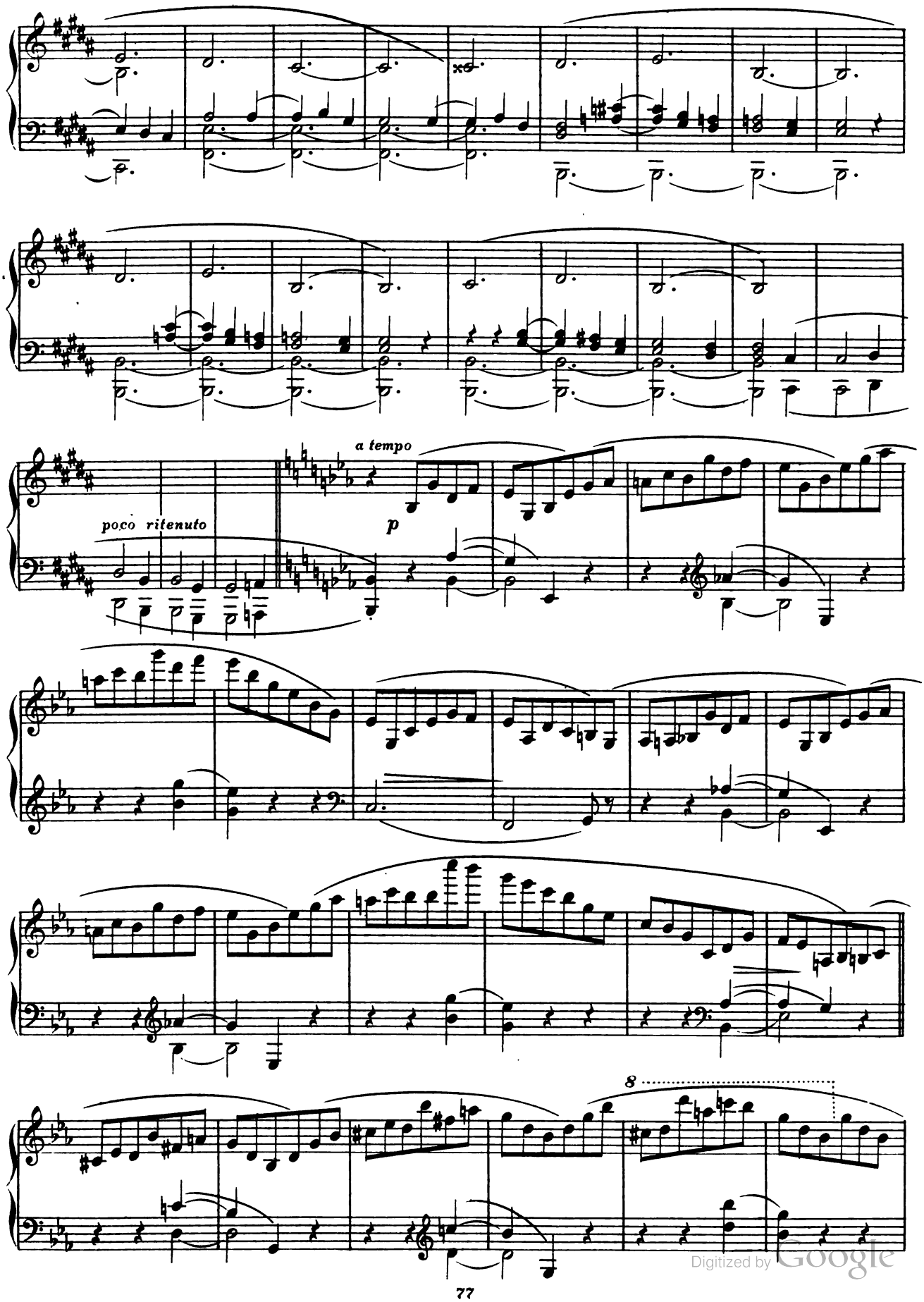
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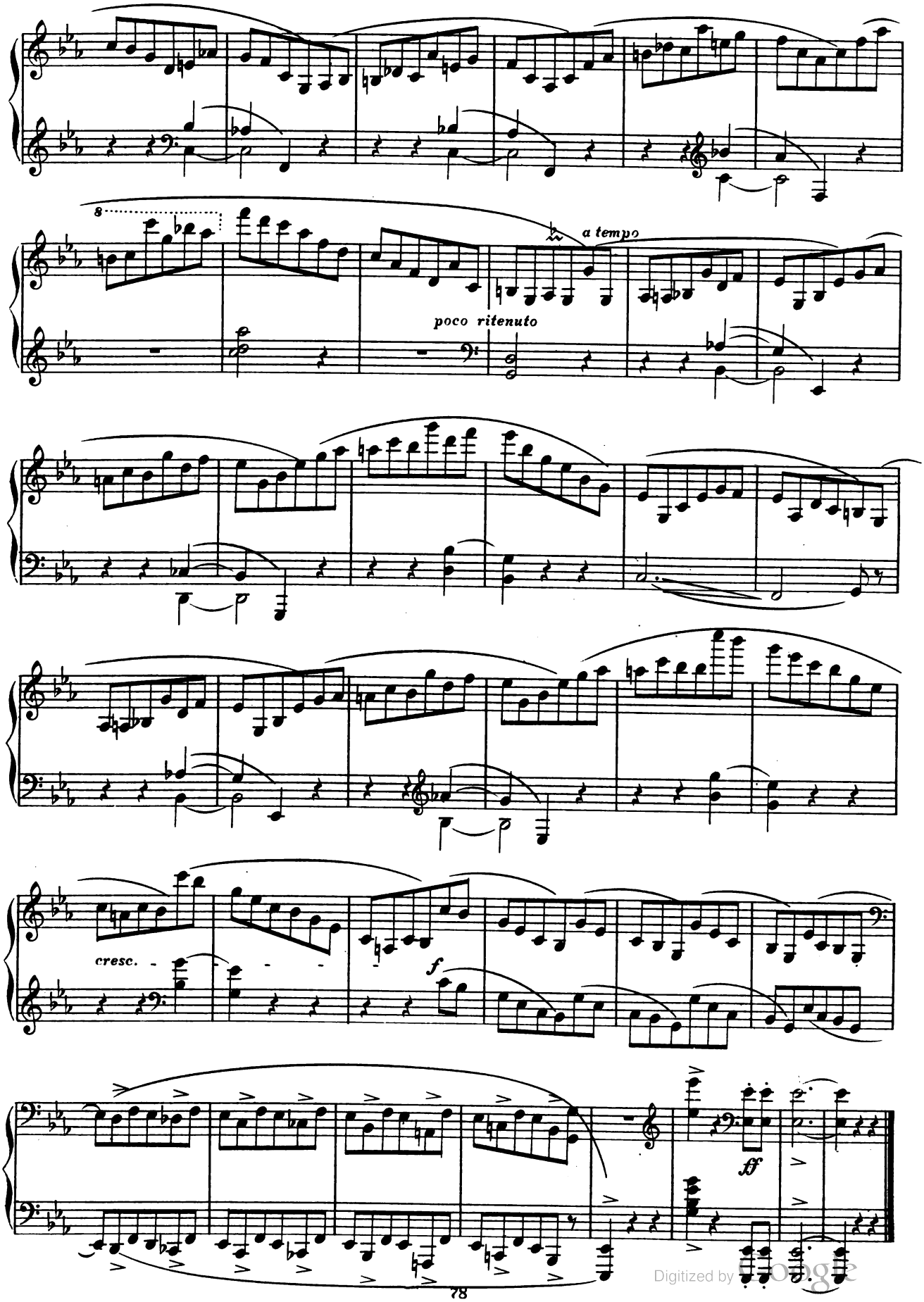
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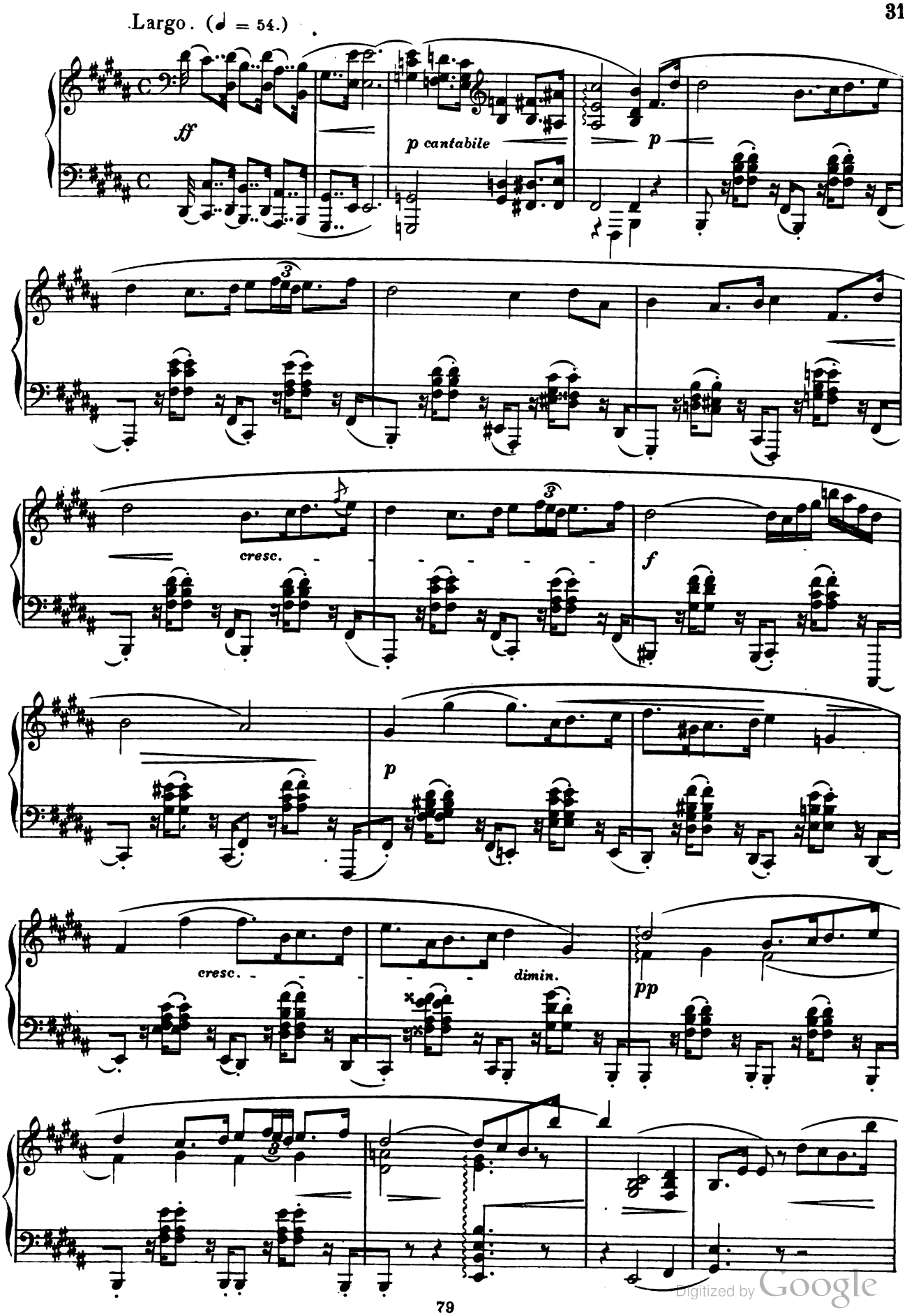
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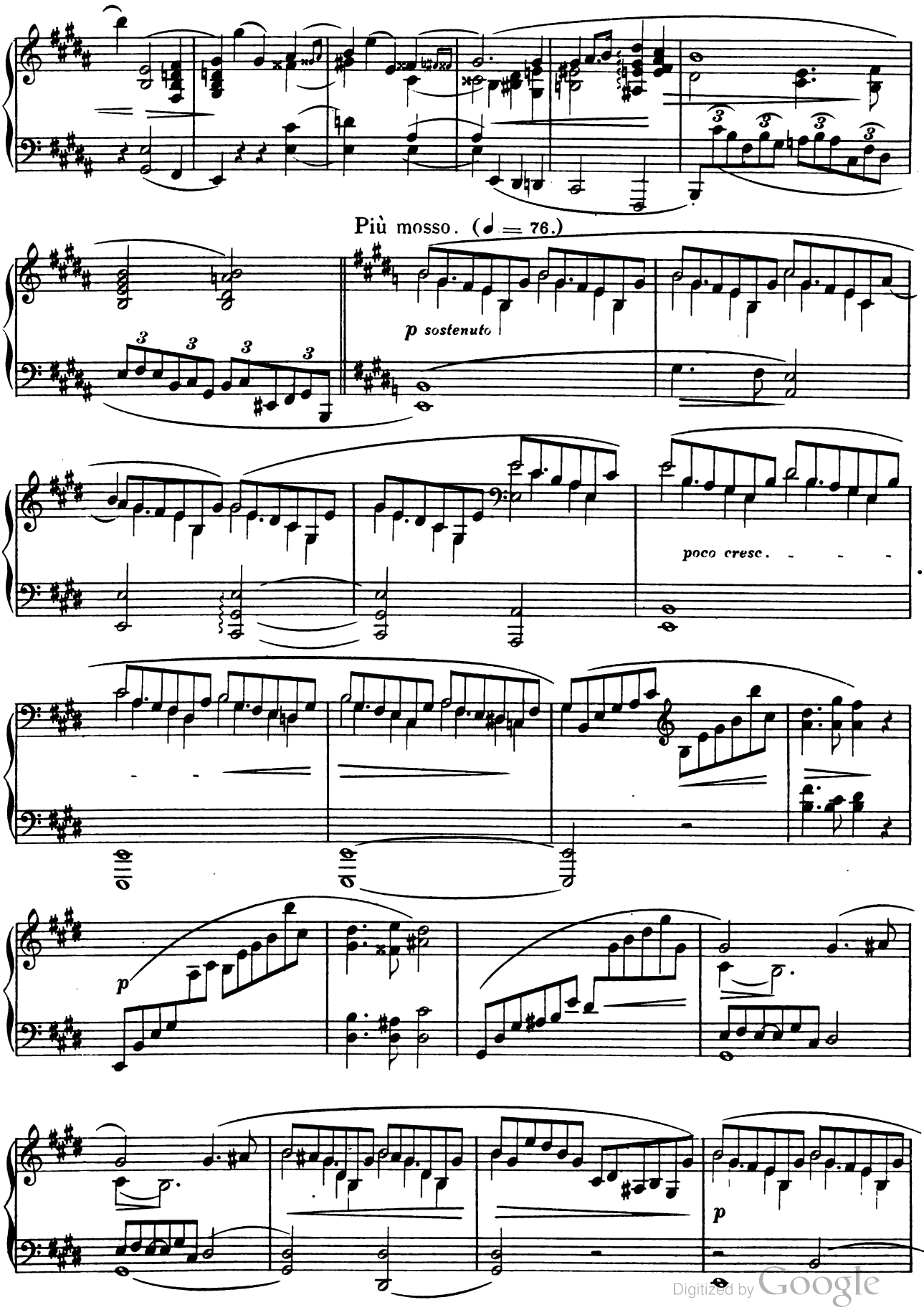
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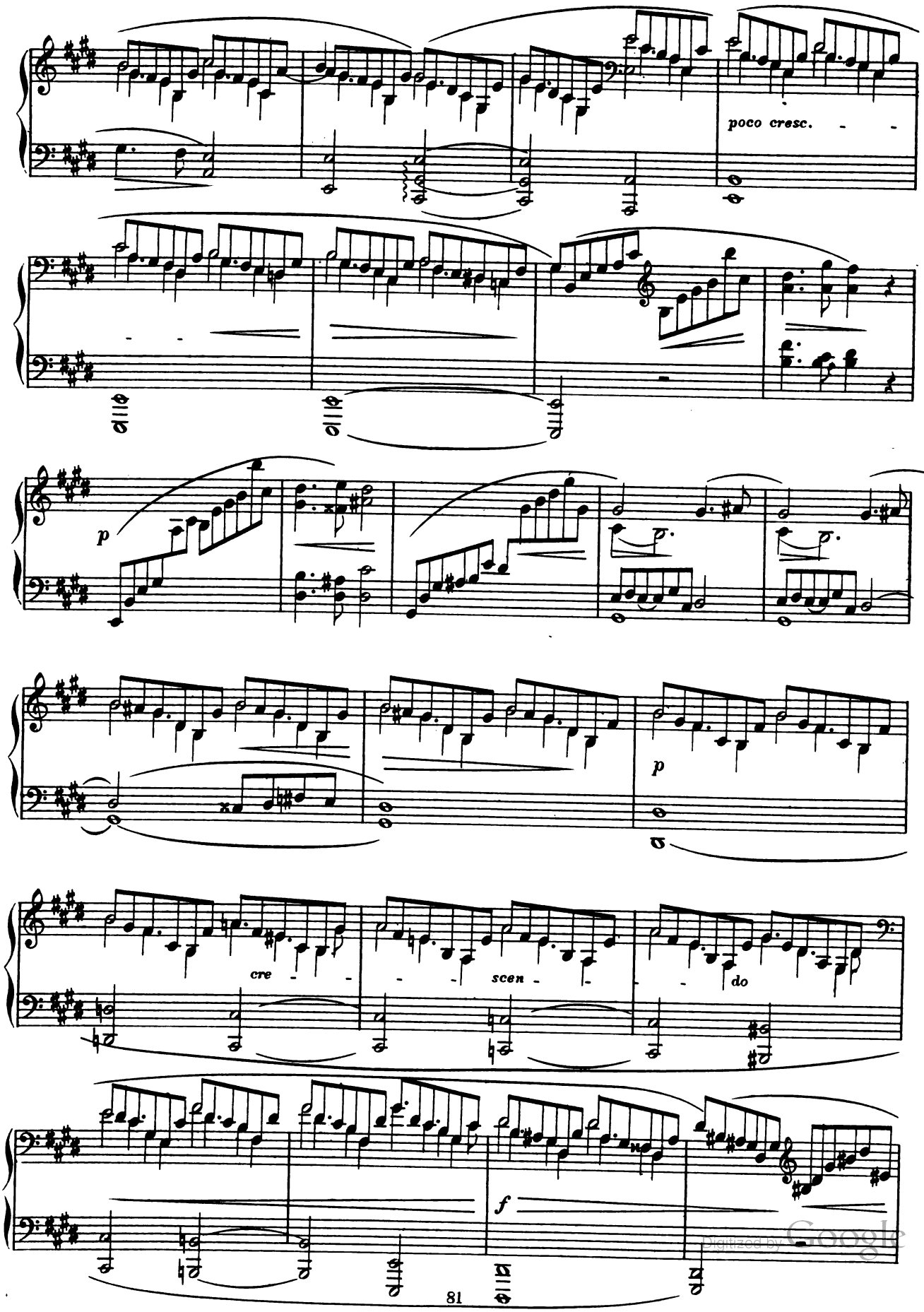
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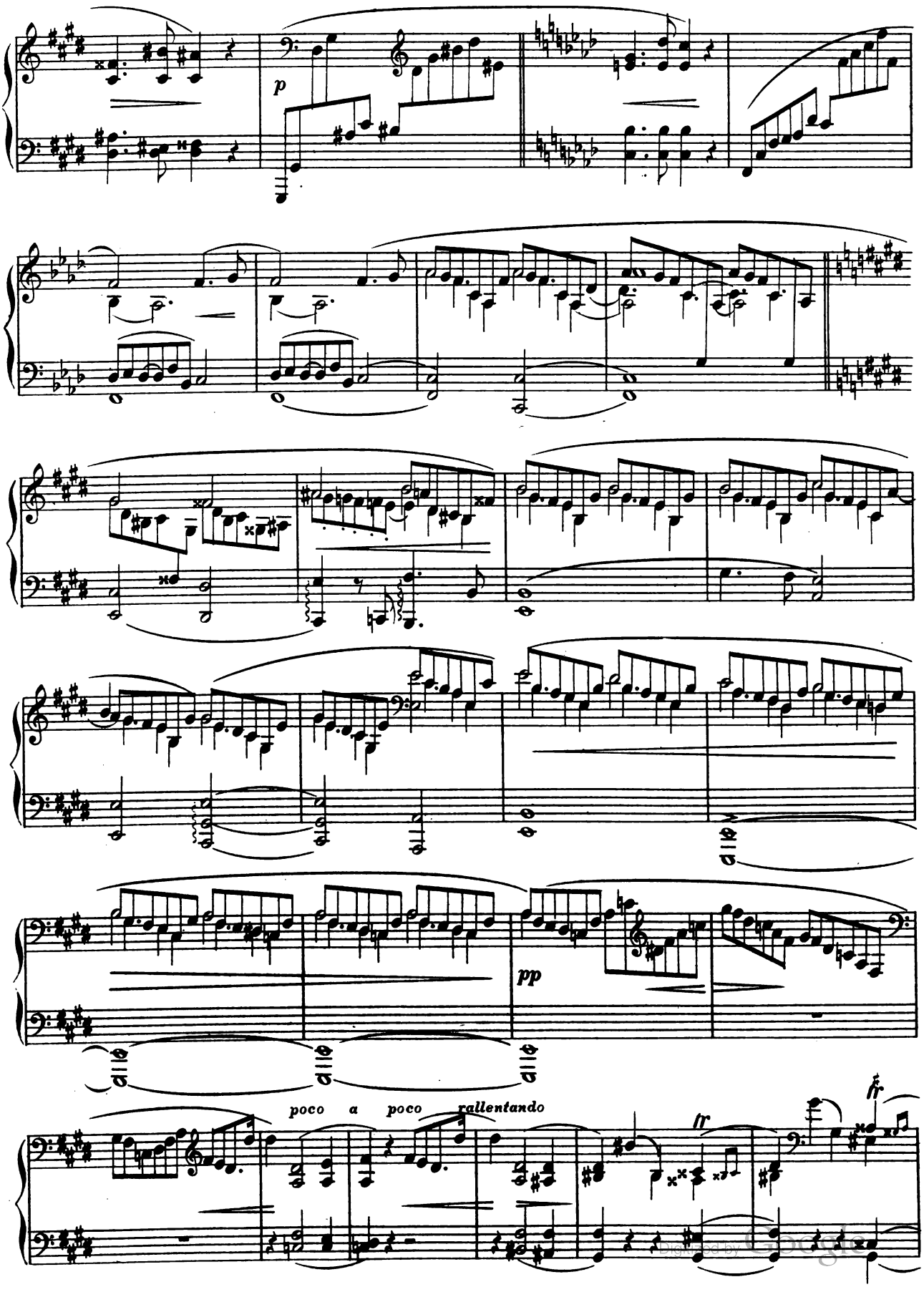
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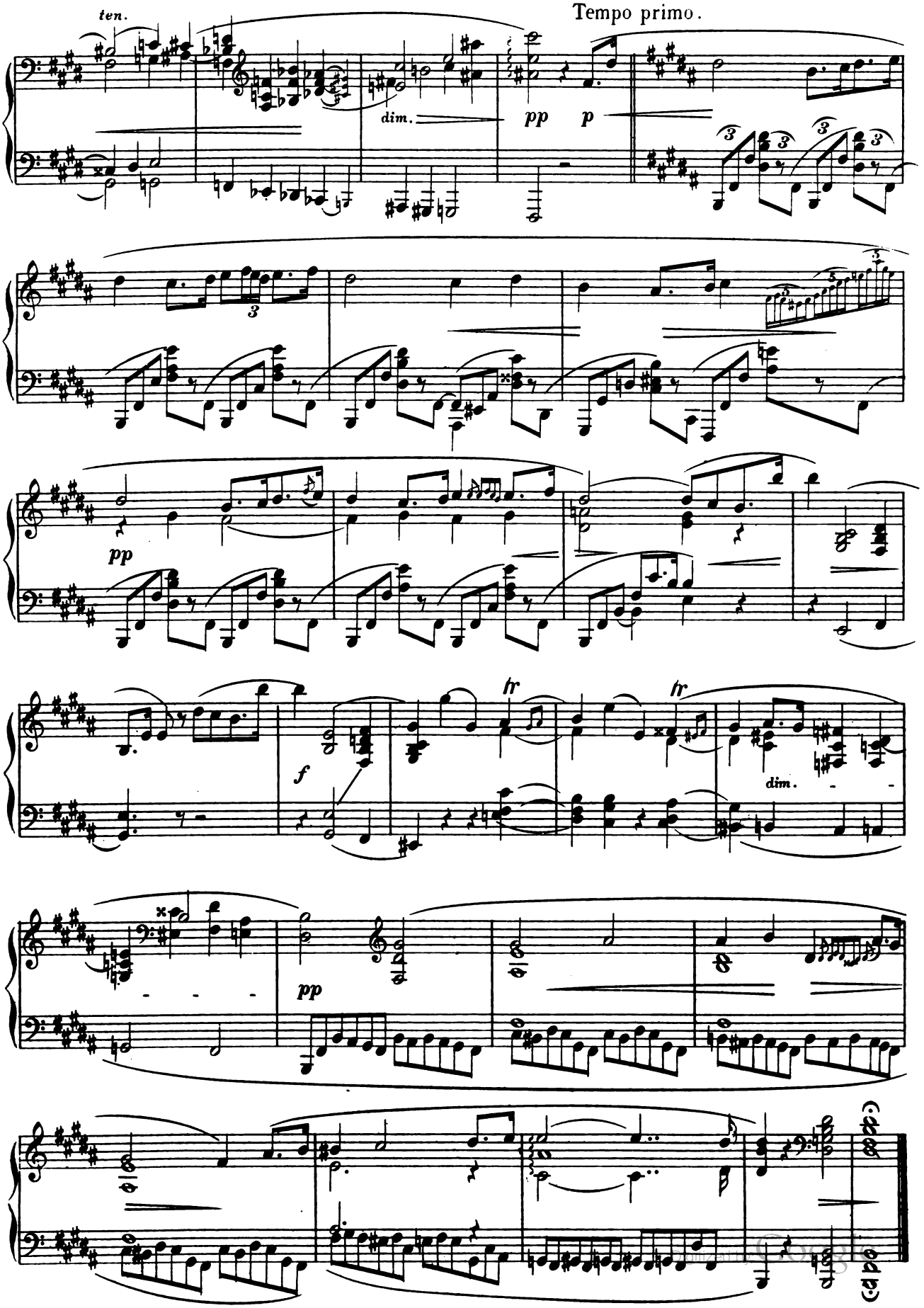
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V. WALTZ IN D-FLAT MAJOR

"VALSE AU PETIT CHIEN"

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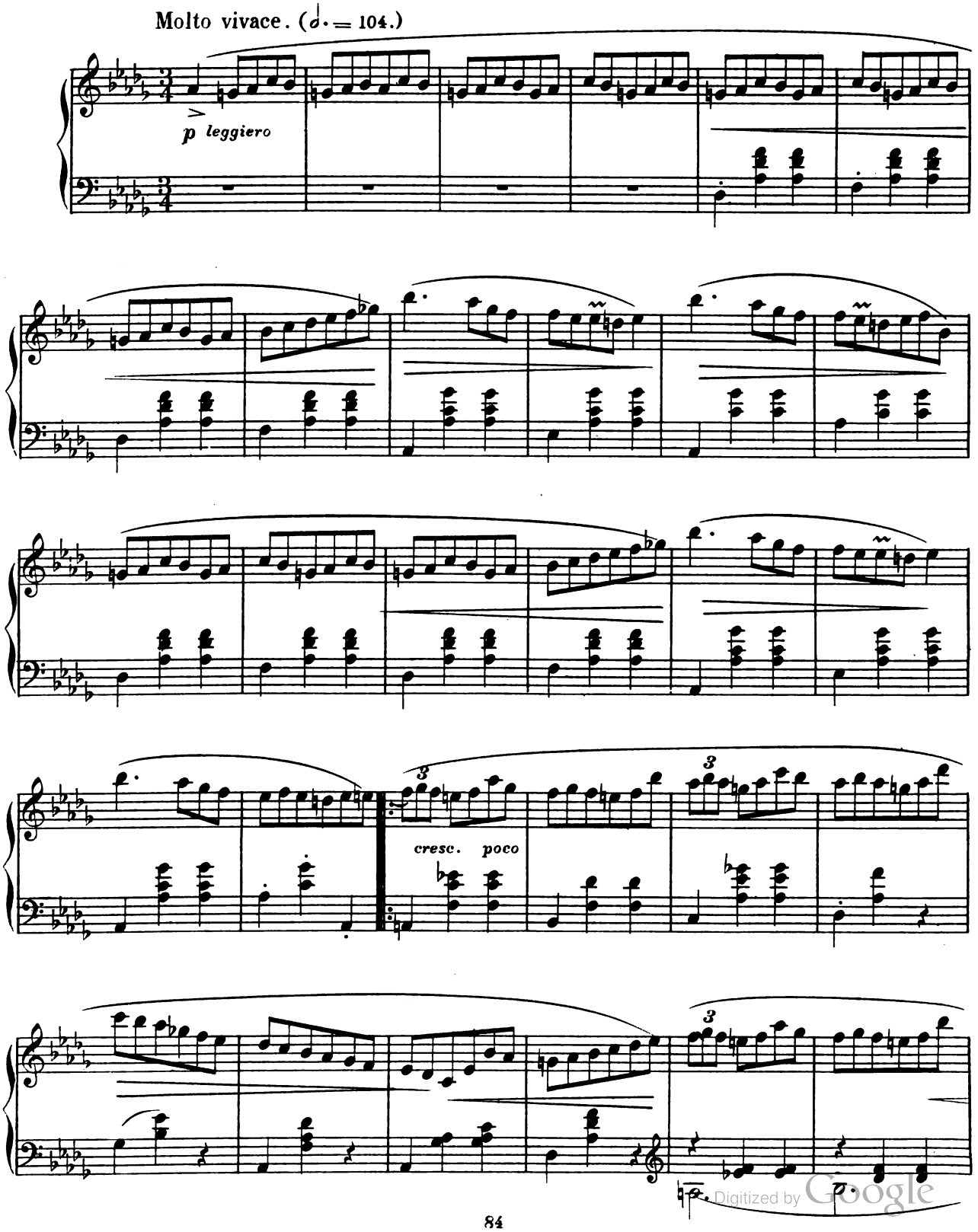
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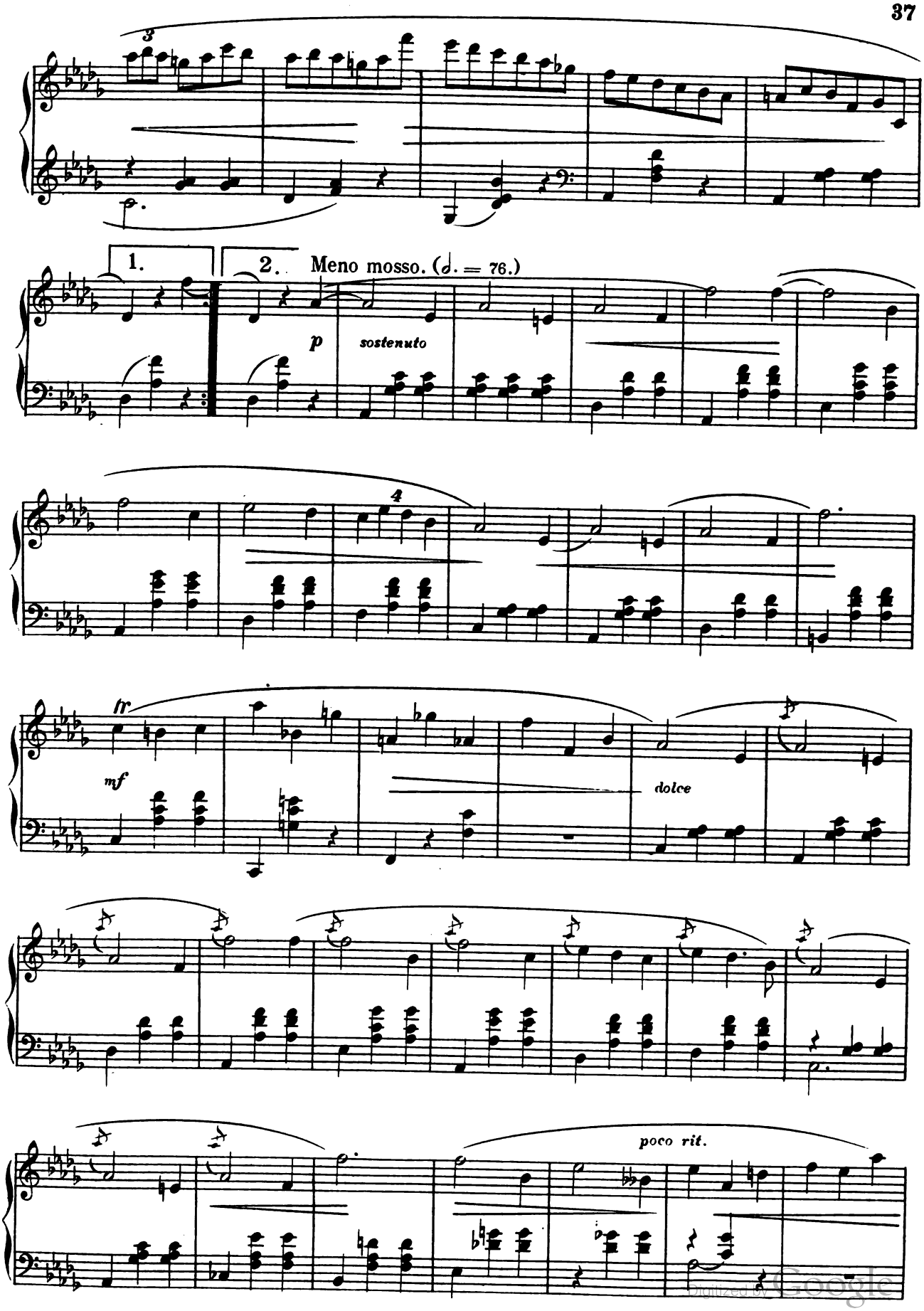
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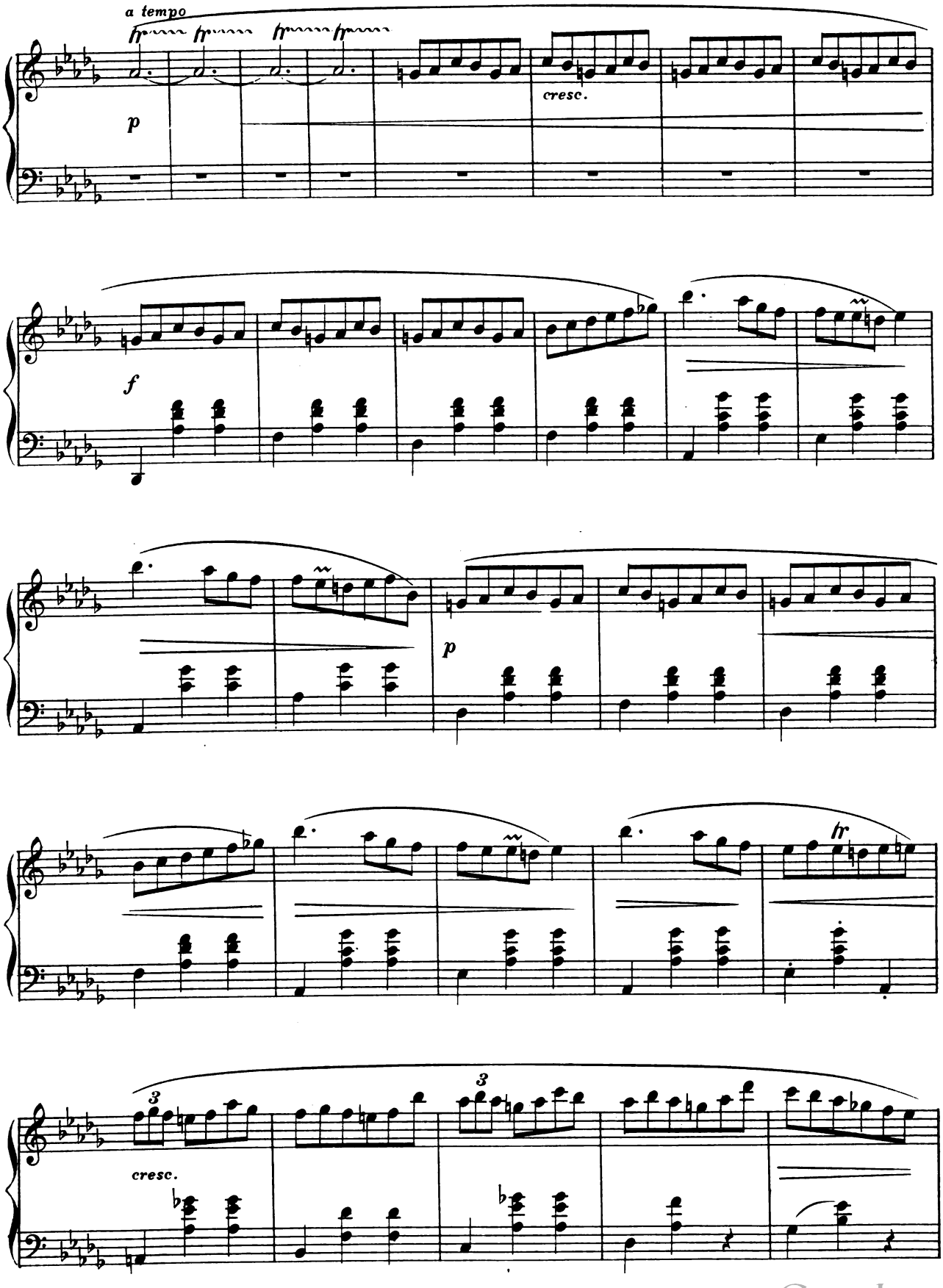
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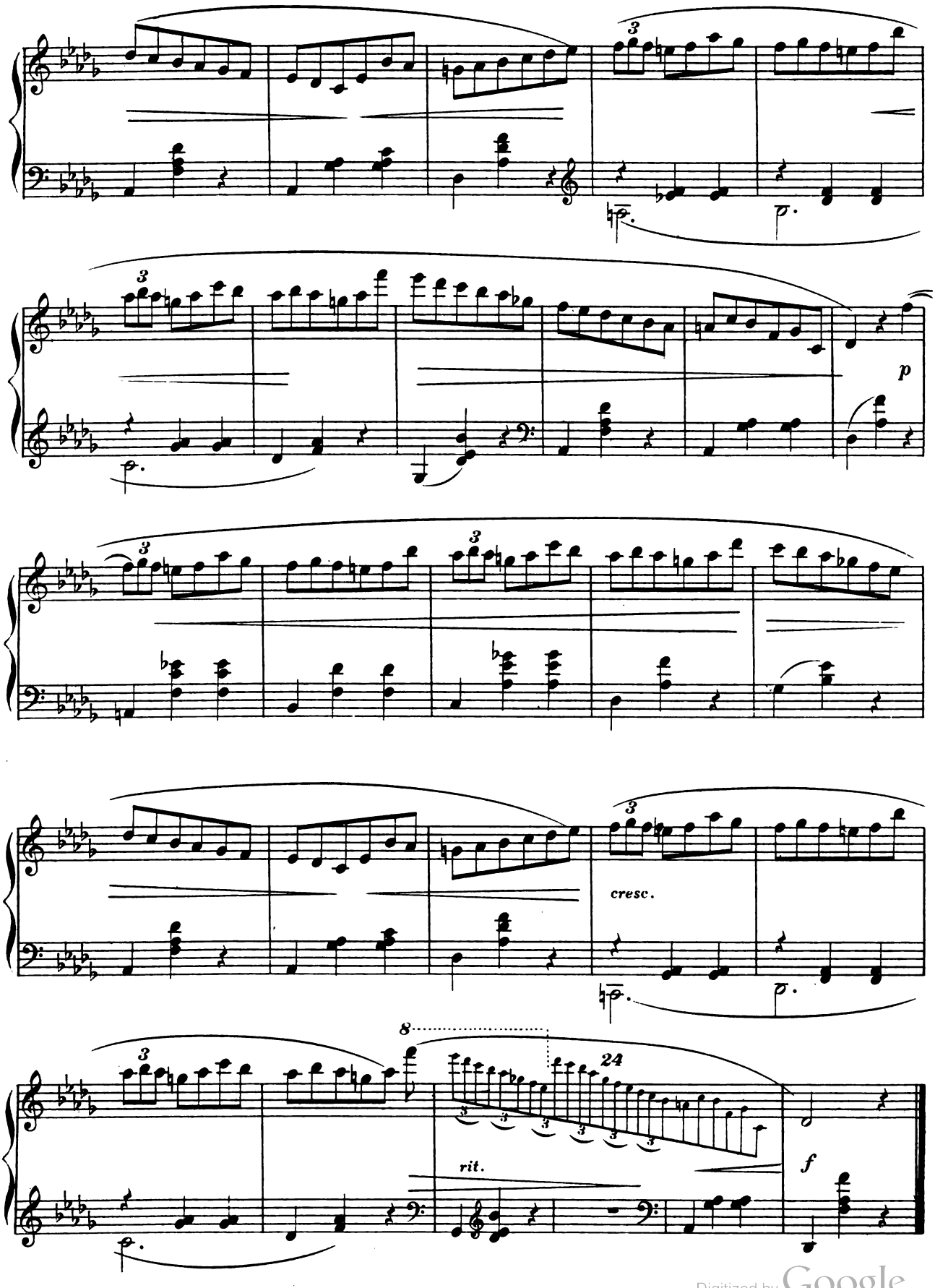
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VI. TWO MAZURKAS

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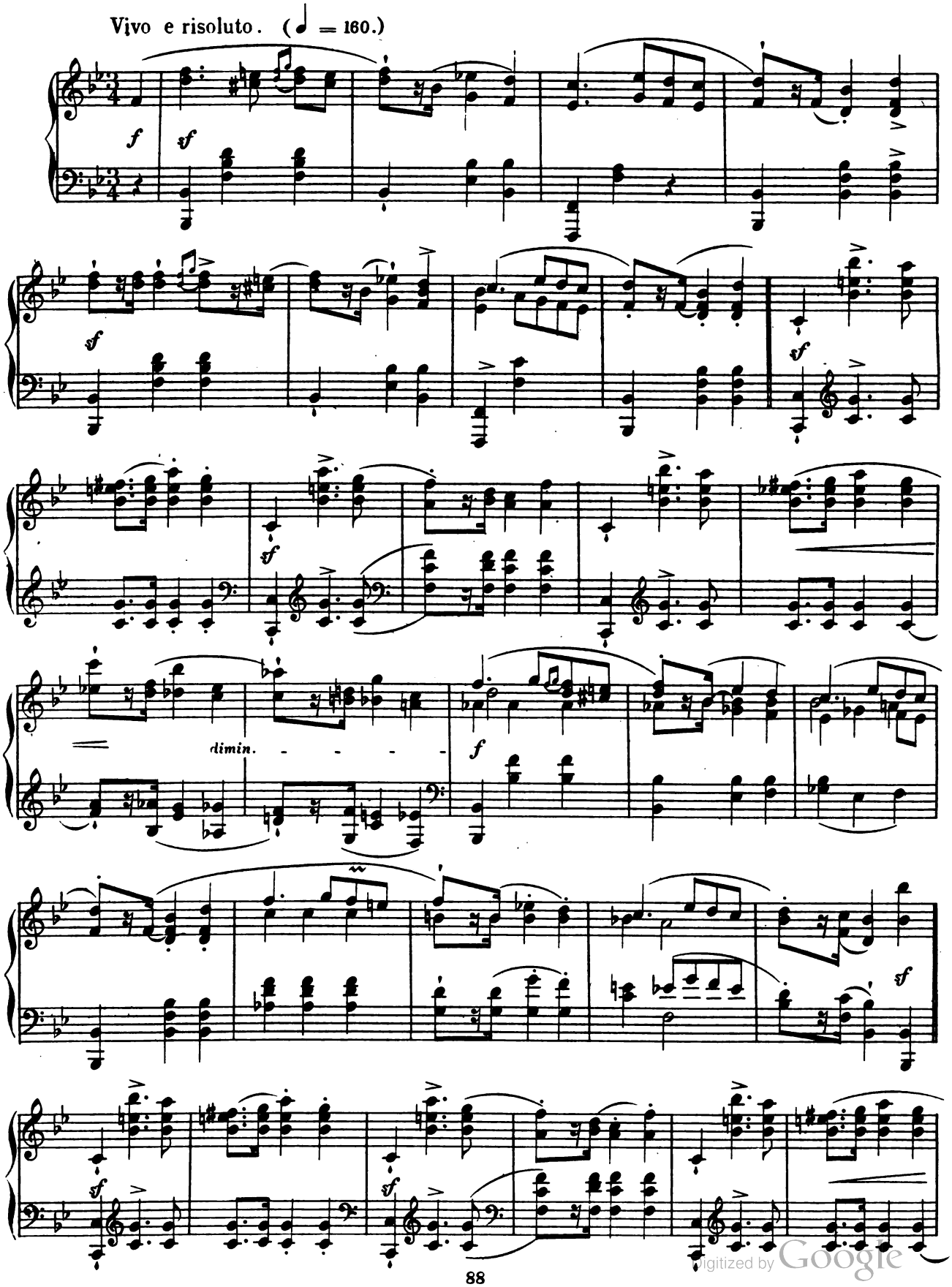
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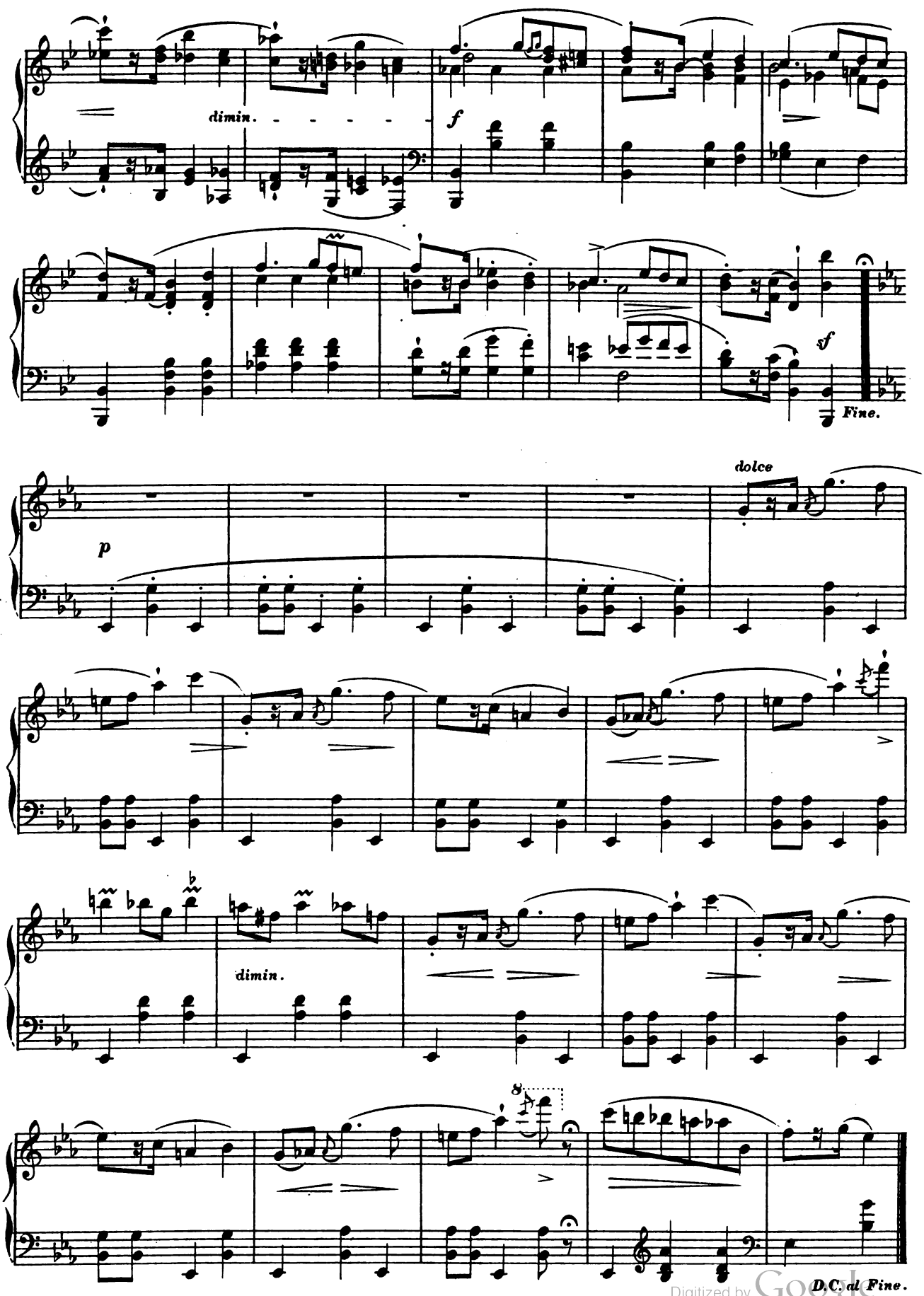
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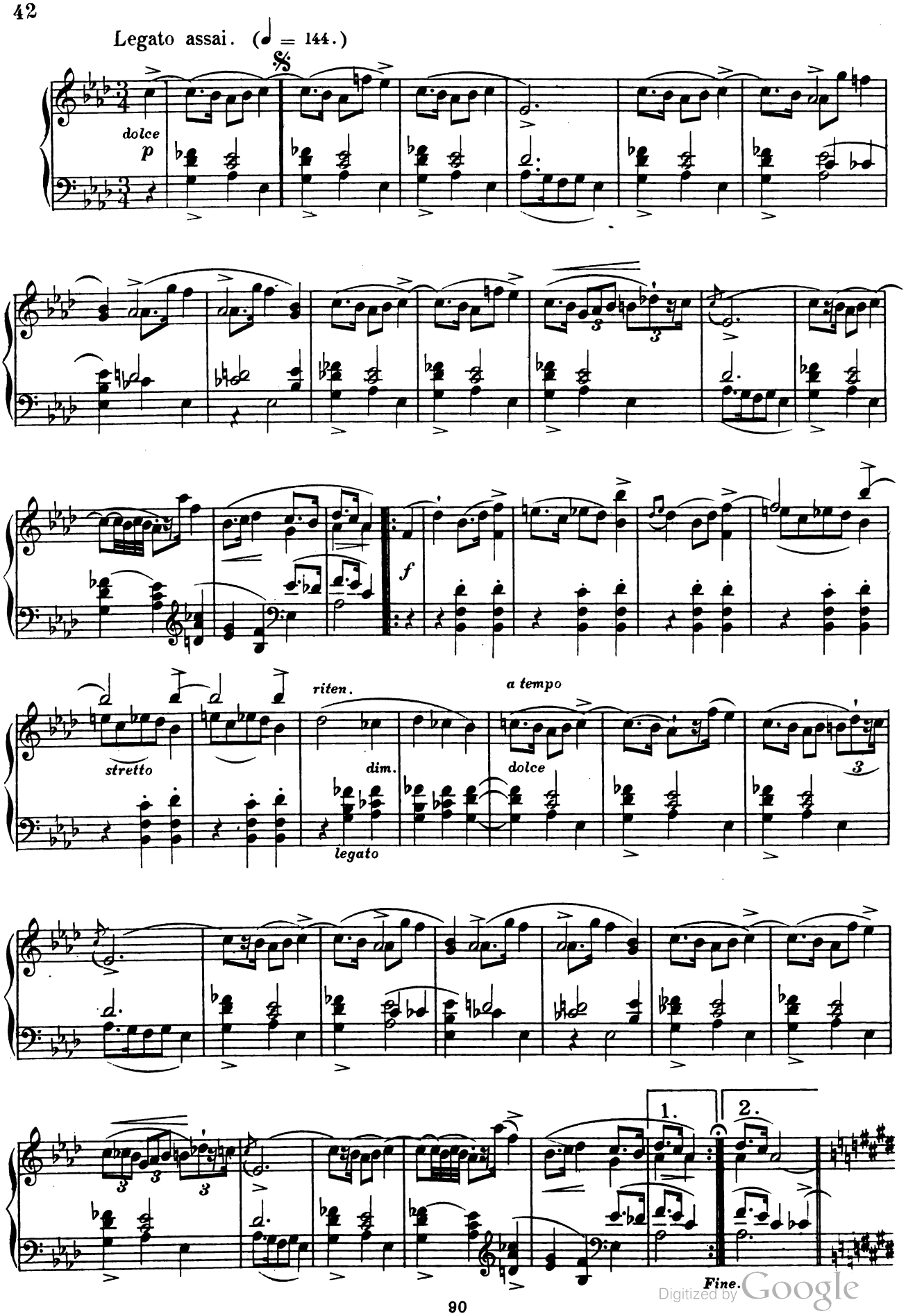
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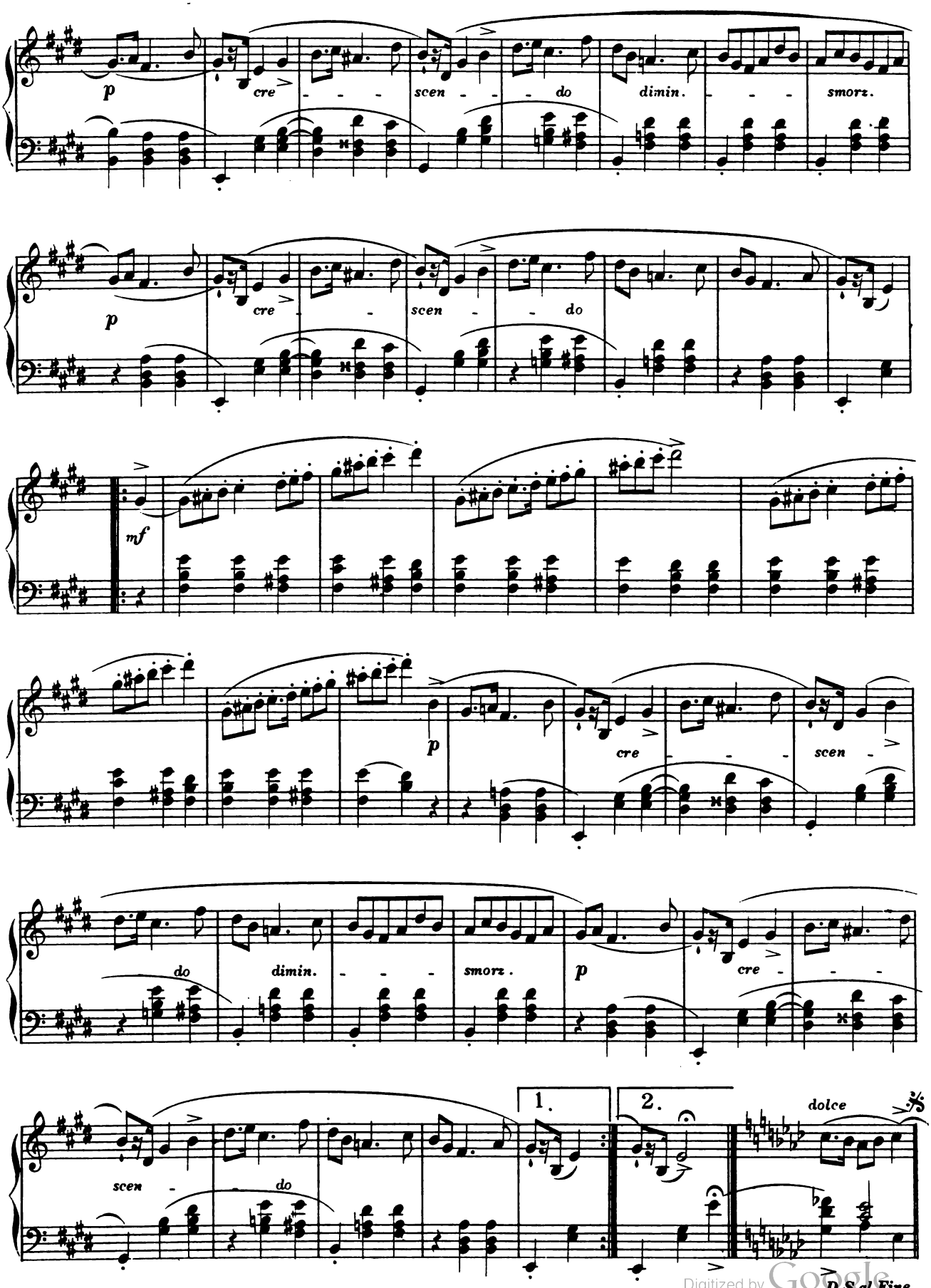
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VII. "THE MILITARY POLONAISE"

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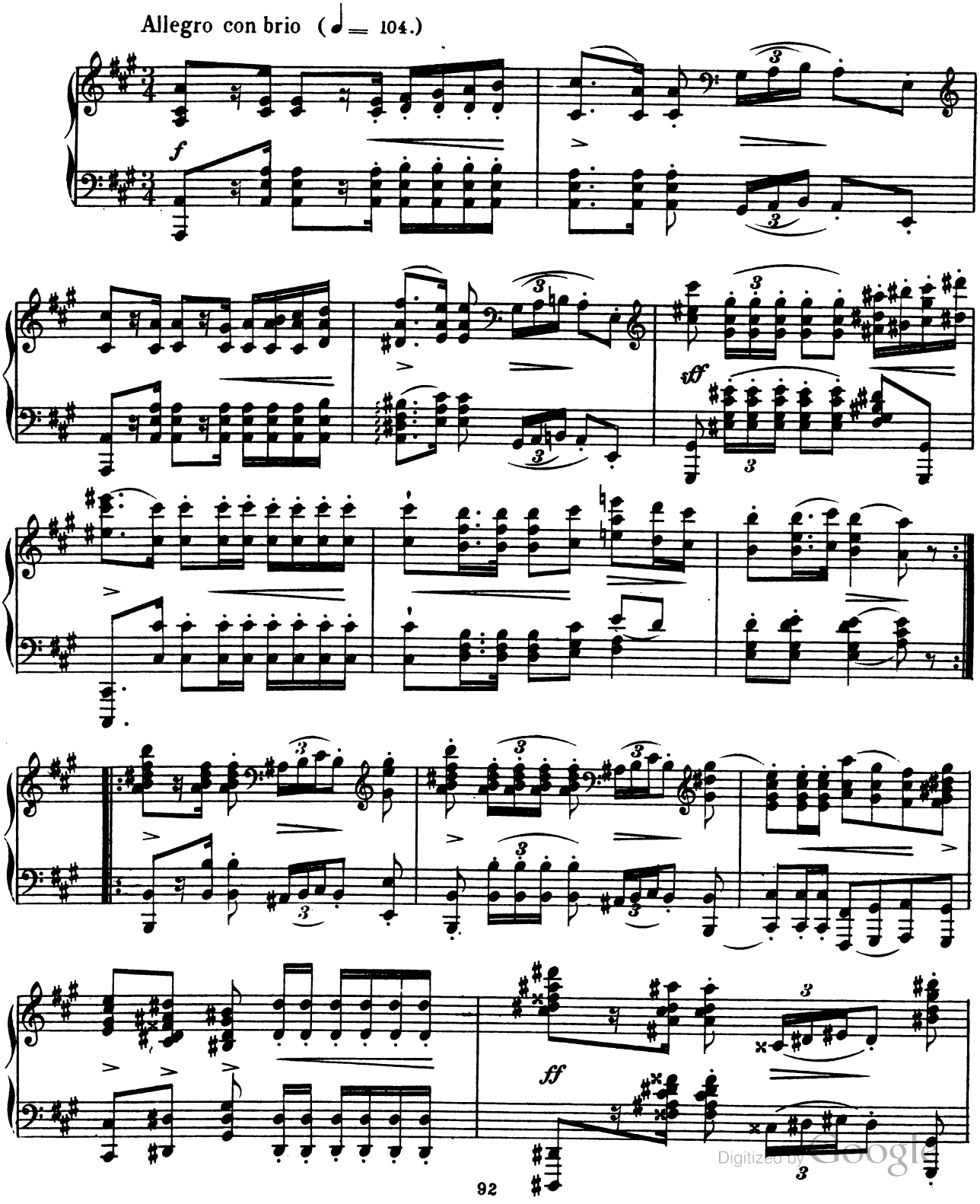
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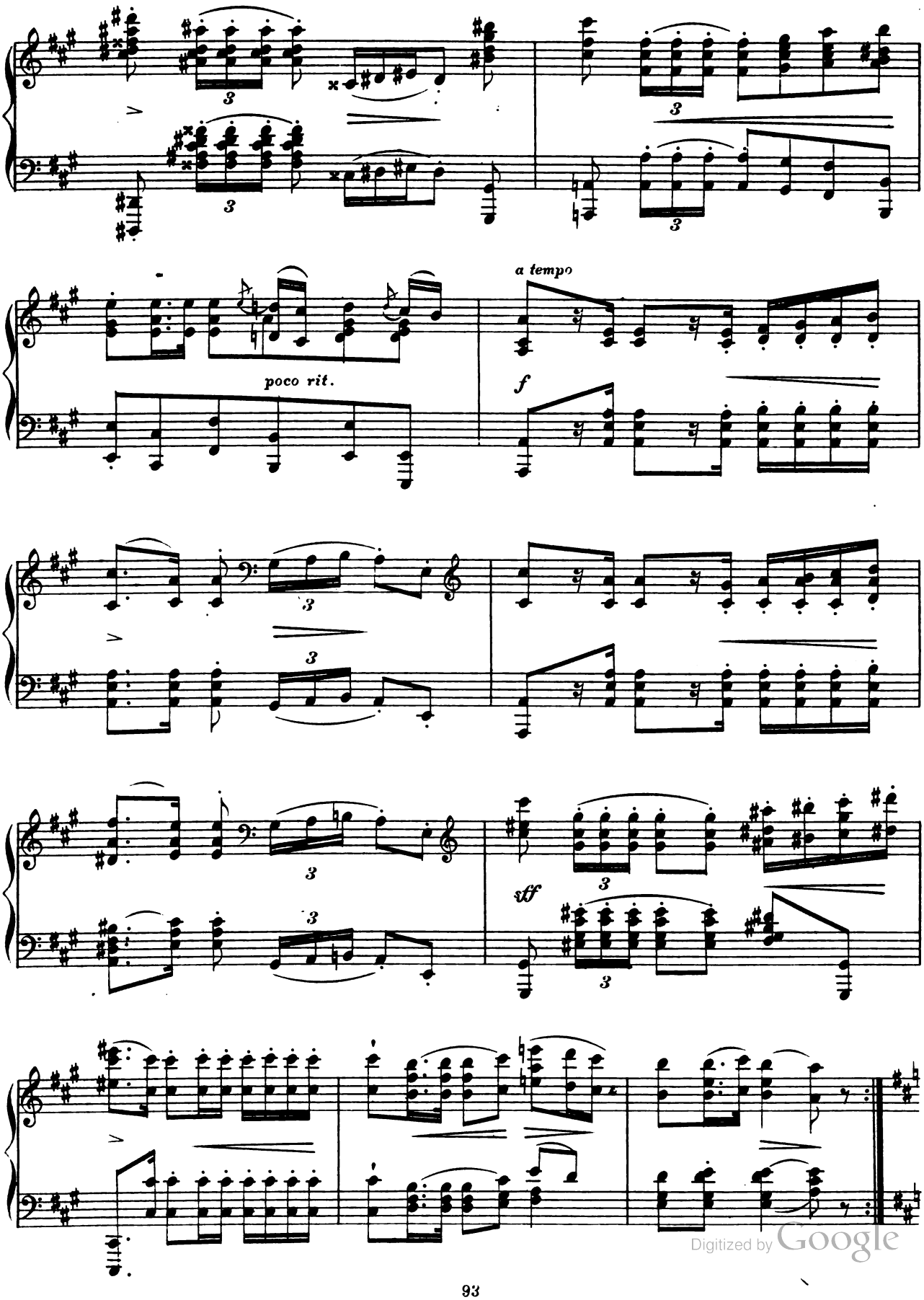
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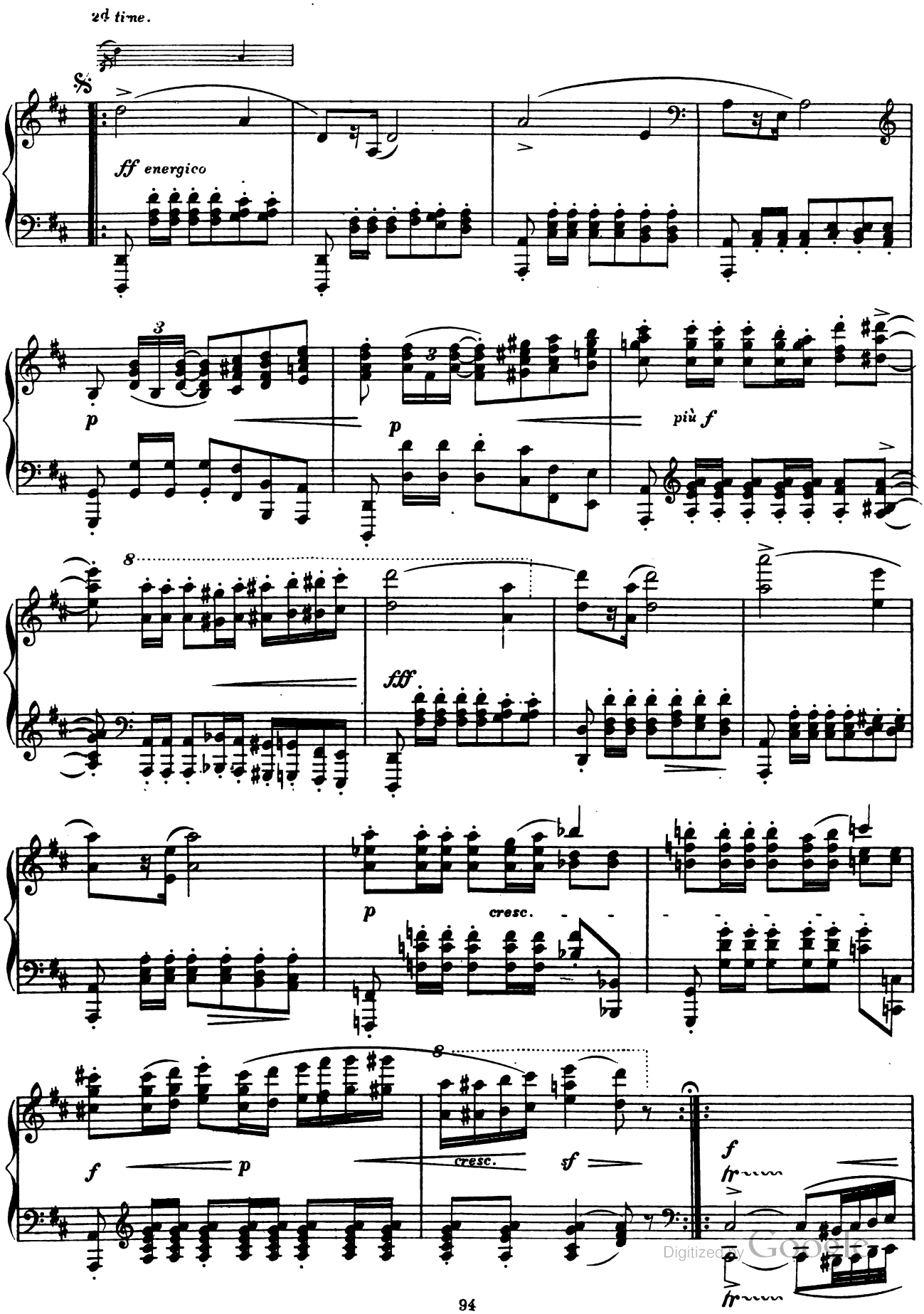
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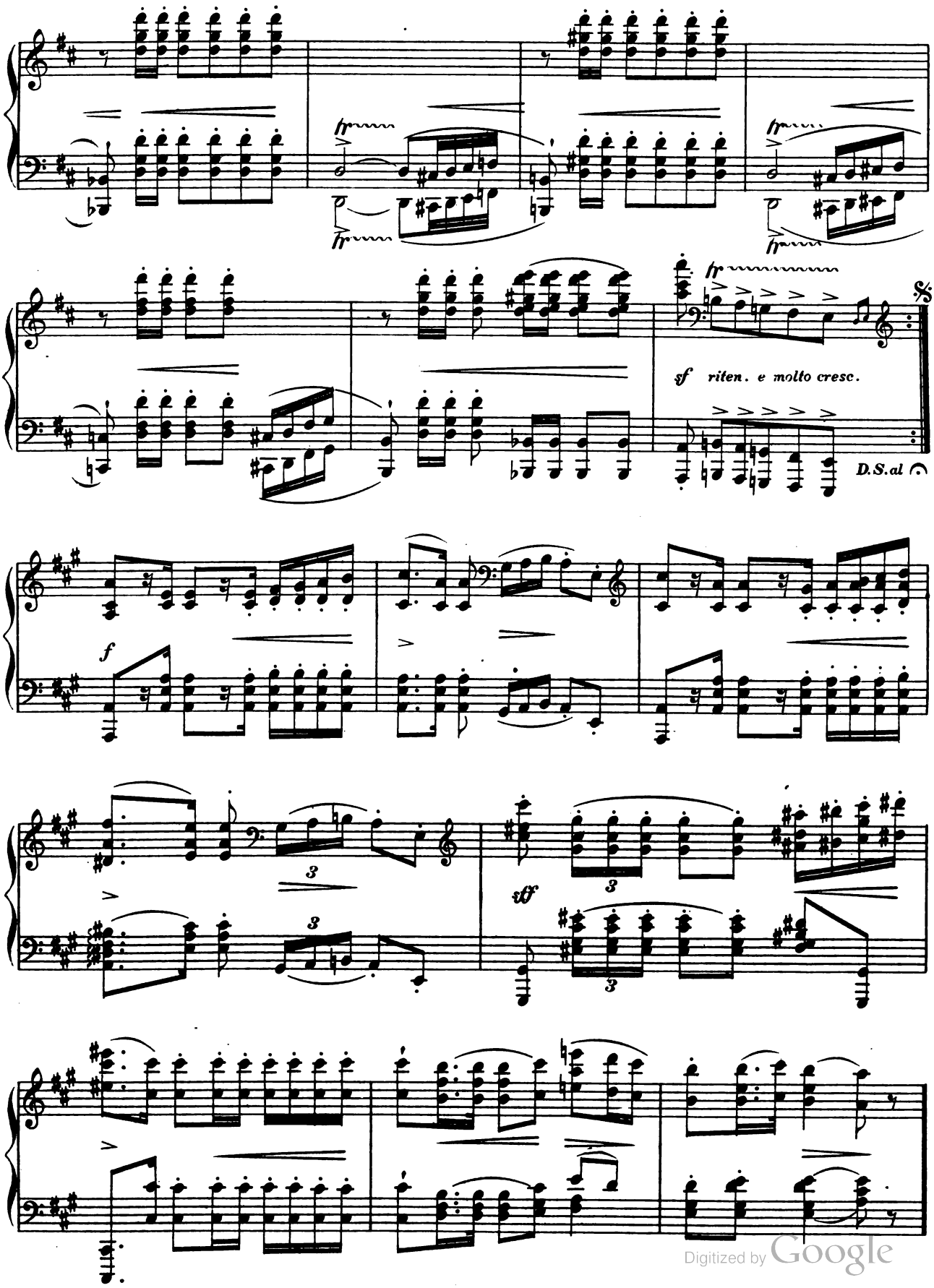
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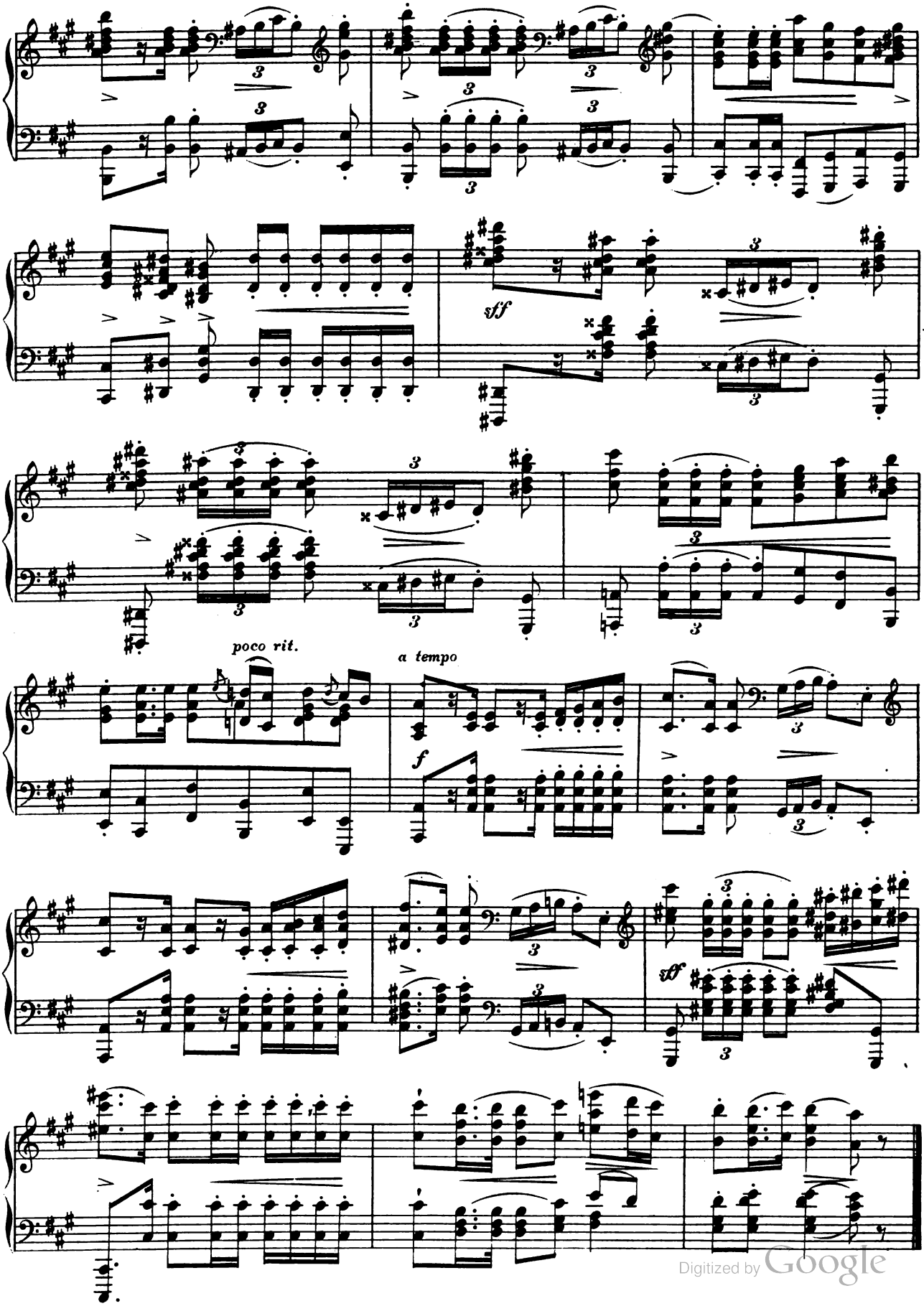
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MASTERS IN MUSIC

GOUNOD

BORN 1818: DIED 1893

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CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD

Gounod's handsome and kindly face, in which the intellectuality of a broad, powerful forehead was balanced by the sensuousness of thick, red, firmly molded lips, was lighted up by a clear blue eye, calm and bright, which, to use his own words, was "like a window opening on the soul." During the latter part of his life he wore a black velvet cap and a full white beard, which must have emphasized his benign and patriarchal appearance. His figure was athletic, his carriage brisk and vigorous. The likeness here reproduced is from a photograph taken in his later years.

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CHARLES FRANÇOIS

GOUNOD

BORN 1818: DIED 1893

CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD (pronounced Goo-no), perhaps the most popular of modern composers of opera, was born in Paris, June 17, 1818. It is not without interest, when we consider how much his greatness depends on the warm sensuousness of his nature, on his love of color and expressiveness, to learn that his father, François Louis Gounod, was a painter. Gounod himself, in his 'Memoires d'un artiste,' tells a story to show the honor in which his father was held by such artists as Gérard. This well-known painter, who, it seems, was fond of fine equipages, happened one day while driving to meet his friend Gounod the elder, who was walking. "What!" he cried, "Gounod on foot, and I in a carriage! What a shame!" Such men as Gérard, Girodet, Guérin, Joseph Vernet, and Gros, considered Gounod, so his son tells us, the best draftsman of the day. From him, it would seem, the composer must have inherited some of his sense of form and color, his strong plastic instinct. He himself seriously thought of being a painter.

From his mother, Victoire Lemachois, of whom he says, "If I have wrought any good, by word or deed, during my life, I owe it to her," he may have derived his indomitable courage and persistence. She was a remarkable woman. When, in 1823, the elder Gounod died, leaving her with two boys to support and educate,—the elder, Louis Urbain, fifteen years old, and Charles, the younger, only five,—she promptly sent word to the patrons of her husband's drawing class that the lessons would not be discontinued; she proceeded to give them herself. Gradually the pupils discovered that she could teach music too, and before long she had all the music lessons she could manage. Doubtless, her most promising pupil was her son Charles, who had naturally so acute an ear that at the age of two he cried, "That dog barks in G;" and not very much later asked why a street-hawker, whose song was in a minor key, sang "as if she were crying." He made such good progress that by the time he was twelve, and a scholar in the Lycée St. Louis, he wished to make music his profession. For this his mother was hardly prepared. She feared for

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him the sufferings of an artistic life. She appealed to the principal of the Lycée. "Do not be uneasy, madam," said he, "your son shall not be a musician." He called Charles to him, and said, "You wish to be a musician. Very well, take these words, and set them to music." By the next play-hour the song was ready, and was sung triumphantly to the good principal, who, as Gounod relates in his memoirs, "took my face in his hands, kissed me with tears in his eyes, and said, 'Go on, my boy; you *shall* be a musician!'"

At seventeen Gounod left the Lycée St. Louis, and, on the advice of Cherubini, entered Halévy's composition class in the Conservatoire. For three years he worked earnestly, indefatigably, to win the Prix de Rome, which alone would save him from military service and launch him on his artistic career. He was awarded the First Grand Prize in October, 1839, and in the following December started off for Rome. Before he left, however, he wrote, and had performed at the Église de St. Eustache, his first mass. His mother, always devoted and practical, helped to copy out the orchestral parts, and M. Poirson, his schoolmaster of seven years before, was present at the service, and wrote to his former pupil, "Well done, young man, whom I remember as a child! Well done, and many thanks; you have made me very happy!" So, launched at last as a composer, and followed by the good wishes of devoted friends, Gounod set out for Italy.

In Rome he found himself surrounded by all that was most congenial to those mystical, ecclesiastical traits which were in him so curiously combined with sensuousness. He came more than ever under the spell of Roman Catholicism, idolized Palestrina, and even wrote a mass *a capella* in the medieval style, which was performed at St. Louis des Français, a French church in Rome, in 1841. In Germany, too, where he traveled a while with Mendelssohn, he devoted himself to church music. On the score of one of his requiems, performed in Vienna in 1842, he wrote: "Mendelssohn has done me the great honor of writing to me, 'This piece might be signed Cherubini.'"

It is easy to read between the lines of all this that the pomp and ceremony, the splendor and mystery, of the Roman ritual were exerting a powerful influence on the formation of the young student's style and taste. And this was to be expected. His nature was of greater emotional richness than intellectual force. His feelings were easily inflamed, his imagination readily kindled, and his sense of beauty leaned more to the elaborate and luxuriant than to the austere and restrained. He took his religion theatrically, just as in later years he took the theater religiously. There was something almost hysterical, almost fanatical, in his devotion to what he loved, which it is hard for Anglo-Saxons to understand. The church and the theater were his two passions, and he cultivated both with the same ardor; he pursued his religious devotions with the enthusiasm that most men reserve for their amorous adventures.

On his return to Paris, at the age of twenty-five, he actually intended to become a priest. He studied theology at the École des Carmes. He be-

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came precentor at the Missions Etrangères, where he wore the long robe of the conventual house. A musical journal announced in 1846 that he had taken orders; and for the rest of his life he was often called "l'Abbé Gounod." He wrote scarcely anything but religious music. It was an article in the 'London Athenæum,' in 1851, praising his music very highly, said to have been written by Louis Viardot, whose wife was a famous operatic singer, that finally aroused him from his retreat, and incited him to strive for a wider and higher artistic service. A Symphony in E-flat, written at this time, won some attention; but it was only with 'Sapho,' his first opera, written at the suggestion of Madame Viardot, that his musical career really began.

Once begun, however, it proceeded steadily, uninterruptedly; and the story of his life, the tranquilly laborious days of which were spent chiefly at Paris, becomes from this time on scarcely more than a catalogue of works. A long series of operas began with 'Sapho,' which was performed in Paris on April 16, 1851, with some success. This was followed by 'Ulysse,' in 1852, and by 'La Nonne sanglante,' in 1853, neither of which made any special impression. More successful, in spite of Gounod's almost utter lack of the comic spirit, was the comic opera 'Le Médécin malgré lui,' based on Molière's play of that name, and performed on January 15, 1858. This led the way to its composer's masterpiece, 'Faust,' which had its first performance on March 19, 1859.

An amusing example of the difficulties with which a composer has to contend is afforded by 'Faust.' In the first place, as another opera by the same name was being produced when Gounod finished his score, he had to wait some time to see how it would be received; if it proved a success, the manager said, the task of offering another 'Faust' to the public would be very hazardous. Luckily it failed. Then, however, when Gounod's opera was put in rehearsal, this same omniscient manager decided that number after number would have to be cut out, as in one way or another unsuitable for performance. Poor Gounod bore all until finally the Garden Scene itself was banned. This was too much; he offered to withdraw his score entirely rather than omit this scene, which one of his critics has well called a concentrated elixir of his music. 'Faust,' for all its tunefulness, warmth, and color, was not an immediate success. It gradually made its way, however, and to-day, with its record of over a thousand performances in Paris alone, it has had a success unparalleled in the French theater.

Mr. W. F. Apthorp, in his book on 'The Opera, Past and Present,' speaks of the composer of 'Faust' as "a one-work man." Whether or not we agree that Gounod never again reached the point he attained in his masterpiece, it at least took him eight years to write another opera anything like so good. Between 'Faust' and 'Romeo and Juliet' come 'Philémon et Baucis,' 1860, 'La Reine de Saba,' 1863, 'Mireille,' 1864, and 'La Colombe,' 1866—all inferior works, despite some beauty.

It was on April 27, 1867, that 'Romeo and Juliet,' the only other opera

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by Gounod that can bear comparison with 'Faust,' was first given at the Théâtre Lyrique. It has had a remarkable success, having been performed more than five hundred times in Paris, and taking its place in the repertories of all the most important European theaters. Intrinsically, however, it contains little that has not already been better said in 'Faust.' In the galaxy of another artist it would be a bright star; in Gounod's it shines largely by reflected light. With all its interest, it contributes few novel or indispensable elements to his work. And it marks practically the end of his operatic career. It was followed, to be sure, by a few other pieces (enumerated in the following List of Works), but none of them added much luster to his fame.

In his last years Gounod again turned his attention to religious music, with which he had begun his work. His two most important contributions to this department are the sacred trilogies, 'The Redemption' and 'Mors et Vita,' first produced at the great musical festivals held in Birmingham, England, the former in 1882, the latter three years later. Gounod himself considered 'Mors et Vita' his best work, and spoke of it as "the work of my life"; but it is doubtful whether posterity will agree with his estimate.

A few years after producing these, his last important compositions, he began to fail in health. He had a paralytic shock, and his eyesight became affected. Surrounded, however, by hosts of friends and admirers, beloved and respected by his brother composers, who revered him as their master, he rounded out his life in peace and contentment. The manner of his death has been compared with that of Mozart's, though Mozart died in poverty, if not in positive want, and Gounod in the comfort of his large, handsomely furnished house in the Place Malesherbes. The likeness lies simply in the fact that both composers were occupied in their last days with requiems. On Sunday afternoon, October 15, 1893, Gounod played over with a friend his Requiem, which was to be performed that winter at the Conservatoire. In the evening he made a few changes in it, placed it in a cabinet, and fell over, unconscious. He did not regain consciousness, and died three days later, October 18, 1893, at the age of seventy-five.

Perhaps the most striking trait of Gounod's character was the warmth and susceptibility of his affections. He was very much a man of the heart; generous, expansive, spontaneous; ardent in friendship, almost hysterical in religion, and more enthusiastic than critical in his artistic work. In his later years his social instinct, which was not quite free from the taint of vanity, led him to surround himself with admirers, largely women, to whom he discoursed endlessly of "the good, the true, and the beautiful." It was doubtless edifying, but the cooler-blooded Anglo-Saxon cannot but think of it as a little garrulous, a little superficial and complacent. Nevertheless, the things he said often contained much real wisdom, much valuable insight. Gounod was so amiable and so sincere that he may easily be excused for having been sometimes a little fatuous. The reader will get a closer view of him than any comments can give, in the following—

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APHORISMS OF GOUNOD

"Remember the saying of the great catholic writer, Veuillot, about Alfred de Musset, 'At least he has shed tears.'"

"Art is happiness. This tortured music which is produced nowadays under the pretence of being scientific or modern does not make me happy. It is not a fountain that flows, free and pure, nor is it grace and beauty, nor is it love. These musicians have talent, but they have never bowed the knee to any altar, not to plastic beauty, nor to eternal love, nor to great masters, nor to God. Therefore they will beget no offspring; for never having been sons they cannot be fathers."

"Love! I am absolutely full of it, and that is why I have crammed such handfuls of it into my operas."

"It is quite right to give one's self away, but it is a crime to squander one's self."

"True sentiment in music is simply intelligence and sincerity of interpretation. Nothing is more ridiculous or more artificial than that false sentimentality, that pretentious hunting after effect, that exaggeration of refinements, that pushing to excess of contrasts, which make grand passages sickly, weaken rhythm, retard movement, emasculate style, and enfeeble thought—in a word, utterly destroy the character of a work. What is required in execution is not sentiment but expression—accurate and honest expression, the outcome of restrained feeling and internal responsiveness, that artist's intuition which we vainly endeavor to define."

"Listen to your heart, govern it by your reason, and do not overload yourself with cumbersome systems. Inspiration and counterpoint are the true musician's only baggage."—THE EDITOR

THE ART OF GOUNOD

R. A. Streatfield — *'The Opera'*

IF one were set upon paradox, it would not be far from the truth to say that up to the middle of the nineteenth century the most famous French composers had been either German or Italian. Certainly if Lulli, Gluck, Rossini, and Meyerbeer —to name only a few of the distinguished aliens who settled in Paris—had never existed, French opera of the present day would be a very different thing from what it actually is. Yet in spite of the strangely diverse personalities of the men who had most influence in shaping its destiny, modern French opera is an entity remarkable for completeness and homogeneity, fully alive to tendencies the most advanced, yet firmly founded upon the solid traditions of the past.

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Gounod was trained in the school of Meyerbeer, but his own sympathies drew him rather towards the serene perfection of Mozart. The pure influence of that mighty master, combined with the strange combination of sensuousness and mysticism which was the distinguishing trait of his own character, produced a musical personality of high intrinsic interest, and historically of great importance to the development of music. If not the actual founder of modern French opera, Gounod is at least the source of its most pronounced characteristics.

Arthur Pougin *'Famous Composers and their Works'*

IN attempting to characterize the genius of Gounod, and to determine the place which he should occupy in the history of contemporaneous art, it is necessary to consider principally 'Faust' and 'Romeo and Juliet.' These are his two masterpieces, and it is through these works that the composer has truly revealed his personality and his genius; it is through these works that his name has become famous and will go down to posterity. It is of these works, then, that we must demand the secret of that powerful influence which Gounod has exerted for more than a quarter of a century over the art, over artists, and over the public.

Although not performed until a year after 'Le Médecin malgré lui,' 'Faust' was written first. In this work the musician had been intelligently served by his collaborators, who had taken from Goethe's masterpiece all that pertained to the action and to the dramatic passion, and left judiciously alone all the psychological, philosophical, and metaphysical dissertations. The libretto was admirably cut for the stage, varied in tone and coloring, and contained a fair quota of that fantastic element so effective on the stage and so well liked by the public. And never was the musician better inspired. The Kermesse Scene is full of warmth and sunshine; the Garden Scene is one of an ethereal and enchanting poetry, and the words of passion are by turns softly languishing or full of an intense energy; the scene in the church, where Mephistopheles, pursuing Margarita even to the very shades of the sanctuary, tries to arrest her prayers, and prevent the unfortunate victim from taking refuge in the divine mercy, is stamped with a rare feeling of grandeur, and reveals a profoundly dramatic character. Finally, the episode of the death of Valentine and his malediction of Margarita forms a pathetic and superb scene, which, with its numerous and varied incidents, is surely one of the best of this remarkable work.

It is a singular thing that the two musicians whose personal and original genius characterize in some sort, from points of view otherwise very different, the reform tendencies of the present French school, should both fall upon these two great masterpieces, 'Faust' and 'Romeo and Juliet,' each interpreting them after his own manner and according to his own temperament. It was Berlioz who first thought of using them, and, long

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before Gounod had dreamed of such a thing, gave us 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'The Damnation of Faust.' Comparison between the works of these two artists is impossible, because of the dissimilarity of their natures and aspirations. In regard to 'Faust,' however, we may say that Berlioz, who did not make an opera of it, but a grand musical legend, thus preserving one of the peculiar characteristics of the original work, treated especially the energetic and picturesque part of the drama, whereas Gounod chose rather to reproduce the love poetry, the exalted reverie, and that mystic and supernatural perfume which characterizes Goethe's poem. Although the charming Kermesse Scene in Gounod's score, which is an episode apart from the action, is very well executed, highly colored, of a really exceptional musical interest, it cannot be denied that in picturesque sentiment Berlioz has singularly surpassed his rival in the various and typical episodes of his 'Damnation of Faust,' the Latin song of the students, the soldiers' chorus, the Hungarian march, the ballet of the sylphs and gnomes, etc. On the other hand, whatever is tender and emotional, dreamy and poetic, has been admirably treated by Gounod, and it is by certain unobtrusive fragments, certain almost hidden passages in his score, that the hand of a master, the inspiration of a poet, is betrayed, that the man of genius is revealed. Witness the music of Margarita's response to Faust as he approaches her at the entrance of the chapel:

"Non, monsieur, je ne suis demoiselle ni belle,
Et je n'ai pas besoin qu'on me donne la main."

Or Margarita's reflection in her garden:

"Je voudrais bien savoir quel était ce jeune homme,
Si c'est un grand seigneur, et comment il se nomme."

Not only are these two fragments perfect, finished, exquisite, from a musical point of view, but they exhale besides I know not what mysterious perfume. They give the hearer so complete a perception of the sentiment which Margarita is fated to prove for Faust that they have, aside from the scenic import, a kind of mystic and profound meaning which seems impossible to translate into music, and which strikes, nevertheless, the most indifferent ears. It is this peculiar, we may say hitherto unknown, sense which gives Gounod's 'Faust' its true color, its character at once tender and dreamy, mysterious and fascinating, melancholy and passionate, and which assigns to it a place apart, a unique place among the most original works of contemporary art. It is easy to see in this work that Gounod's intellectual tendencies, his youthful sympathies, his leanings toward a religious and monastic life were not without influence on his musical life, and on the very nature of his talent. . . .

It is in 'Faust' and 'Romeo' that Gounod has not only given the full measure of his genius, but has made most conspicuous the true personal tendencies of that genius. It is there that his musical phrase, so fascinating, so new in form and characteristic in outline, is developed in all its fullness and all its freedom. It is there that his harmonies, so rich, so refined, so

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piquant, and sometimes so unexpected, are most abundantly and happily displayed. It is there that his ingenious instrumentation, full of color and grace, and always elegant,—that transparent instrumentation we might say, at the same time dignified and full,—has embraced those exquisite passages which always thrill delicate and sensitive ears. It is there that passion speaks a truly enchanting language, that emotion attains the fullest limits of its power; and it is the aggregate of all these qualities which makes the master's genius stand out in the most complete and striking fashion. . . .

Musically and dramatically Gounod is more of a spiritualist than a materialist, more poet than painter, more elegiac than deeply pathetic; this is perhaps the reason that some have pronounced him lacking in dramatic sense. But after all is said, the author of 'Faust,' of 'Mireille,' and of 'Romeo' remains a true poet, an inspired creator, an artist of the first rank, and if not one of those who illumine the world with a dazzling light, at least one of those who charm it, who touch it, who make it listen and make it think.

L. Pagnerre *'Charles Gounod, sa vie et ses œuvres'*

SHALL we record the reproaches which have been addressed to Gounod from a general point of view? It has been said that he has employed, to satiety, certain formulas and processes, such as held notes, unisons, and certain harmonic progressions. He has been reproached for using to excess what one may call, in technical language, the "rosalie"; that is to say, of repeating many times in succession a melodic pattern, in regular progression, on the different degrees of the scale. It is a formula, a sort of imitation. The word "rosalie" comes to us from an old Italian folk-song ("Rosalia mia cara"), the melody of which is built on this principle, or else from a German refrain, or possibly from a singer named Rosalie, who, according to Grétry, made this vocal ornament fashionable. Whatever may be the etymology of the word, the rosalie has been used by the greatest masters. It is inherent in the art of musical composition, and if it be true that Gounod has abused the device, he has also often written rosalies full of true inspiration.

All this is the petty side of the question. After one has thoroughly criticized processes and formulas, Gounod remains none the less the author of 'Faust' and of 'Le Médecin malgré lui.' His originality is perfectly assured. He gets it not so much by the means employed, by his technical knowledge, as from his very nature. The beautiful pages that he has written are marked by an accent entirely personal. This accent is derived at once from the man and from the musician. It is the accent of prayer, of ecstasy, of perpetual adoration; it is the sentiment of apotheosis, of beatitude, even of desire. It has charm, imagination, delicate grace,

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and, whenever it is needed, playfulness. Harmonic effects of a perfume at once soft and intense set off, very frequently, this musical exaltation. The Garden Scene, in 'Faust,' is an essence, a concentrated elixir, of the music of this master. Gounod has scattered drops of it over all his compositions. There is, here and there, in his works, something that savors of the boudoir; that is the reason why his music so pleases women. He has, so to speak, assimilated their point of view. One can believe that he himself has imaginatively felt, in order the better to express them, the emotions of the woman who is loved, or the ardors of the religious devotee who loses herself in ecstasies and in mystical contemplation. It is a music of love, surely; but of a love discreet, controlled, stifled, a love which invokes Heaven.

Gounod began his artistic career at a time already remote from us. Since he began writing great things have been accomplished. Wagner has established himself in France, and his works, so different from those of Gounod, have made there a profound and lasting impression. Has Gounod been injured by this revolution in musical art? Has he changed his style? Has he followed the new tendencies? No: he has wrought his work from his own nature, and his work is intact. While following the Wagnerian movement he has retained his musical convictions. He has not stumbled. Gounod has continued everywhere and always to make the music of Gounod; and the public, both in France and in Germany, has remained faithful to him. Whatever judgment posterity may reserve for him, the author of 'Faust' has thrown upon our contemporary art a luminous ray, which gives him a place apart among the great musicians.

'Charles Gounod' *'The Spectator,' 1893*

THERE is a curious parallel between the final stages in the careers of Gustave Doré and Charles Gounod. Both forsook secular for sacred art, and both found most appreciative recognition on the English side of the channel. The parallel might be carried further, for there is a decided affinity between one of Doré's colossal canvases and such a work as Gounod's 'Mors et Vita.' Both were laid out on a large scale, and both were rich in color and pretentious in design; but in each case the impression made is of grandiosity rather than grandeur. Gounod excelled in the romantic, lyric, pathetic, and idyllic veins, but he lacked the sense of tragedy just as much as he lacked the sense of comedy. His efforts at sublimity are eminently stagy, while in the endeavor to illustrate painful or awe-inspiring situations, such, for example, as the march of the Roman soldiers to Calvary, he lapses into triviality, or even ugliness. It was his natural instinct to write suave and graceful music; and in doing violence to this instinct he did himself grievous injustice. For example, in the 'Mors et Vita' there is a number entitled "Trumpets at the Last Judgment," which for grotesque hideousness could

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hardly be paralleled amid the worst extravagances of modern musical decadence. A famous but cynical conductor, on rehearsing the piece for the first time, remarked, "If they play that music at the resurrection I shall positively refuse to rise."

If Gounod's most ambitious efforts in the domain of sacred art are marred by the defects of his qualities, there can be no question that in other fields he often attained the most delightful results in virtue of the suavity, the sonorousness, and the picturesqueness of his style. The stream of his inspiration was never turbid, but flowed with a limpid clearness that often reminds one of his great idol, Mozart. His music, as a French critic most truly remarks, is characterized to a remarkable degree by many of the finest traits of the French race. It is luminous, elegant, graceful, and symmetrical. Of some modern composers it might be said, in the words of Archbishop Whately's delightful description of random talkers, that "they aim at nothing, and they hit it." Gounod, on the other hand, invariably knew what he was going to say, and said it with a lucidity and a serene confidence which claimed attention even where it did not carry conviction. Few musicians have more thoroughly realized Stevenson's view that the great aim of the artist is to please.

John F. Runciman *'Saturday Review,' 1896*

GOUNOD'S 'Redemption' is the most extraordinary hybrid ever produced by a composer—even by a French composer. It is not entirely an oratorio, nor an opera, nor a pantomime, though a considerable amount of all three may be discovered in it. The subject is a vast one—a great deal vaster than the subject of the 'Iliad' or of 'Paradise Lost.' In fact, 'The Redemption' deals with the subject of 'Paradise Lost' within the first half-dozen pages, and then proceeds to treat in rapid succession the subjects of the 'Christmas Oratorio,' the 'Matthew and John,' 'Passion,' 'Paradise Regained,' and one or two more that have not so far been handled by a great artist.

To the execution of this gigantic task, Gounod, who was his own librettist, did not bring quite the intellect of a Homer or a Milton for the literary part, nor the musicianship of a Bach for the musical part. What he did bring was a low grade of intelligence; a mysticism verging on religious mania; the musical power of the creator of Margarita and of no other character besides; and the invincible theatrical tendencies and the theatrical experience of the composer of 'Faust,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'La Reine de Saba,' and 'Philémon et Baucis.' His inferior intelligence is seen in the poor conception of the character of Jesus, and in the ineptitude of much of the libretto; and his mysticism in such numbers as "The Reproaches," and in his touching confidence in the significance of arbitrary and inexpressive symbolical phrases, which, whatever they meant to him, symbolize nothing intelligible to any one else.

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'The Redemption' was written for musical sensualists, such as Gounod himself, who, caring little or nothing for the inner spirit of music, or for the grander beauty of perfect strength, find a supreme satisfaction in the sweetness of harmony, and melody, and instrumental and vocal tone. Moreover, much of it—as "O Come to Me," and the melody "typical of the Redeemer"—is filled with the feeling which is simply the animal side of love—exquisitely refined, but still animal. And since we all like 'Faust' and are all musical sensualists to a certain degree, it follows that in all probability we will all keep a certain liking for 'The Redemption' for some time to come, providing we do not hear it too often. A Bach chorale, a Händel chorus, a Mozart or Beethoven symphony—you can spend hours on these, and be as far as you were when you commenced from exhausting the wonder and beauty of them. But Gounod's music is to them as the fountains in Trafalgar Square to the Atlantic Ocean.

THE extreme differences of view regarding Gounod which one finds among critics, and which are well exemplified in the foregoing excerpts, are by no means the result of chance. MM. Pougin and Pagnerre find Gounod lyrical in feeling, warm in color, and full of an individual sentiment which makes him great. The English critics quoted, on the other hand, pronounce him "theatrical," "mystical," "grandiose"; though one of them, after dismissing his religious music with such adjectives, adds that his operatic music is "luminous, elegant, graceful, and symmetrical." This mingling of praise and blame, far from being whimsical, is necessitated by Gounod's peculiarly rich and yet limited nature. Emotional, lyrical, ardent, he was to an unusual degree; and therefore he expressed himself in suave and eloquent music. But his passion was not fully under control, his imagination had more grace than strength, and his sentiment, whether amorous or devotional, was tinged with sentimentality. Consequently, his power quickly gave out; he was as weak in forms or situations that demanded grip and austere self-control as he was competent in those which called merely for the outpouring of fancy or emotion. Artistic reticence was as impossible to him as personal reserve. Holding nothing back, he failed in power; saturating his music with harmonic and melodic sugar, he became cloying and insipid. It is impossible, then, for those who love in music most of all clarity, purity, and strength to listen long to Gounod without a sense of weariness and surfeit. But on the other hand, every music lover must enjoy his rich and mellow orchestration, his warm harmony, and his frank and compelling tunefulness. Fountains are not oceans, it is true; but they can give, nevertheless, their own peculiar refreshment and delight.—THE EDITOR

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THE WORKS OF GOUNOD

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

ALL the following excerpts are from Gounod's masterpiece, 'Faust,' of which a synopsis is given in Mr. R. A. Streatfield's book, 'The Opera.' Mr. Streatfield writes as follows of 'Faust':—

"The year 1859 saw the production of 'Faust,' the opera with which Gounod's name is principally associated. The libretto, by MM. Barbier and Carré, does not of course claim to represent Goethe's play in any way. The authors had little pretension to literary skill, but they knew their business thoroughly. They fastened upon the episode of Gretchen, and threw all the rest overboard. The result was a well-constructed and thoroughly comprehensible libretto, with plenty of love-making and floods of cheap sentiment, but as different in atmosphere and suggestion from Goethe's mighty drama as could well be imagined.

"The first act shows us Faust as an old man, sitting in his study, weary and disappointed. He is about to end his troubles and uncertainty in death, when an Easter hymn sung in the distance by a chorus of villagers seems to bid him stay his hand. With a quick revulsion of feeling he calls on the powers below, and, rather to his surprise, Mephistopheles promptly appears. In exchange for his soul, the devil offers him youth, beauty, and love, and, as an earnest of what is to come, shows him a vision of the gentle Margarita sitting at her spinning-wheel. Faust is enraptured, hastily signs the contract, and hurries away with his attendant fiend.

"The next act is taken up with a Kermesse in the market-place of a country town. Valentine, the brother of Margarita, departs for the wars, after confiding his sister to the care of his friend Siebel. During a pause in the dances Faust salutes Margarita for the first time as she returns from church.

"The third act takes place in Margarita's garden. Faust and Mephistopheles enter secretly, and deposit a casket of jewels upon the doorstep. Margarita, woman-like, is won by their beauty, and cannot resist putting them on. Faust finds her thus adorned, and woos her passionately, while Mephistopheles attempts to keep Dame Martha, her companion, out of the way. At the end of the act Margarita yields to Faust's prayers and entreaties.

"In the fourth act Margarita is left disconsolate. Faust has deserted her, and Valentine comes home to find his sister's love-affair the scandal of the town. He fights a duel with Faust, whom he finds lurking under his sister's window, and dies cursing Margarita with his last breath. During this act occurs the church scene, which is sometimes performed after Valentine's death and sometimes before it. Margarita is kneeling in the shadowy minster, striving to pray, but the voice of conscience stifles her half-formed utterances. In Gounod's libretto, the intangible reproaches which Margarita addresses to herself are materialized in the form of

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Mephistopheles, a proceeding which is both meaningless and inartistic, though perhaps dramatically unavoidable.

"In the last act, after a short scene on the Brocken and a conventional ballet, which are rarely performed, we are taken to the prison where Margarita lies condemned to death for the murder of her child. Faust is introduced by the aid of Mephistopheles, and tries to persuade her to fly with him. Weak and wandering though she is, she refuses, and dies to the chant of an angelic choir, while Faust is dragged down to the abyss by Mephistopheles.

"Gounod's music struggles nobly with the tawdriness and conventionality of the libretto. A good deal of the first and last acts is commonplace and conventional, but the other three contain beauties of a high order. The life and gaiety of the Kermesse Scene in the second act, the sonorous dignity of Valentine's invocation of the cross, and the tender grace of Faust's salutation—the last a passage which might have been written by Mozart—are too familiar to need more than a passing reference. In the fourth act also there is much noble music. Gounod may be forgiven even for the soldiers' chorus, in consideration of the masculine vigor of the duel trio—a purified reminiscence of Meyerbeer—and the impressive church scene. But the most characteristic part of the work is, after all, the love music in the third act. The dreamy languor which pervades the scene, the cloying sweetness of the harmonies, the melting beauty of the orchestration, all combine to produce an effect which was at that time entirely new in opera, and had no little share in forming the modern school. . . . With all his admiration of Mozart, Gounod possessed little of his idol's genius for characterization. The types in 'Faust' do not stand out clearly. Margarita, for instance, is merely a sentimental schoolgirl; she has none of the girlish freshness and innocence of Goethe's Gretchen, and Mephistopheles is much more of a tavern bully than a fallen angel. Yet with all its faults 'Faust' remains a work of a high order of beauty. Every page of the score tells of a striving after a lofty ideal, and though as regards actual form Gounod made no attempt to break new ground, the aim and atmosphere of 'Faust,' no less than the details of its construction, contrast so strongly with the conventional Italianism of the day, that it may well be regarded as the inauguration of a new era in French music."

I. "Gentle Flow'rs in the Dew" — *Siebel's Song: Act III*

AT the Kermesse, or country fair, in Act II., Mephistopheles has told Siebel his fortune, in a mood half whimsical, half diabolic, as follows:

> "Each flower that you touch,
> Ev'ry beauty you dote on,
> Shall rot and shall wither."

Siebel now puts this curse to the test; he sends messages of love to his sweetheart, Margarita, by the "gentle flowers in the dew." At first, sure

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enough, they wither as he plucks them, but presently it occurs to him to sprinkle them with holy water, and the curse becomes powerless. This situation, a little childish, it must be confessed, is redeemed by the musical beauty with which Gounod invests it. Even the conventional dramatic recitatives in the middle part of the song are not without a peculiar grace and expressiveness, and the tune itself, with its spontaneous emotion and ample phraseology, is an example of the composer's best style.

II. "Song of the Golden Calf" *Mephistopheles, in Act II*

THE countrymen are singing and making merry at the Kermesse. Appearing suddenly, a tall, dark stranger (Mephistopheles) interrupts one of them in a song, and proposes to sing a better one. They assent, and he sings the "Song of the Golden Calf," in satirical praise of worldliness, of which the Calf of Gold is symbolic.

The caustic raillery of the words is matched by the energy and brilliancy of the music, which is more vigorous than is usual with Gounod. Altogether this is a most effective bass song.

III. Love Duet *Faust and Margarita: Act III*

THE Garden Scene in Faust, as M. Pagnerre well says, is "an essence, a concentrated elixir, of Gounod's music." Highly characteristic, for example, are the melting beauty of the cadence of Faust's first stanza, set off by eloquent phrases in the flutes, horns, and oboes (page 27, the third and fourth systems); the free obligato of the violins which accompanies Margarita's repetition of the same tune, and which still further intensifies its expressiveness; the light charm of the staccato effects which follow and contrast, when she is reading the flower; the sultry richness of the chords in clarinets and bassoons which accompany the plighting of the troth, "Ever true, ever faithful"; and finally the languishing melody and the sonorous harmony of the last section of all, "O tender moon, O starry heav'n." Sugar, to be sure, is unfortunately not so preservative in music as it is in cookery, and this duet does not wear well. It would be terrible to have to listen to it once a day for a year. But taken with discretion, no artistic sweetmeats are more palatable than Gounod's.

IV. Jewel Song *Margarita, in Act III*

MUSICALLY this famous song perhaps reaches the high-water mark of its composer's attainment; in it his powers are at their best and his weaknesses somewhat held under control. It is as spontaneous, as frankly emotional, as happily sensuous, as the love duet, and far less fragmentary and maundering, far more firmly imagined and strongly worked out. The melody is "full of rosalies,"

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to be sure, (see the criticism of M. Pagnerre) but for all that has rare symmetry and breadth. Notice the sustained phraseology throughout, particularly in such cadences as "But it is a king's daughter, and all bow before me," and "As now a royal lady, perchance he would adore me." As a composition, the song reaches a well-planned and effective climax at the final "Margarita, this is not I!" In the spontaneity and animation of his creative fancy throughout, Gounod has risen to the level required by the dramatic situation. Margarita, the impulsive, inexperienced young girl, finds the casket of jewels that Faust has left to sue for him. As she masquerades in them her emotions are many and mixed: delight at the surprise, innocent vanity in her own loveliness, and the wish that Faust could only see her, and love her as he could not help. The least artificiality, the most momentary lapse into the perfunctory, would ruin the effect of so delicate a scene. But Gounod is equal to his task; and the song is not more remarkable for its dramatic charm and for its vocal effectiveness than it is for its purely musical qualities of freshness and beauty.

V. Waltz Chorus, transcribed for the Piano *Act II*

THIS waltz, the popularity of which has reached the hand-organ stage, is here given as it was transcribed for the piano by Gounod himself, but slightly shortened. In the opera, it accompanies the dancing of the country people at the Kermesse, and is interrupted in the middle while Margarita passes and Faust first salutes her. The chorus sings another melody (omitted in the transcription), in an ingeniously contrasted rhythm. Though not exceedingly characteristic of Gounod, this waltz is too well known and too widely loved to be omitted here.

THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF GOUNOD

THE bulk of Gounod's work was choral, and may be divided into two general classes: the secular, which reached its highest point in 'Faust' (1859) and 'Romeo and Juliet' (1867), and the sacred, which culminated in the last years of his life in the trilogies, 'The Redemption' (1882) and 'Mors et Vita' (1885). In the following list the titles of only the more important works are given.

I. OPERAS. 'Sapho' (1851). 'Ulysse' (1852). 'La Nonne sanglante' (1854). 'Le Médécin malgré lui' (1858). 'Faust' (1859). 'Philémon et Baucis' (1860). 'La Reine de Saba' (1863). 'Mireille' (1864). 'La Colombe' (1866). 'Romeo and Juliet' (1867). 'Cinq Mars' (1877). 'Polyeucte' (1878). 'Le Tribut de Zamora' (1881). 'Maître Pierre' and 'George Dandin' (Posthumous).

II. SACRED MUSIC. Ten Masses. An Oratorio, 'Tobie.' Cantatas: 'Marie Stuart and Rizzio' (1837), 'Fernand' (1839), 'À la Frontière' (1870), 'Gallia' (1871), 'Le Vin des Gaulois et la Danse

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de l'Épée.' Two sacred trilogies: 'La Redemption' (1882), 'Mors et Vita' (1885). Also a Stabat Mater, a Te Deum, a Pater Noster, an Ave Verum, an O Salutaris, and other small works.

III. ORCHESTRAL. Two Symphonies, a Saltarello in A-major, and The Funeral March of a Marionette.

IV. Miscellaneous pianoforte and vocal works.

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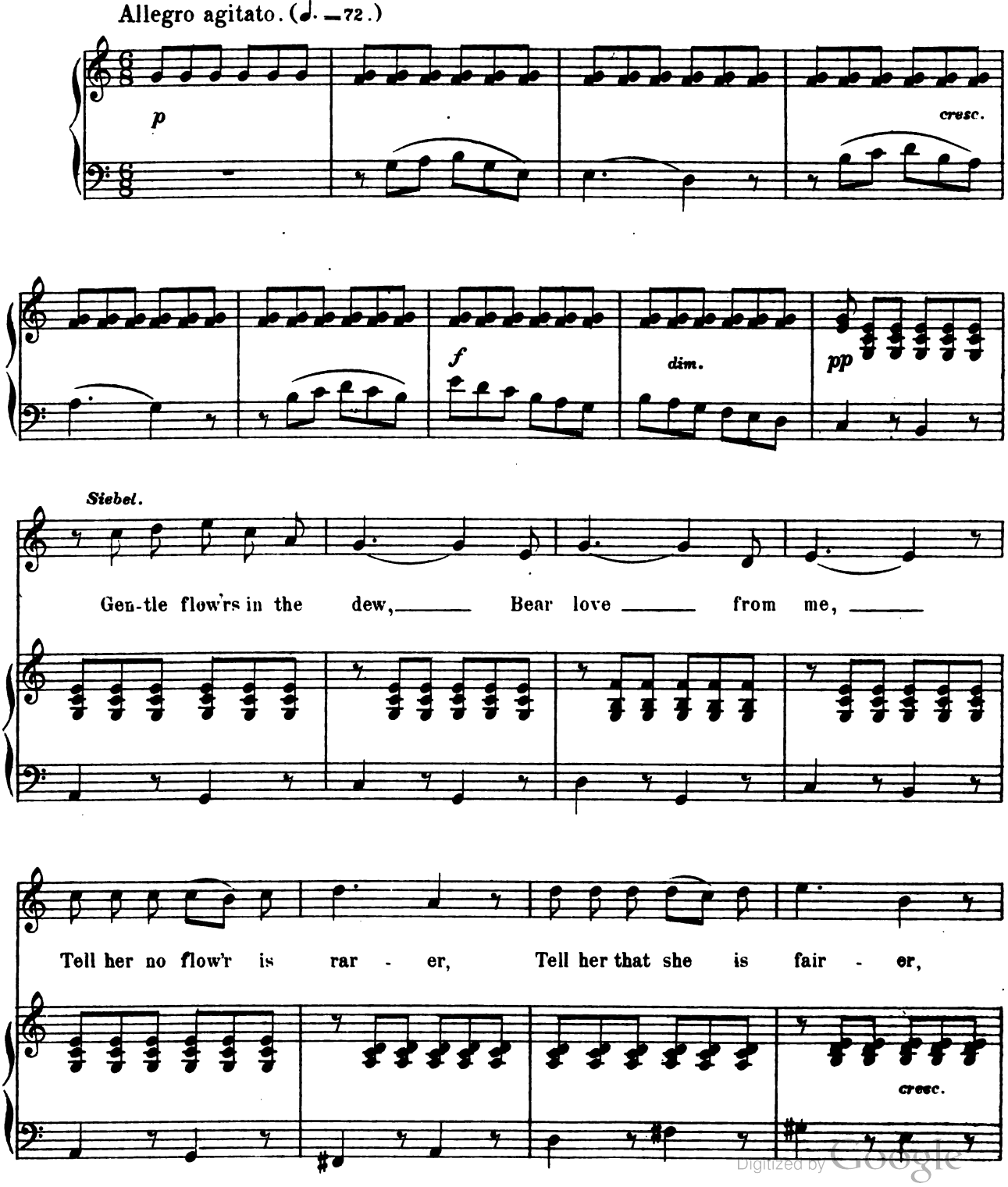
I. SIEBEL'S SONG

"GENTLE FLOW'RS IN THE DEW"

FROM 'FAUST'

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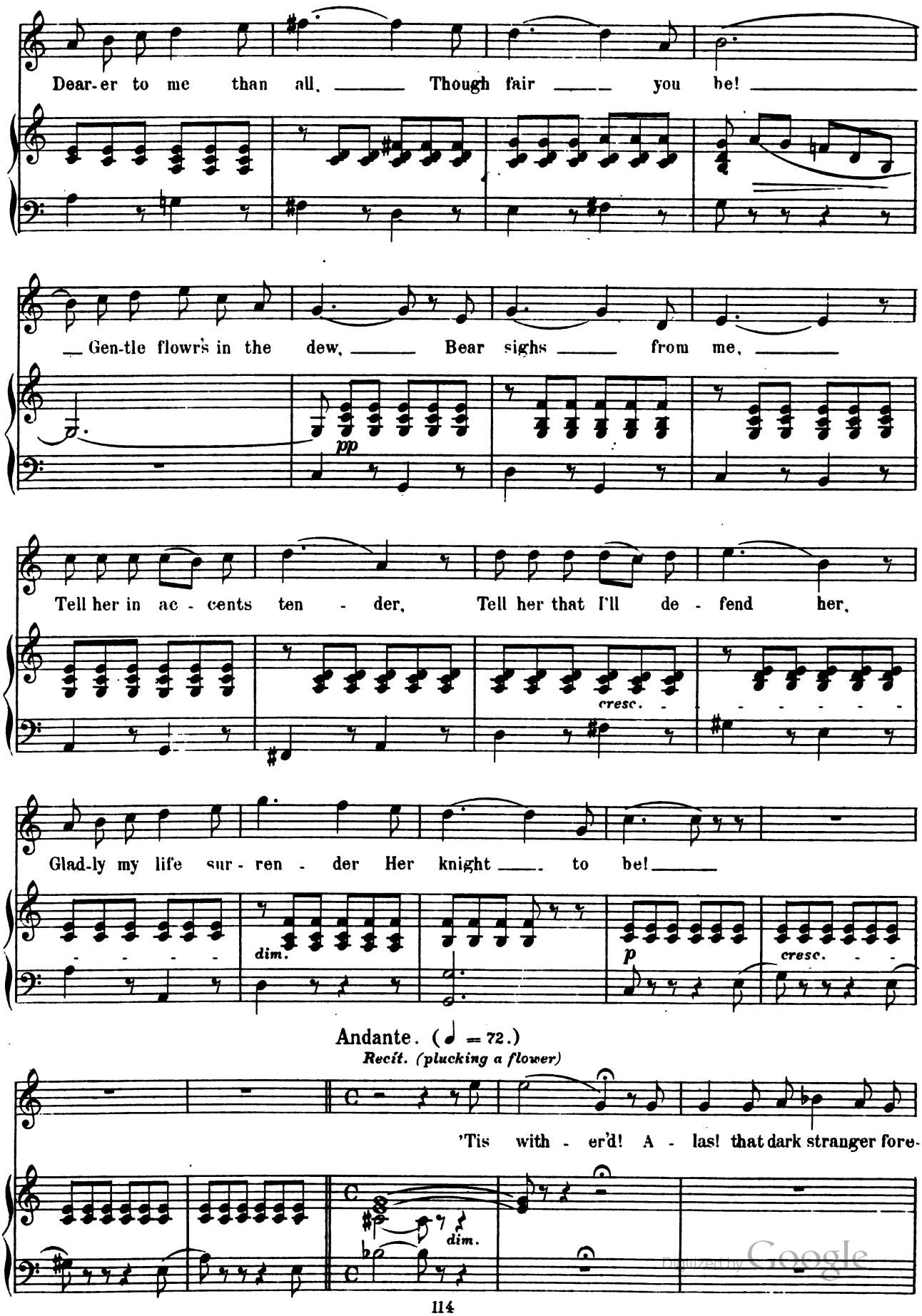
Dear-er to me than all. Though fair you be!
Gen-tle flowr's in the dew, Bear sighs from me,
pp
Tell her in ac - cents ten - der, Tell her that I'll de - fend her,
cresc.
Glad-ly my life sur - ren - der Her knight to be!
dim.
p
cresc.
Andante. (♩ = 72.)
Recit. (plucking a flower)
'Tis with - er'd! A - las! that dark stranger fore-
dim.

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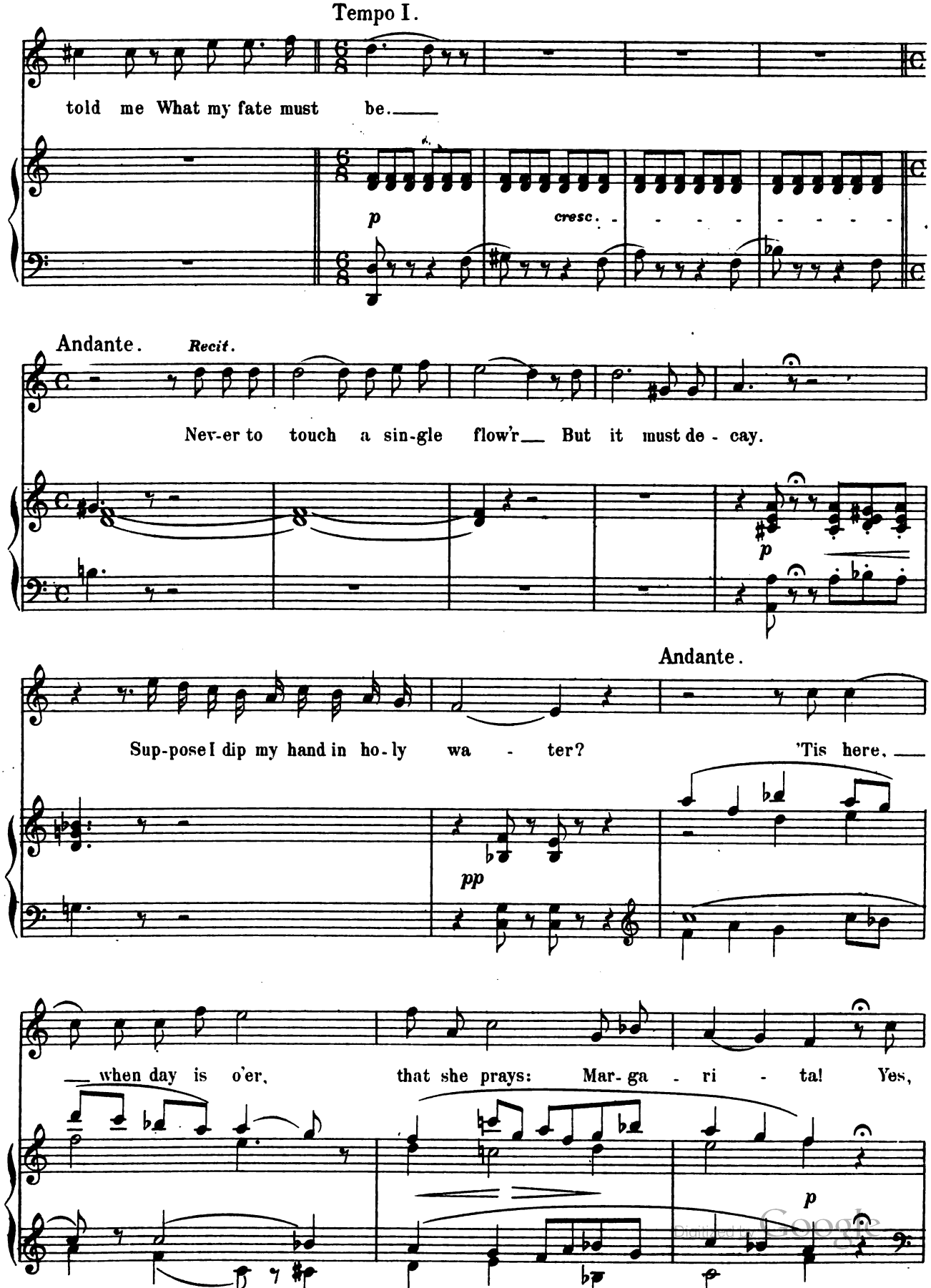
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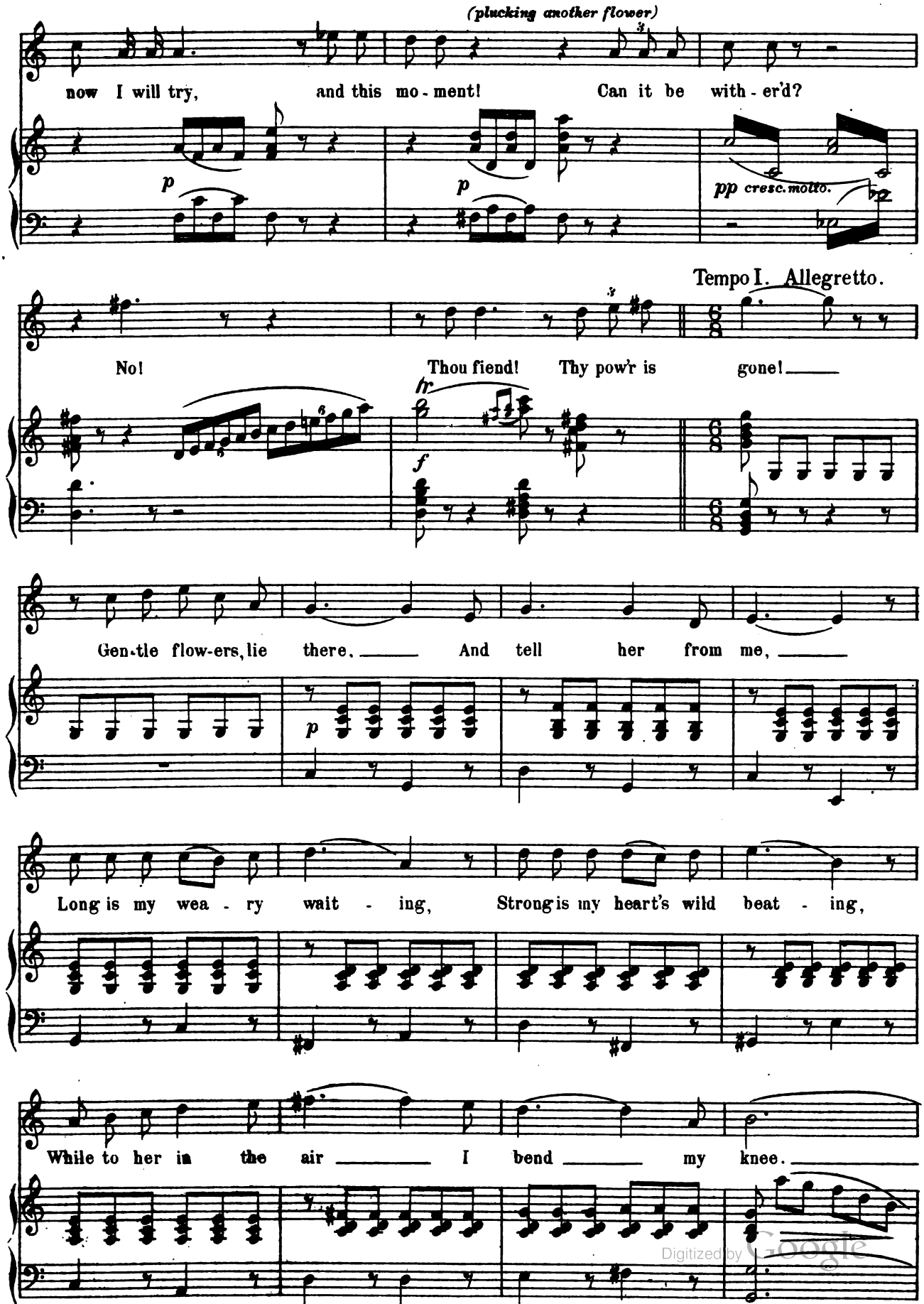
(plucking another flower)
now I will try, and this mo - ment! Can it be with - er'd?
p
p
pp cresc. molto.
Tempo I. Allegretto.
No! Thou fiend! Thy pow'r is gone!
fr
f
Gen - tle flow-ers, lie there, And tell her from me,
p
Long is my wea - ry wait - ing, Strong is my heart's wild beat - ing,
While to her in the air I bend my knee.

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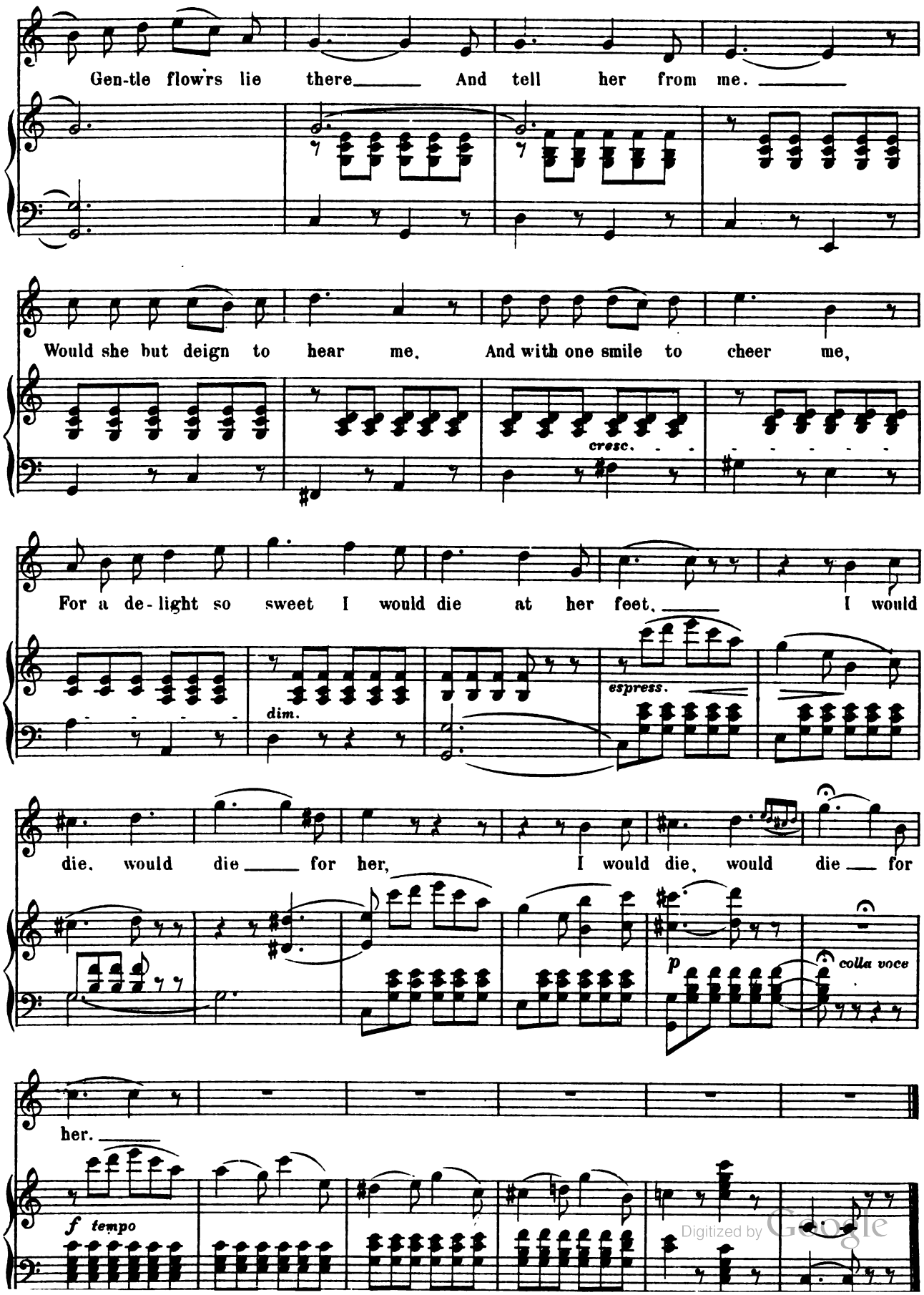
Gen-tle flowrs lie there And tell her from me.
Would she but deign to hear me, And with one smile to cheer me,
cresc.
For a de-light so sweet I would die at her feet, I would
dim.
espress.
die, would die for her, I would die, would die for
p
colla voce
her.
f tempo

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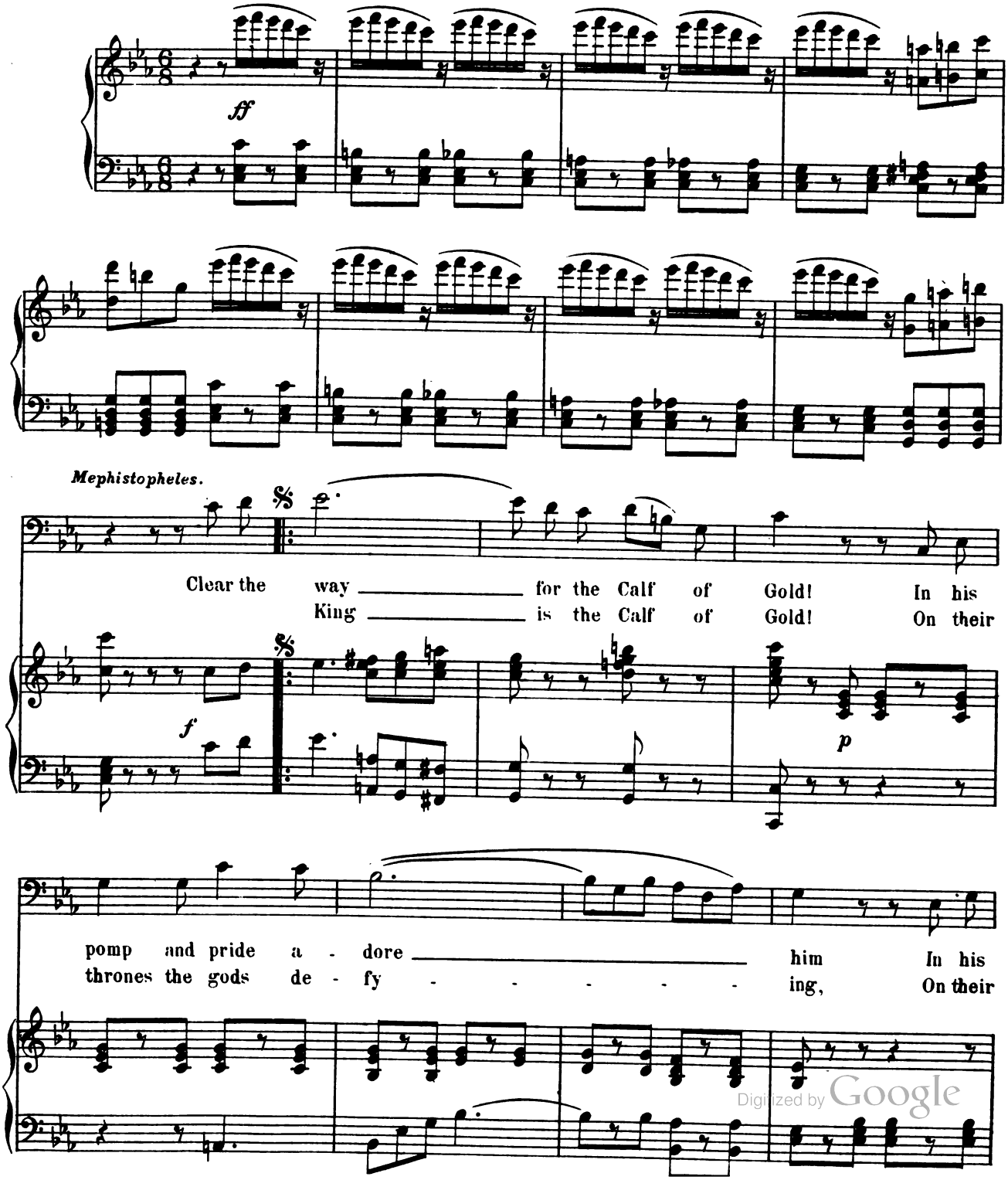
II. Mephistopheles' Song

"SONG OF THE GOLDEN CALF"

FROM 'FAUST'

Allegro maestoso. (♩. = 92.)

ff
Mephistopheles.
Clear the way for the Calf of Gold! In his
King is the Calf of Gold! On their
f
p
pomp and pride a - dore him In his
thrones the gods de - fy - - - - - ing, On their

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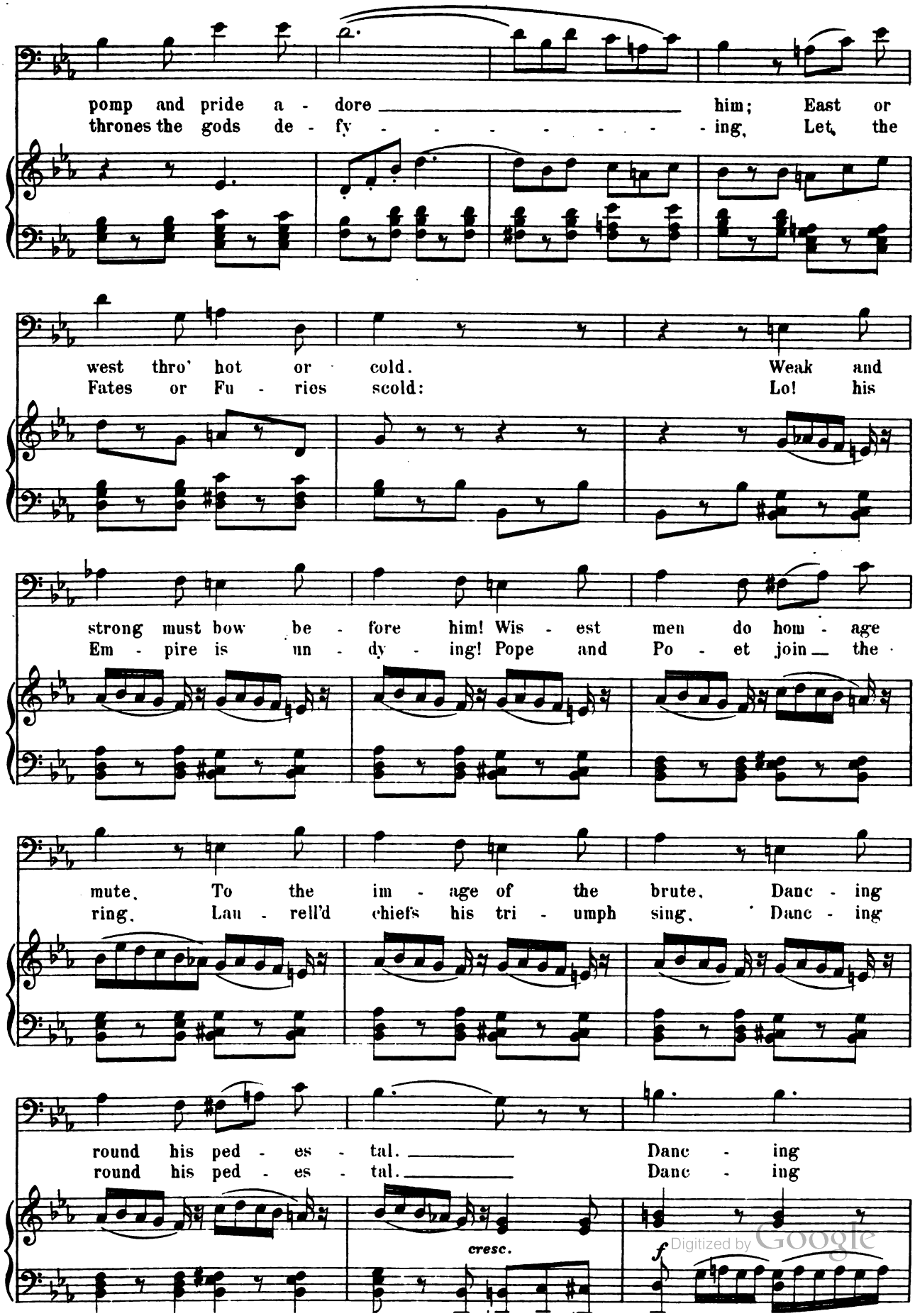
pomp and pride a - dore him; East or
thrones the gods de - fy - - - - - - - - ing, Let the
west thro' hot or cold. Weak and
Fates or Fu - ries scold: Lo! his
strong must bow be - fore him! Wis - est men do hom - age
Em - pire is un - dy - ing! Pope and Po - et join the
mute, To the im - age of the brute, Danc - ing
ring, Lau - rell'd chiefs his tri - umph sing, Danc - ing
round his ped - es - tal. Danc - ing
round his ped - es - tal. Danc - ing
cresc.
f

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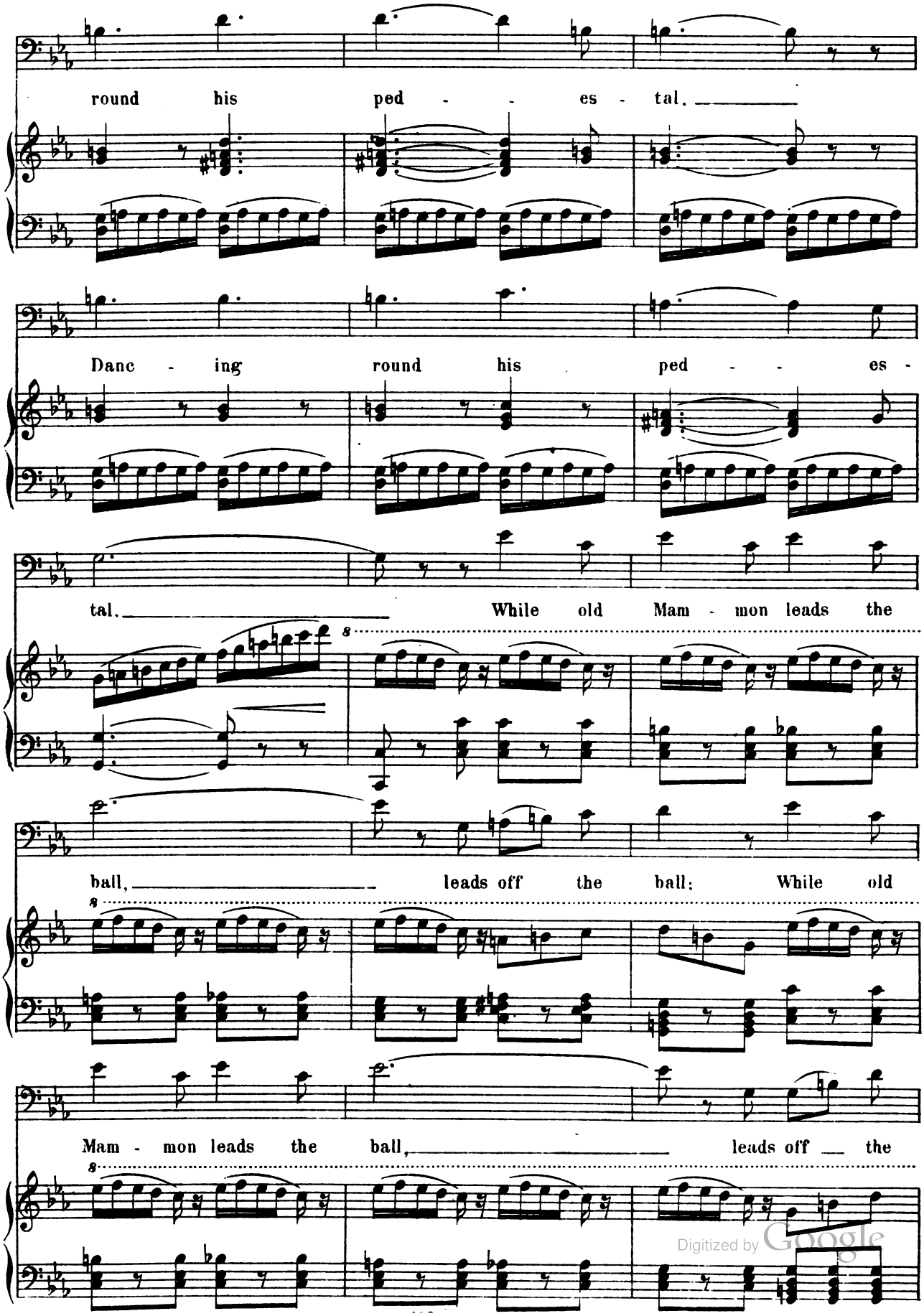
round his ped - - es - tal.
Danc - ing round his ped - - es -
tal. While old Mam - mon leads the
ball, leads off the ball; While old
Mam - mon leads the ball, leads off the

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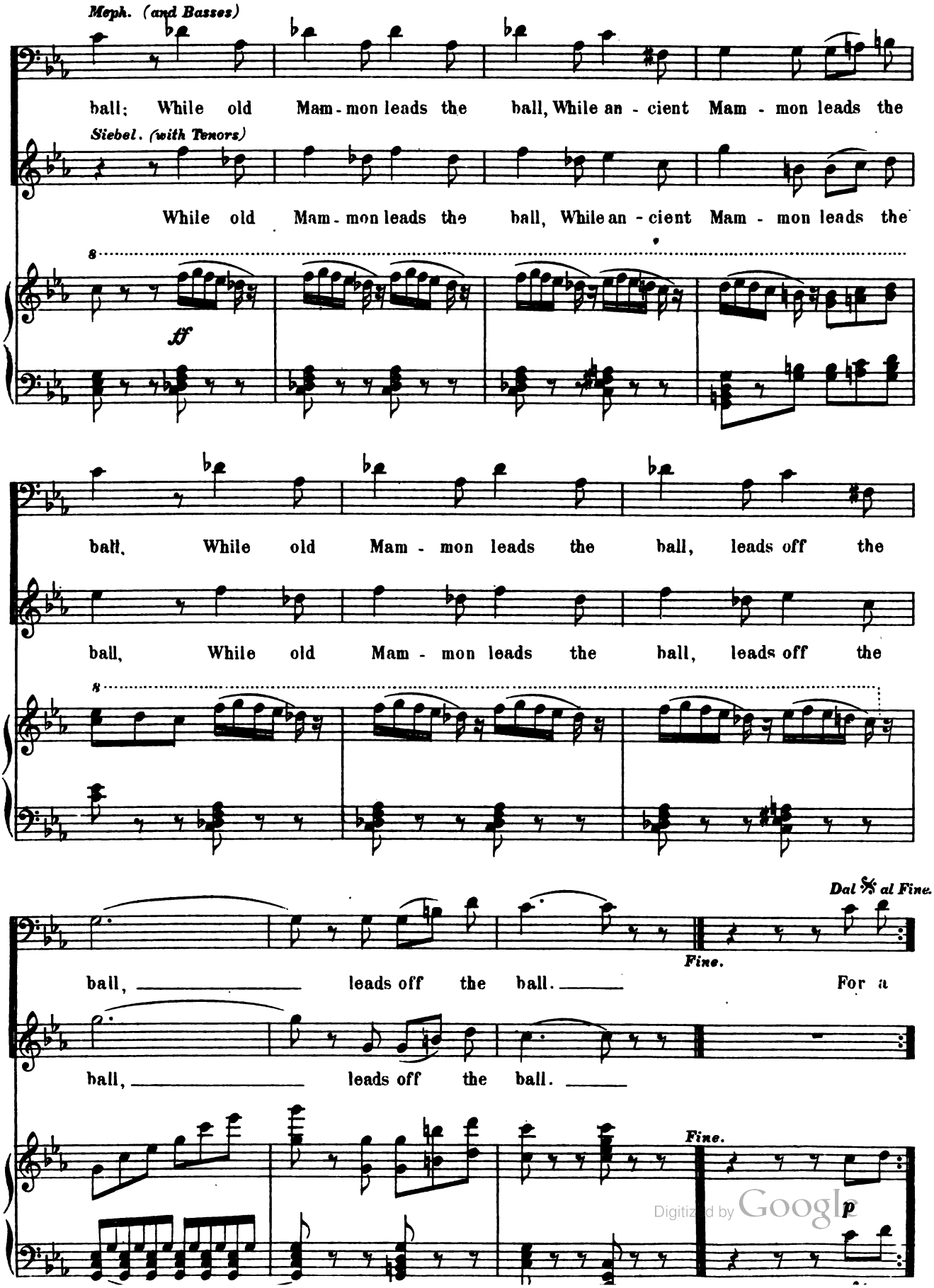
Meph. (and Basses)
ball; While old Mam - mon leads the ball, While an - cient Mam - mon leads the
Siebel. (with Tenors)
While old Mam - mon leads the ball, While an - cient Mam - mon leads the
ff
ball, While old Mam - mon leads the ball, leads off the
ball, While old Mam - mon leads the ball, leads off the
Dal % al Fine.
Fine.
ball, leads off the ball. For a
ball, leads off the ball.
Fine.
p

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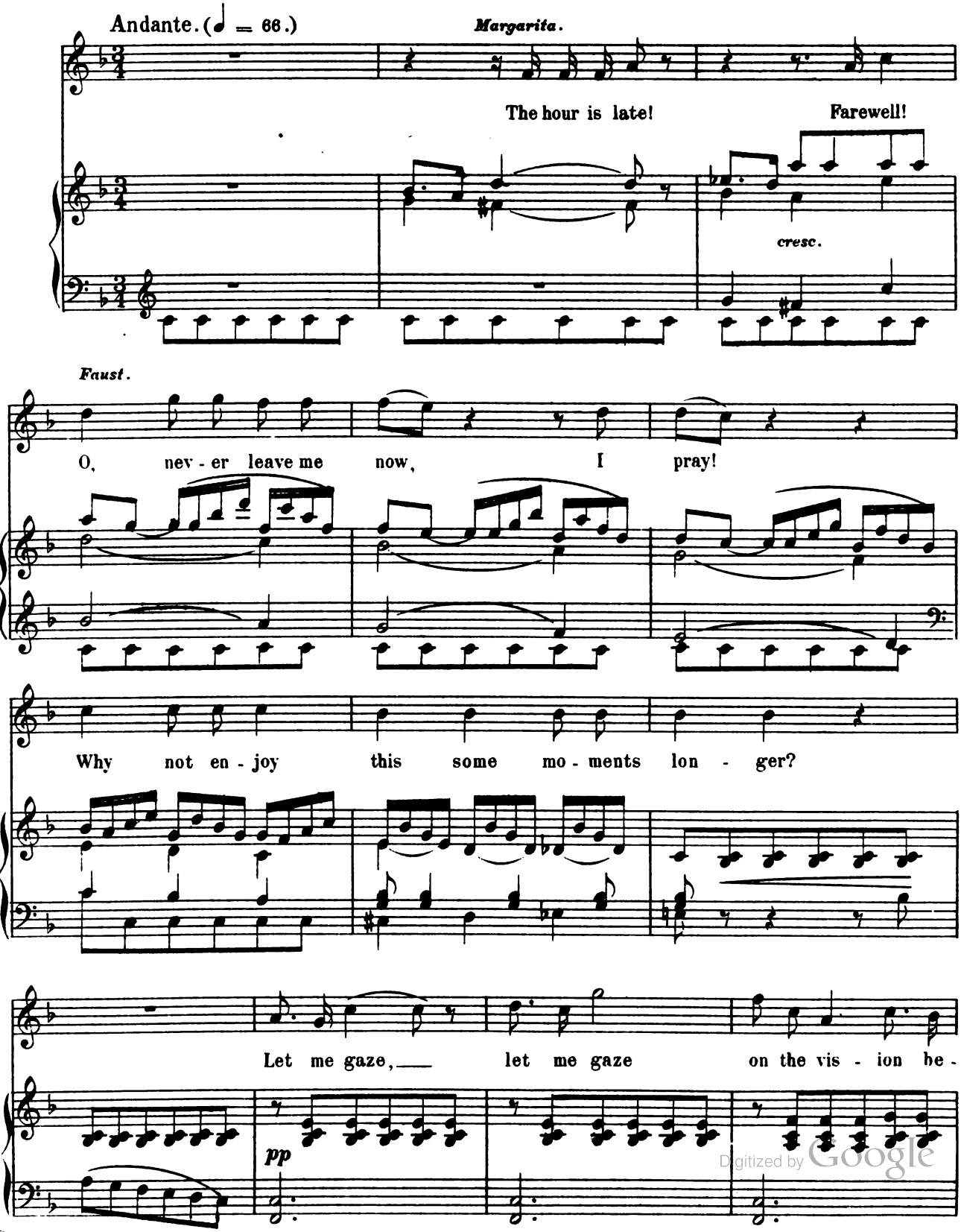
III. LOVE DUET: FAUST AND MARGARITA

FROM THE GARDEN SCENE IN 'FAUST'

Andante. (♩ = 66.)
Margarita.
The hour is late!
Farewell!
cresc.
Faust.
O, nev - er leave me now, I pray!
Why not en - joy this some mo - ments lon - ger?
Let me gaze, let me gaze on the vis - ion be -
pp

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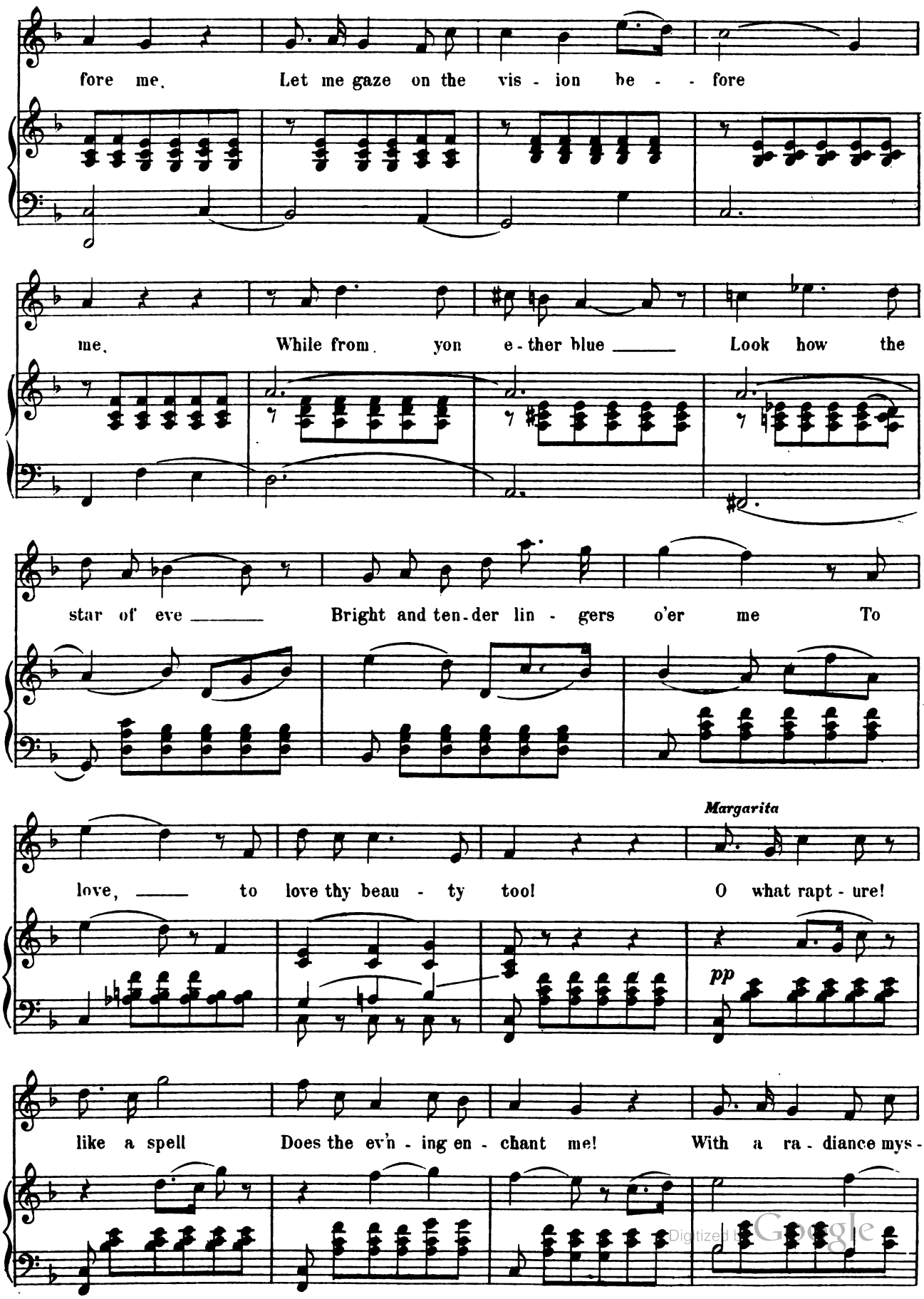
fore me. Let me gaze on the vis - ion be - - fore
me. While from yon e - ther blue ____ Look how the
star of eve ____ Bright and ten - der lin - gers o'er me To
Margarita
love, ____ to love thy beau - ty too! O what rapt - ure!
pp
like a spell Does the ev'n - ing en - chant me! With a ra - diance mys -

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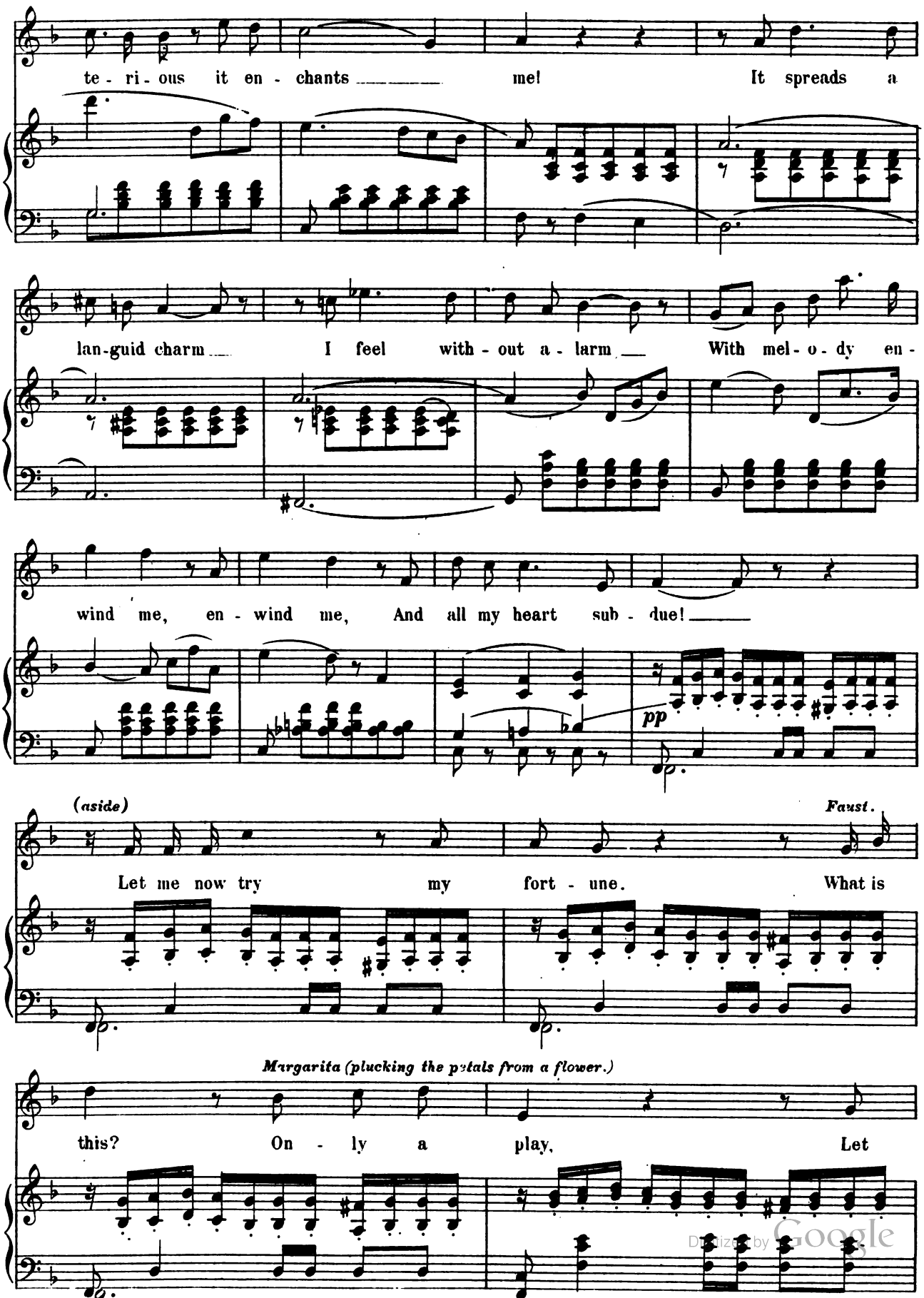
te - ri - ous it en - chants me! It spreads a
lan-guid charm I feel with - out a - larm With mel - o - dy en -
wind me, en - wind me, And all my heart sub - due!
pp
(aside)
Faust.
Let me now try my fort - une. What is
Margarita (plucking the petals from a flower.)
this? On - ly a play, Let

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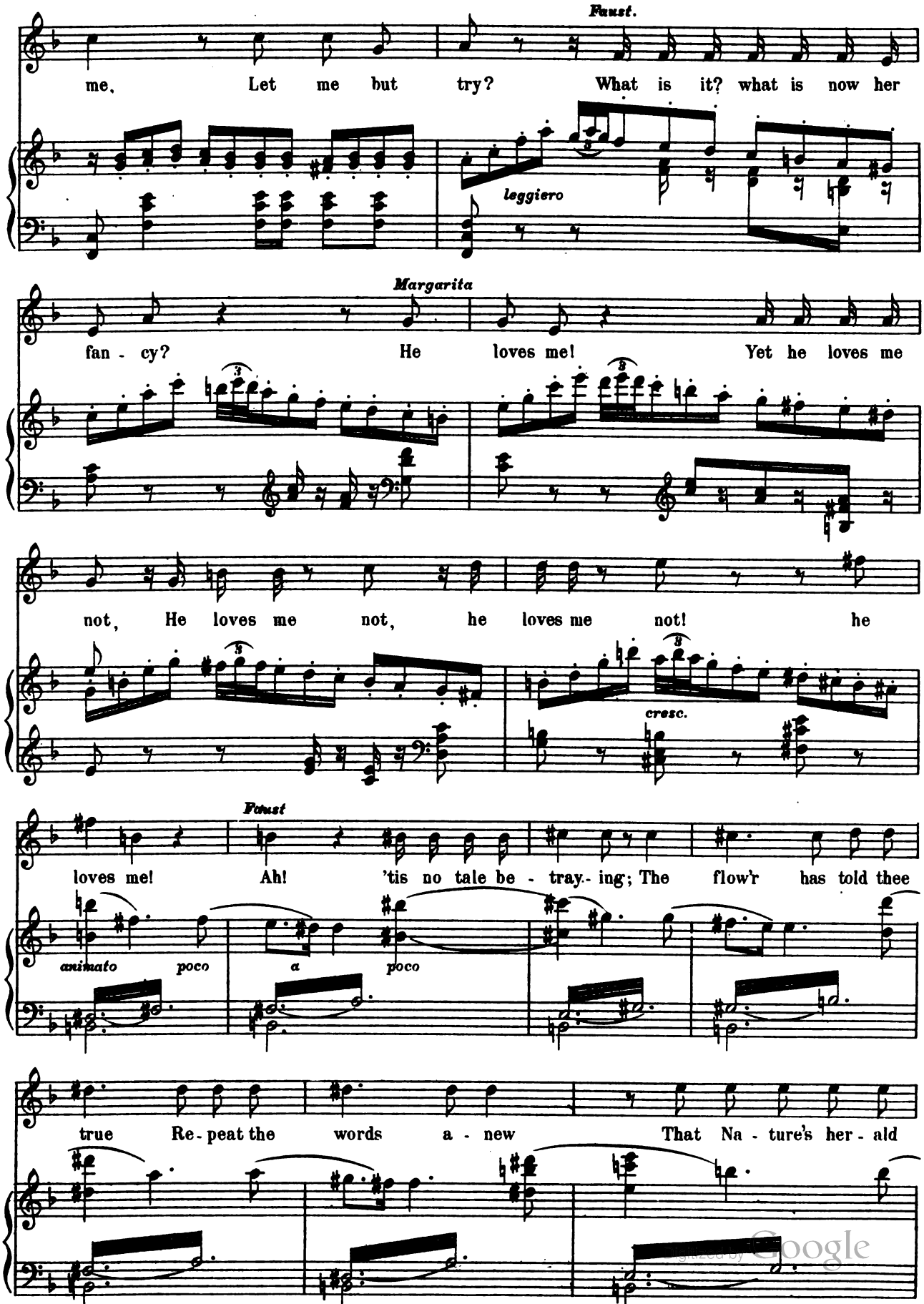
Faust.
me. Let me but try? What is it? what is now her
leggiero
Margarita
fan - cy? He loves me! Yet he loves me
not, He loves me not, he loves me not! he
cresc.
Faust
loves me! Ah! 'tis no tale be - tray.- ing; The flow'r has told thee
animato poco a poco
true Re - peat the words a - new That Na - ture's her - ald

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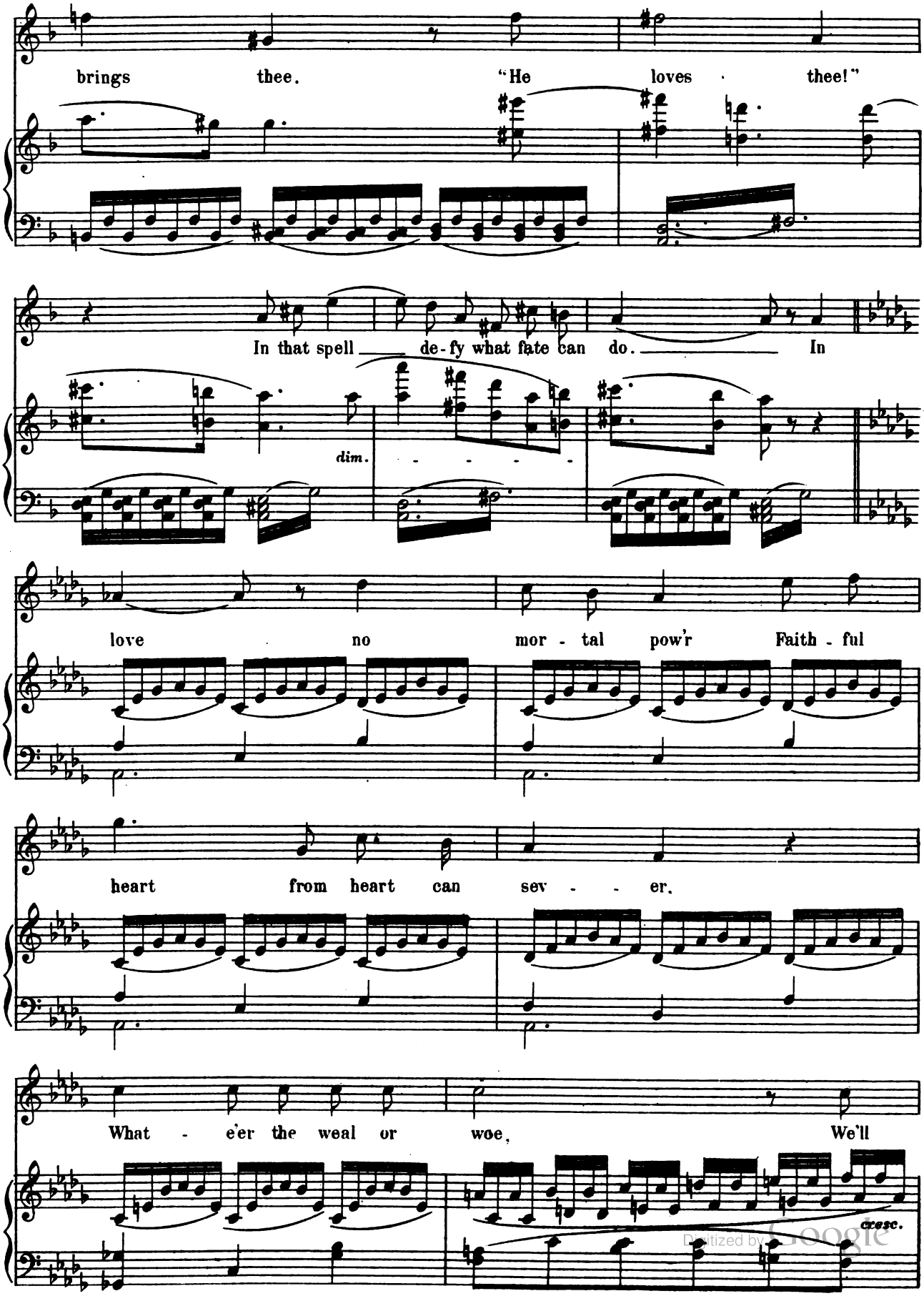
brings thee. "He loves thee!"
In that spell de-fy what fate can do. In
dim.
love no mor-tal pow'r Faith-ful
heart from heart can sev-er.
What-e'er the weal or woe, We'll
cresc.

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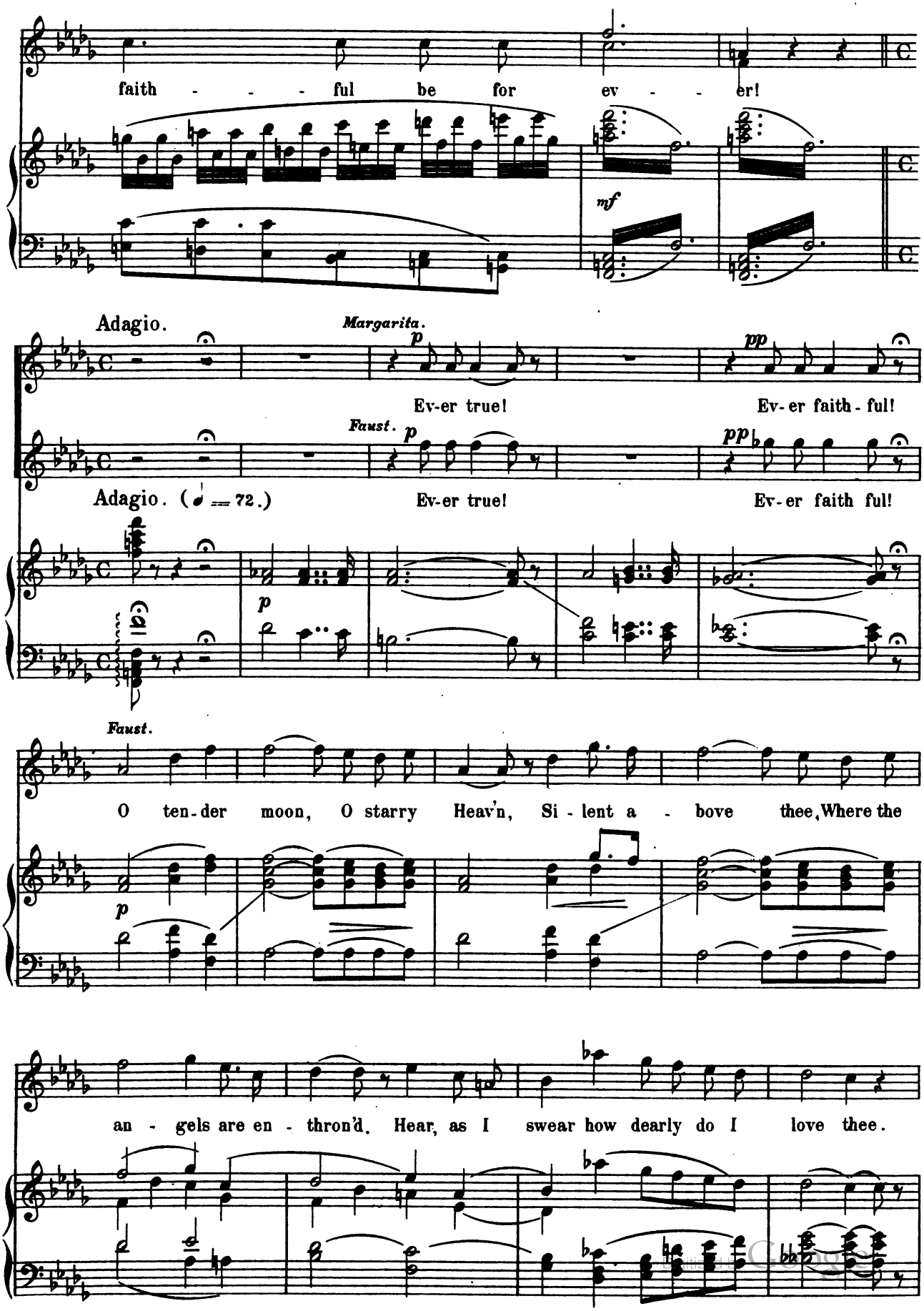
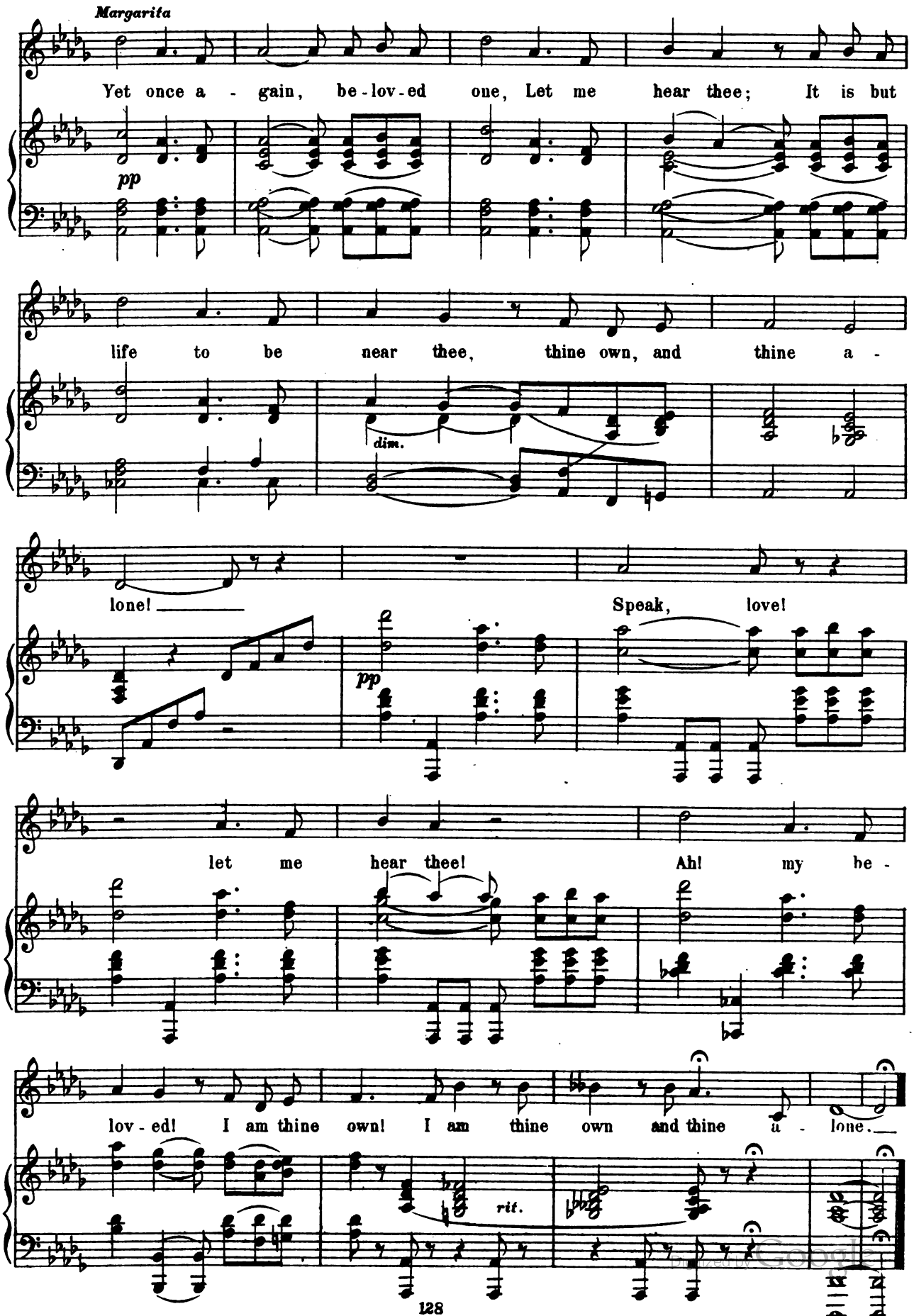
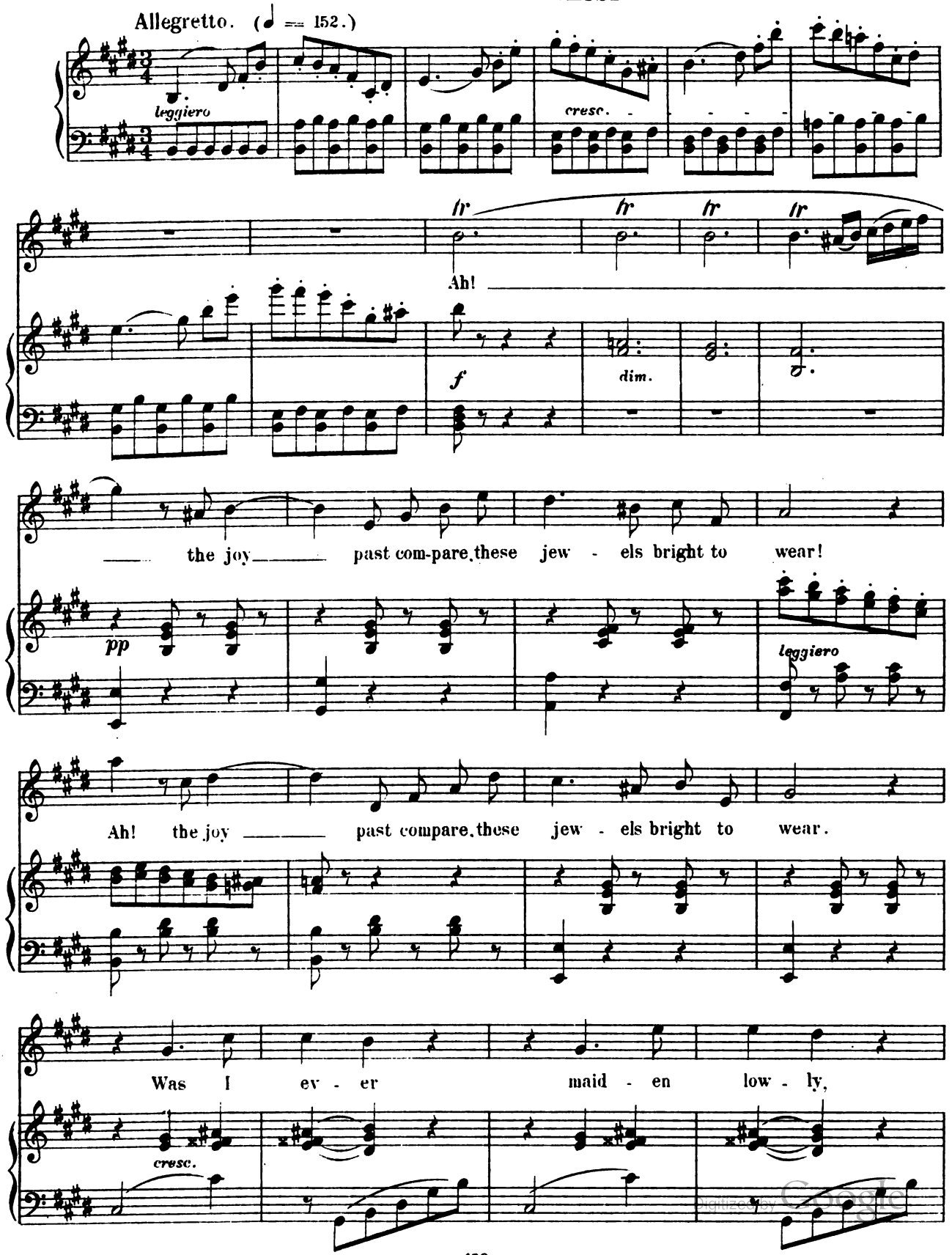

faith - - - ful be for ev - - er!
mf
Adagio.
Margarita.
p
Ev-er true!
pp
Ev-er faith-ful!
Faust.
p
Adagio. (♩ = 72.)
Ev-er true!
pp
Ev-er faith ful!
p
Faust.
O ten-der moon, O starry Heav'n, Si - lent a - bove thee, Where the
p
an - gels are en - thron'd. Hear, as I swear how dearly do I love thee.

Margarita
Yet once a - gain, be-lov-ed one, Let me hear thee; It is but
pp
life to be near thee, thine own, and thine a -
dim.
lone! Speak, love!
pp
let me hear thee! Ah! my be -
lov-ed! I am thine own! I am thine own and thine a - lone.
rit.

IV. THE JEWEL SONG

MARGARITA. FROM 'FAUST'

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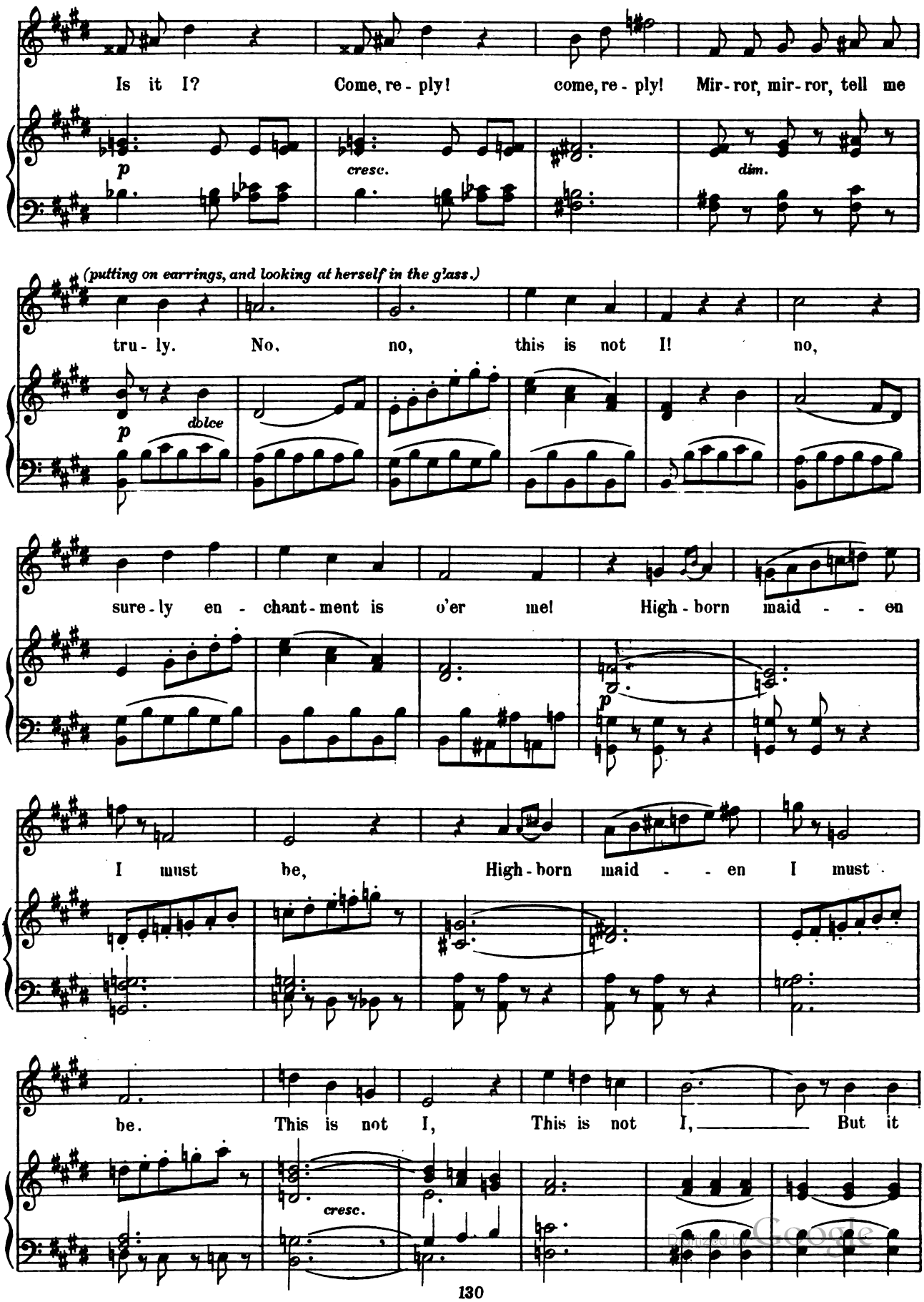
Is it I? Come, re - ply! come, re - ply! Mir - ror, mir - ror, tell me
p
cresc.
dim.
(putting on earrings, and looking at herself in the glass.)
tru - ly. No, no, this is not I! no,
p
dolce
sure - ly en - chant - ment is o'er me! High - born maid - - en
p
I must be, High - born maid - - en I must
be. This is not I, This is not I, But it
cresc.

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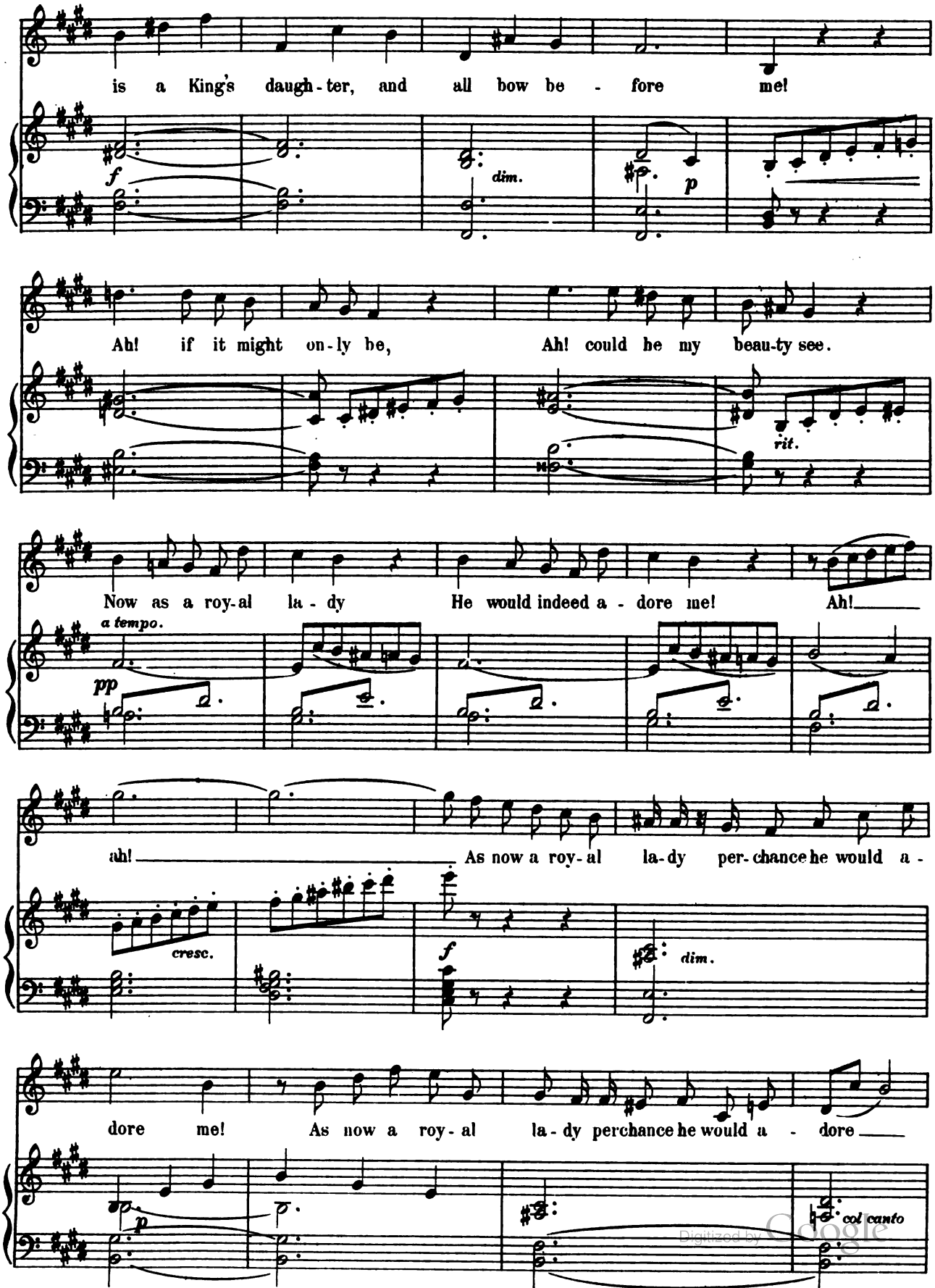
is a King's daugh-ter, and all bow be - fore me!
f
dim.
p
Ah! if it might on-ly be, Ah! could be my beau-ty see.
rit.
Now as a roy-al la - dy He would indeed a - dore me! Ah!
a tempo.
pp
ah! As now a roy-al la-dy per-chance he would a -
cresc.
f
dim.
dore me! As now a roy - al la - dy perchance he would a - dore
p
col canto

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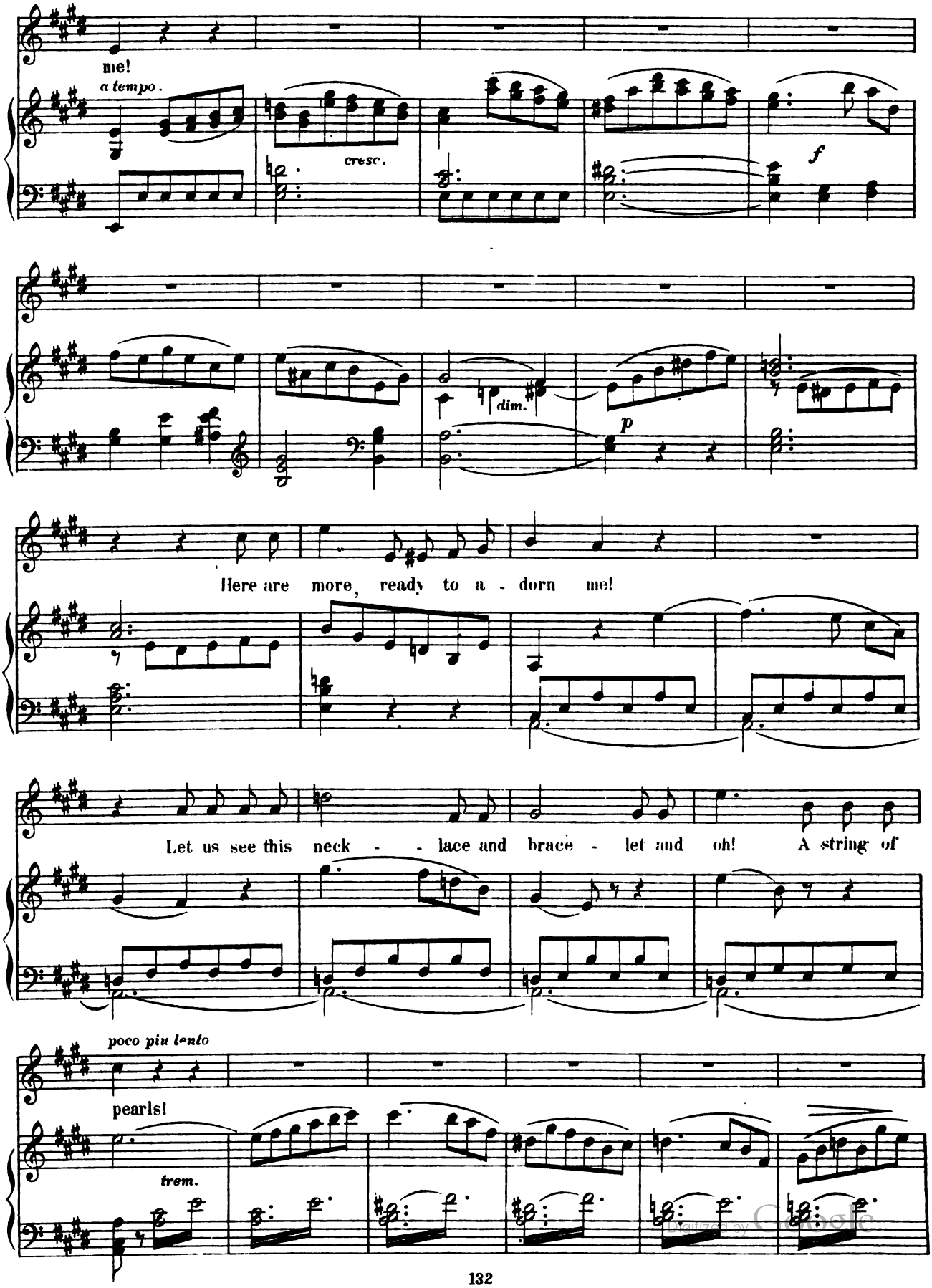
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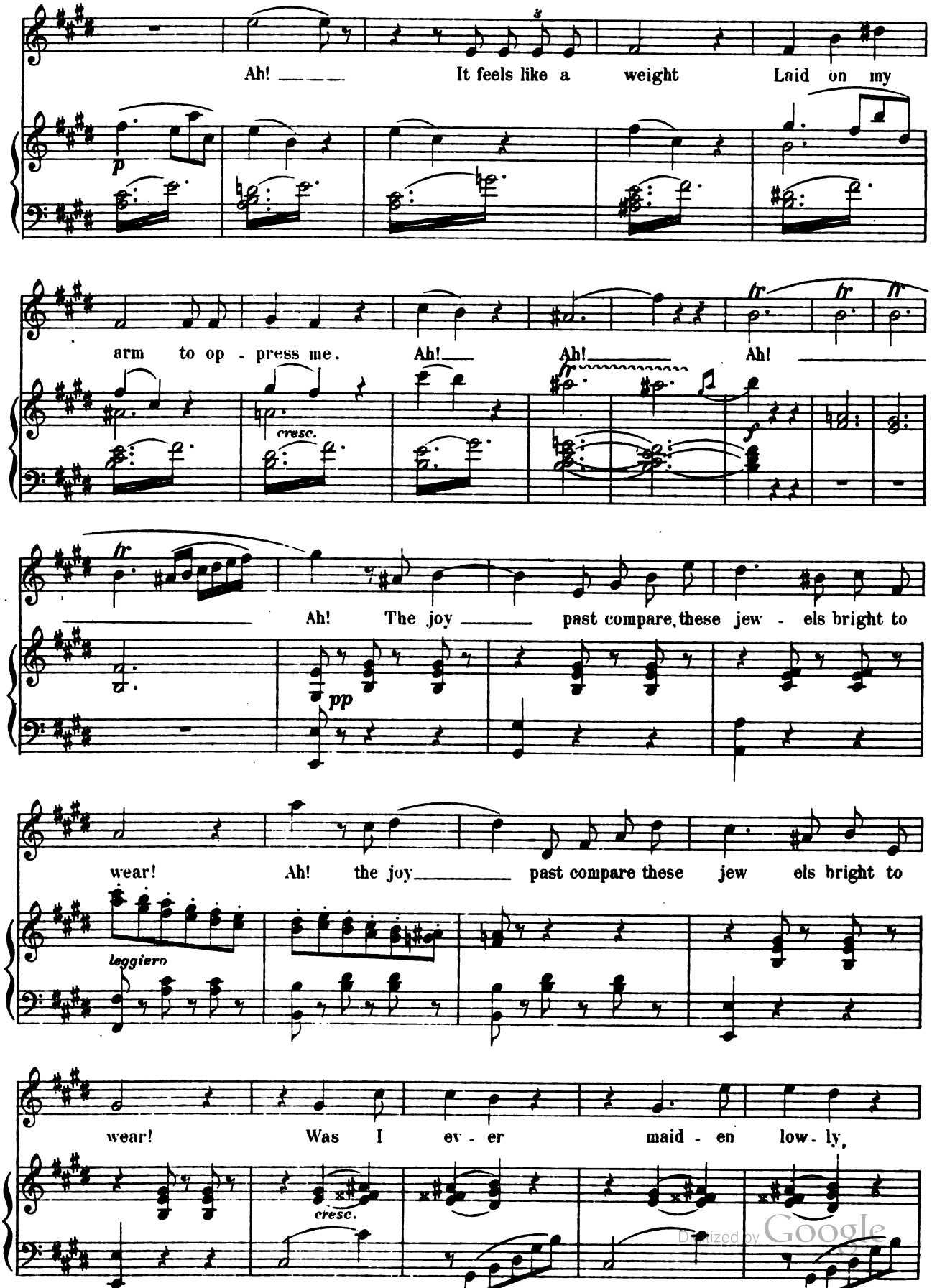
Ah! It feels like a weight Laid on my
p
arm to op - press me. Ah! Ah! Ah!
cresc.
f
Ah! The joy past compare, these jew - els bright to
pp
wear! Ah! the joy past compare these jew els bright to
leggiero
wear! Was I ev - er maid - en low - ly,
cresc.

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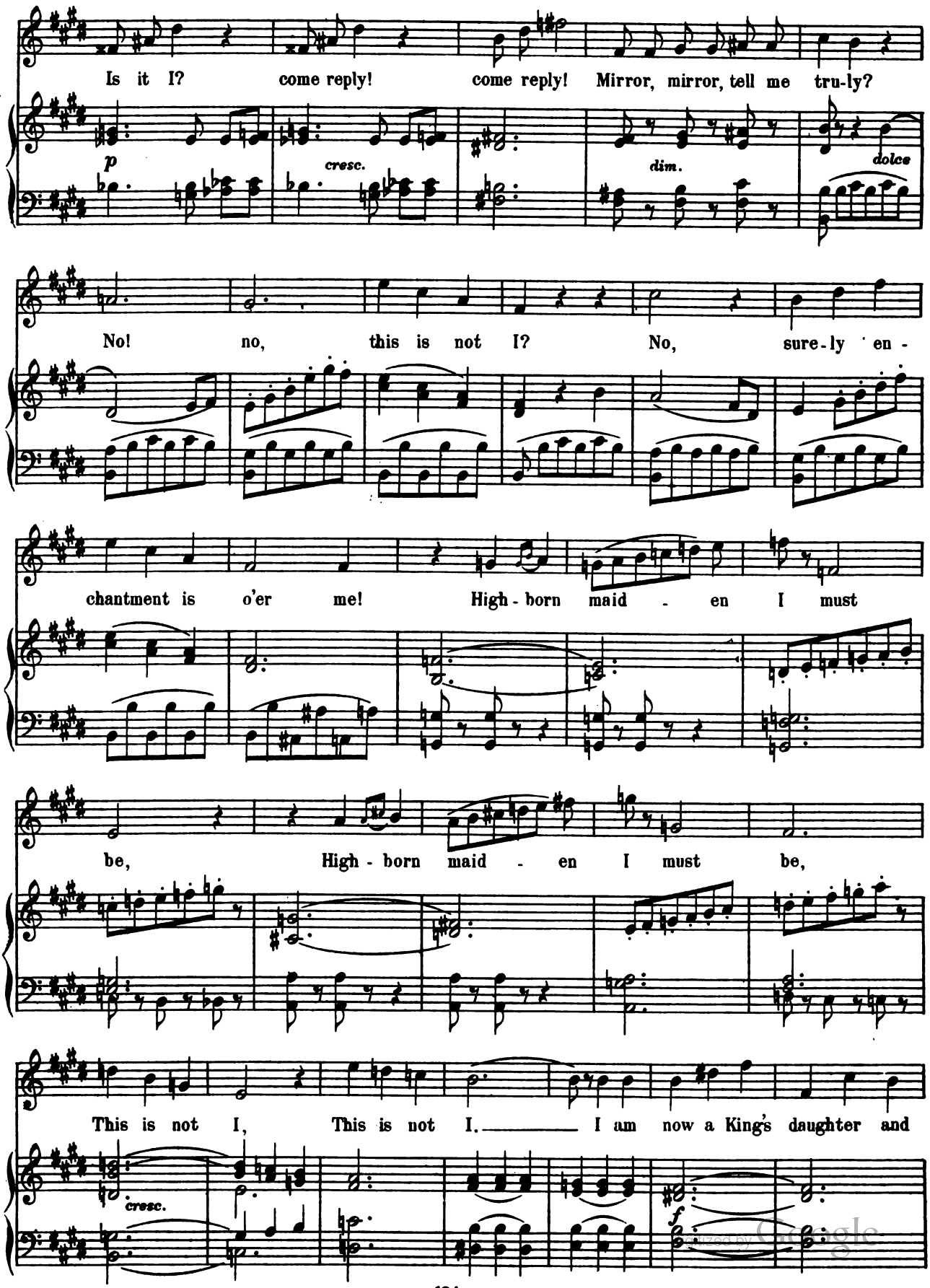
Is it I? come reply! come reply! Mirror, mirror, tell me tru-ly?
p
cresc.
dim.
dolce
No! no, this is not I? No, sure-ly en-
chantment is o'er me! High-born maid-en I must
be, High-born maid-en I must be,
This is not I, This is not I. I am now a King's daughter and
cresc.
f

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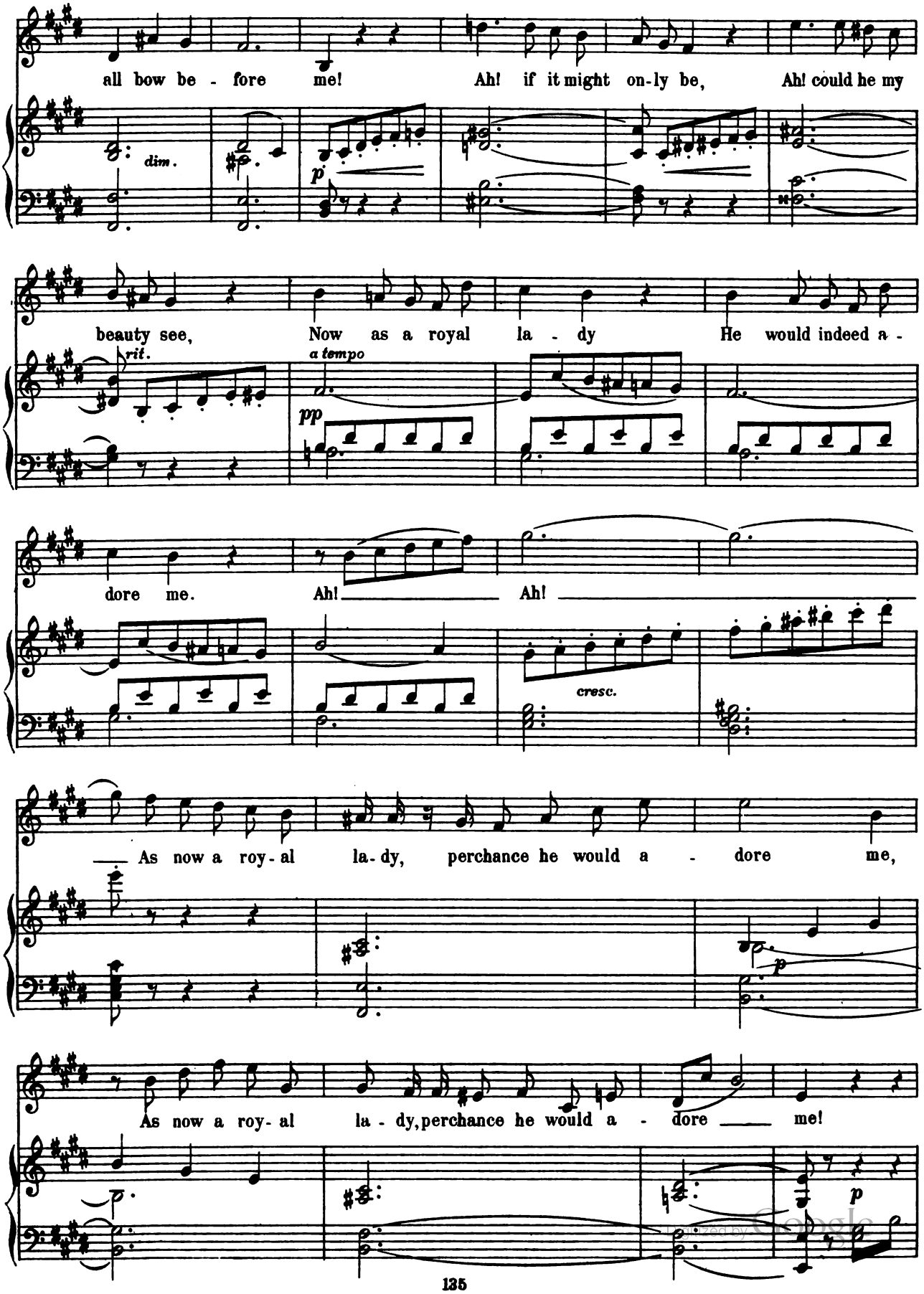
all bow be - fore me! Ah! if it might on-ly be, Ah! could he my
dim.
p
beauty see, Now as a royal la - dy He would indeed a -
rit.
a tempo
pp
dore me. Ah! Ah!
cresc.
As now a roy - al la - dy, perchance he would a - dore me,
p
As now a roy - al la - dy, perchance he would a - dore me!
p

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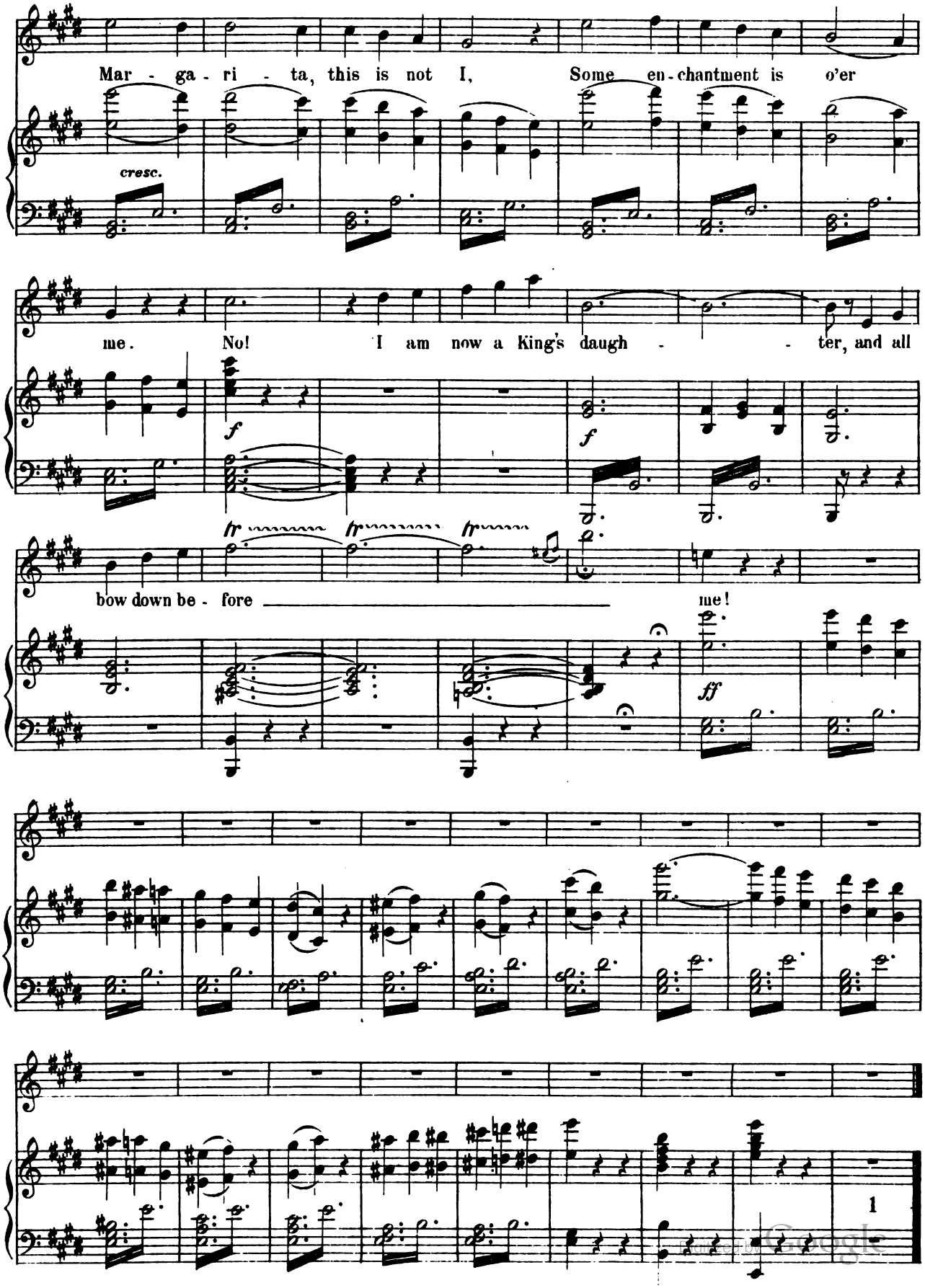
Mar - ga - ri - ta, this is not I, Some en-chantment is o'er
cresc.
me. No! I am now a King's daugh - - ter, and all
f
f
tr tr tr
bow down be - fore me!
ff
1

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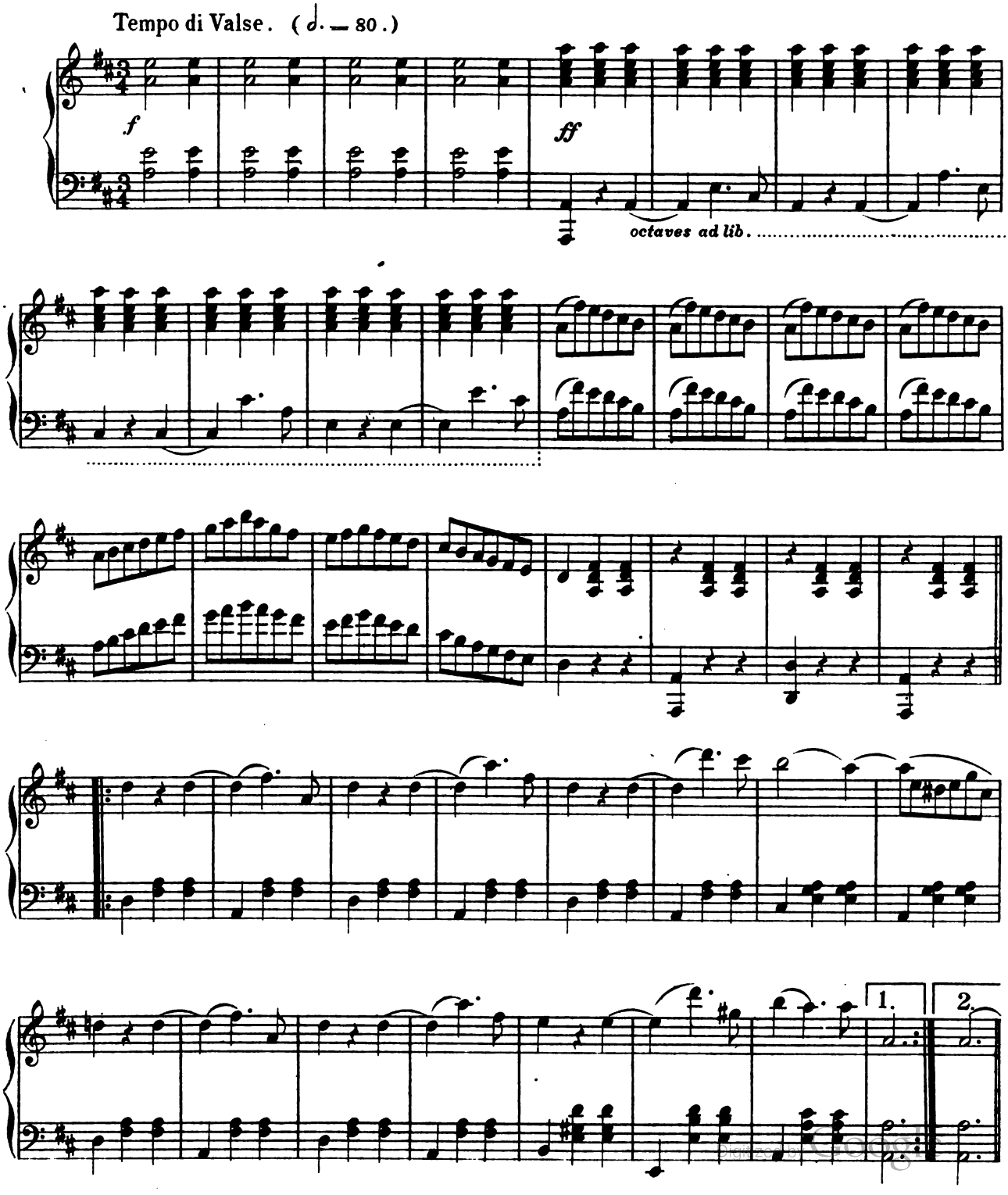
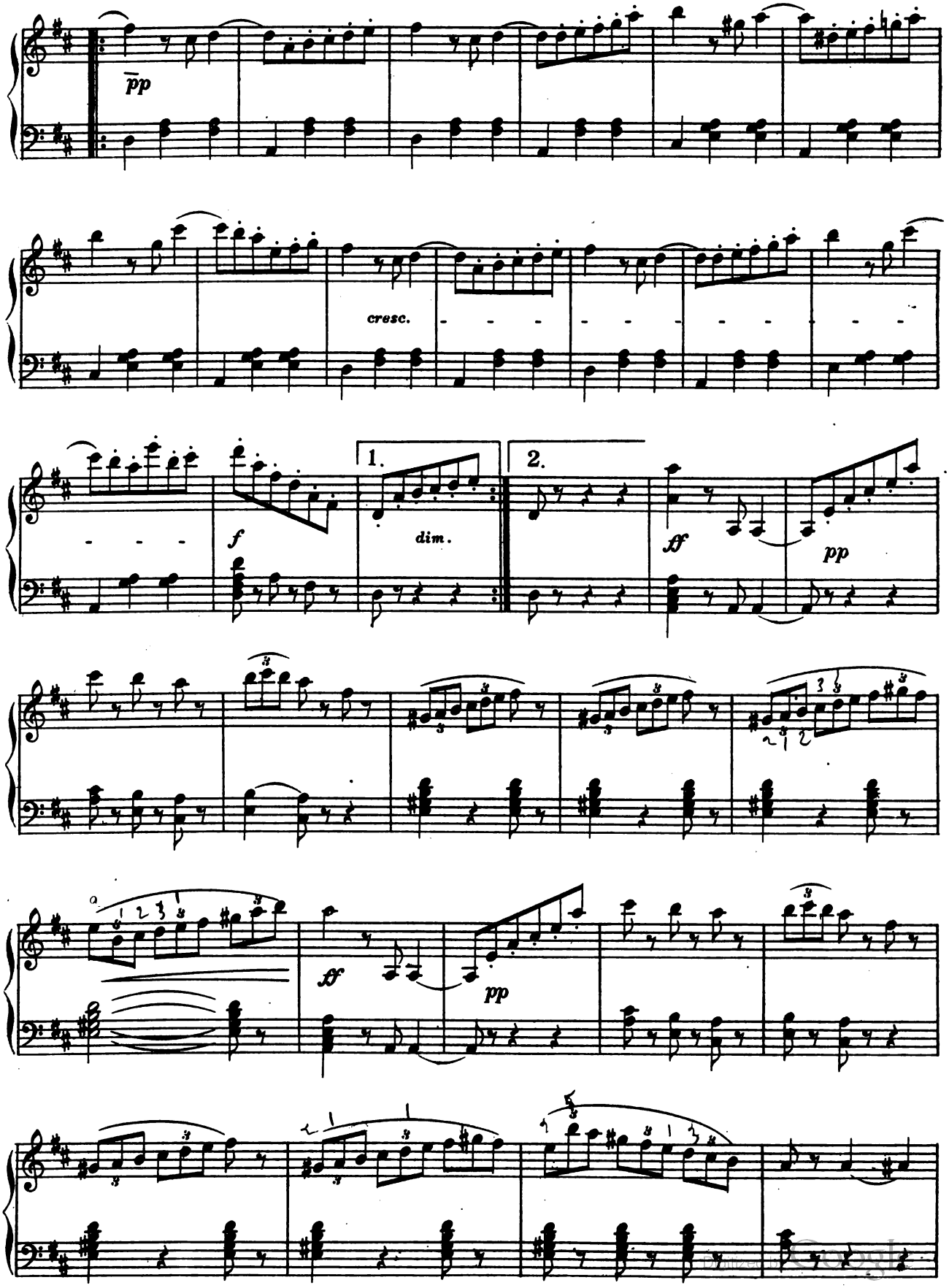
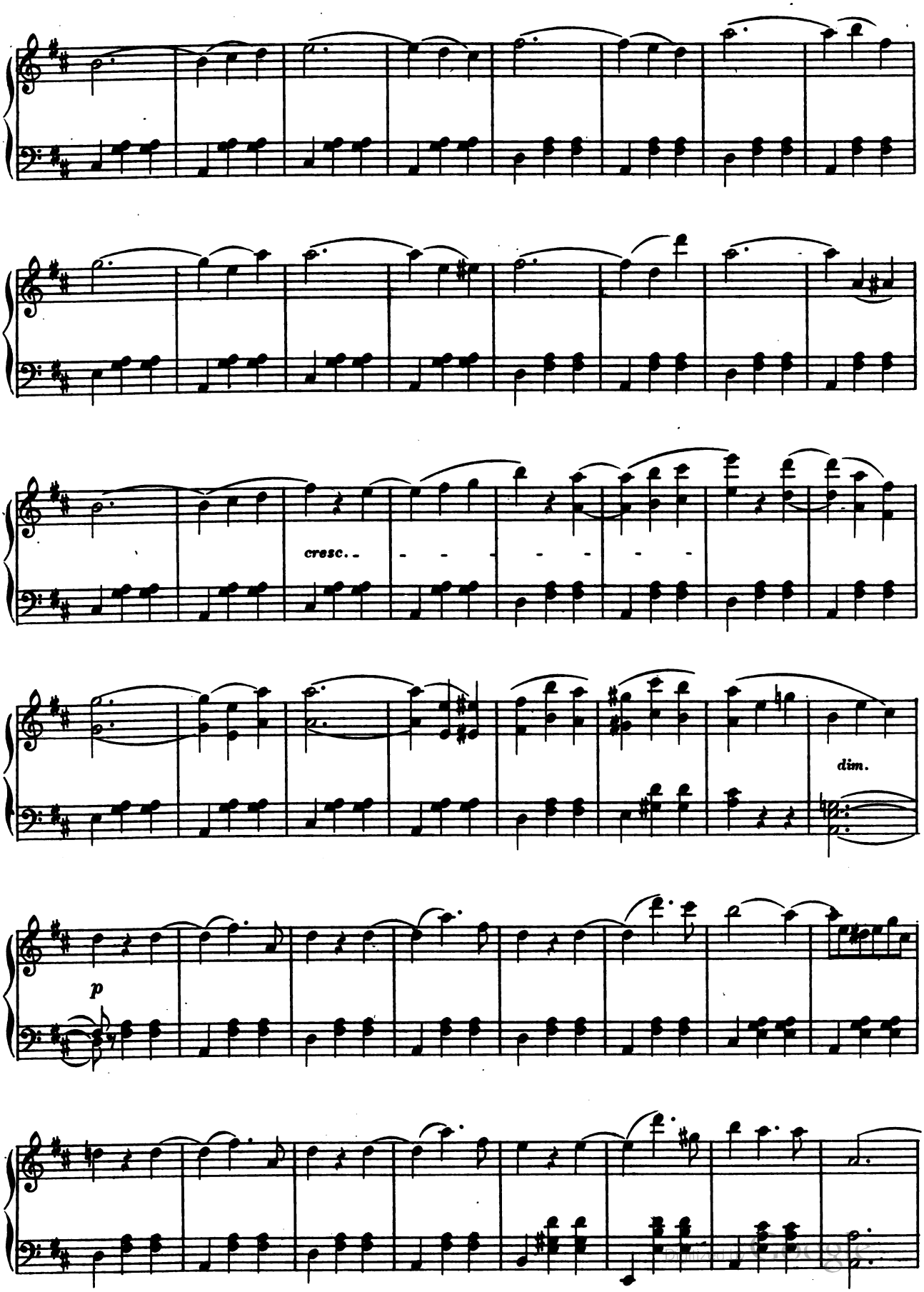
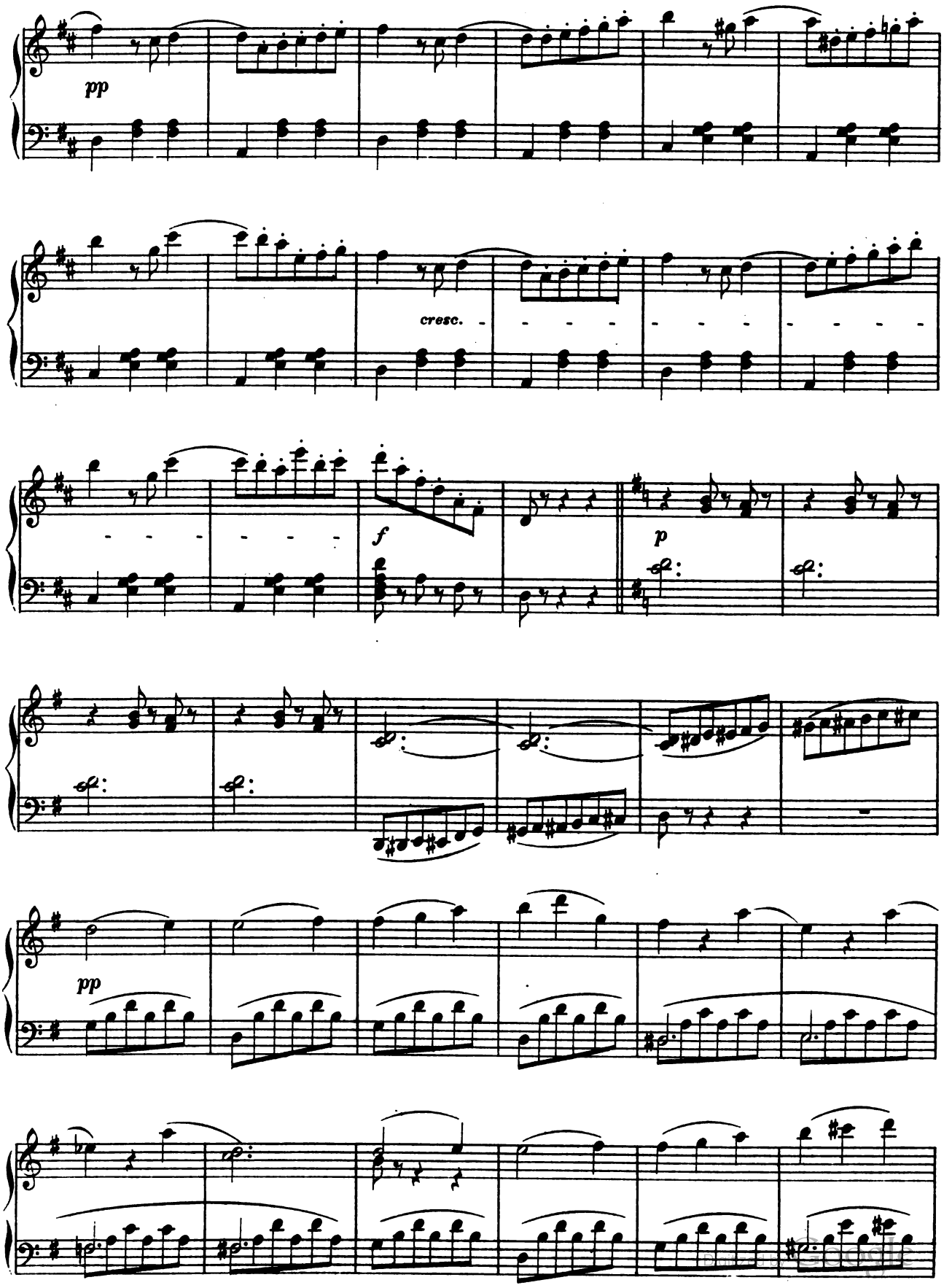
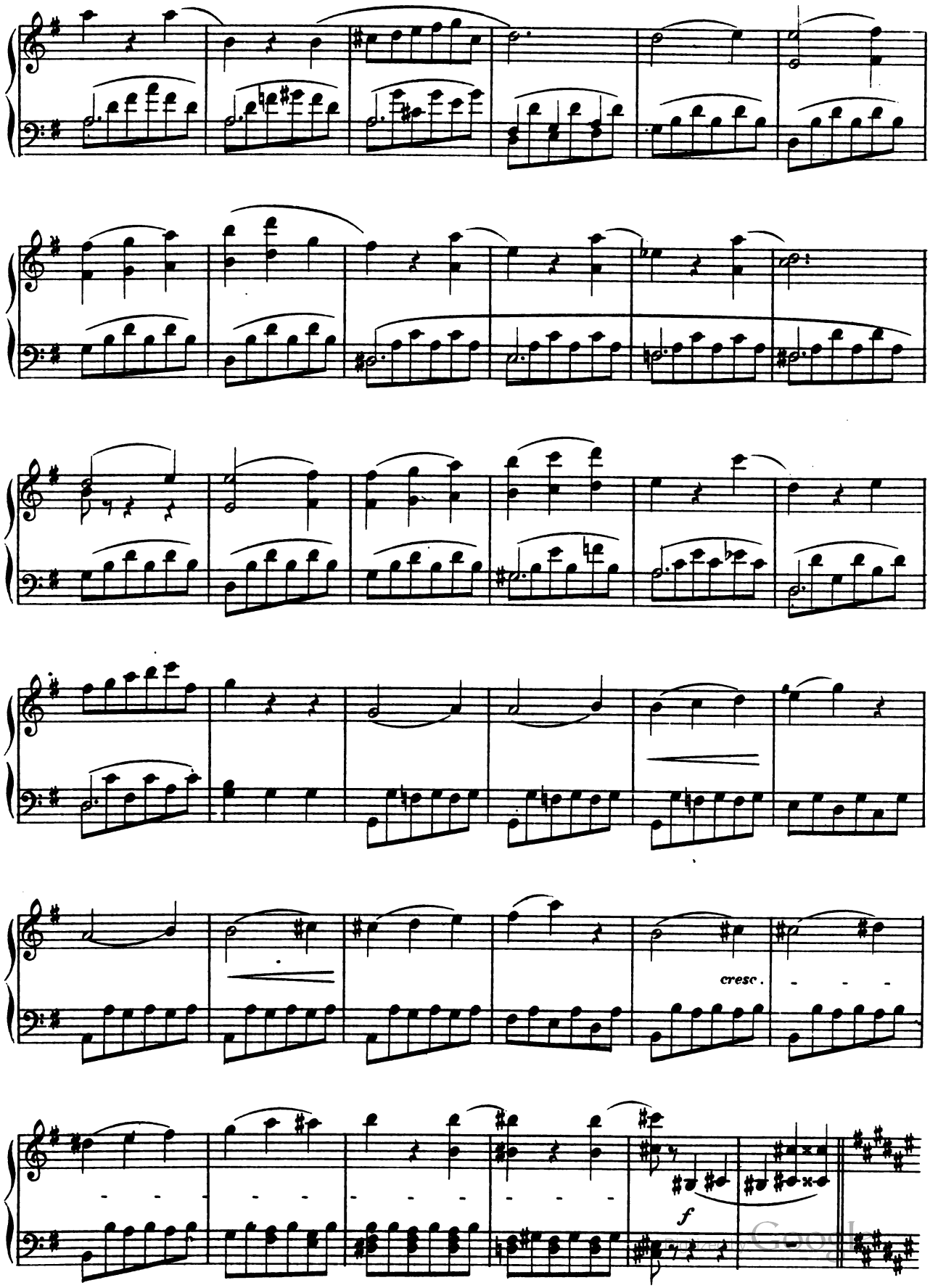
V. The Waltz Chorus in 'Faust'

TRANSCRIBED FOR PIANO

BY THE COMPOSER

pp
cresc.
f
dim.
1.
2.
ff
pp
ff
pp

cresc.
dim.
p

pp
cresc.
f
p
pp

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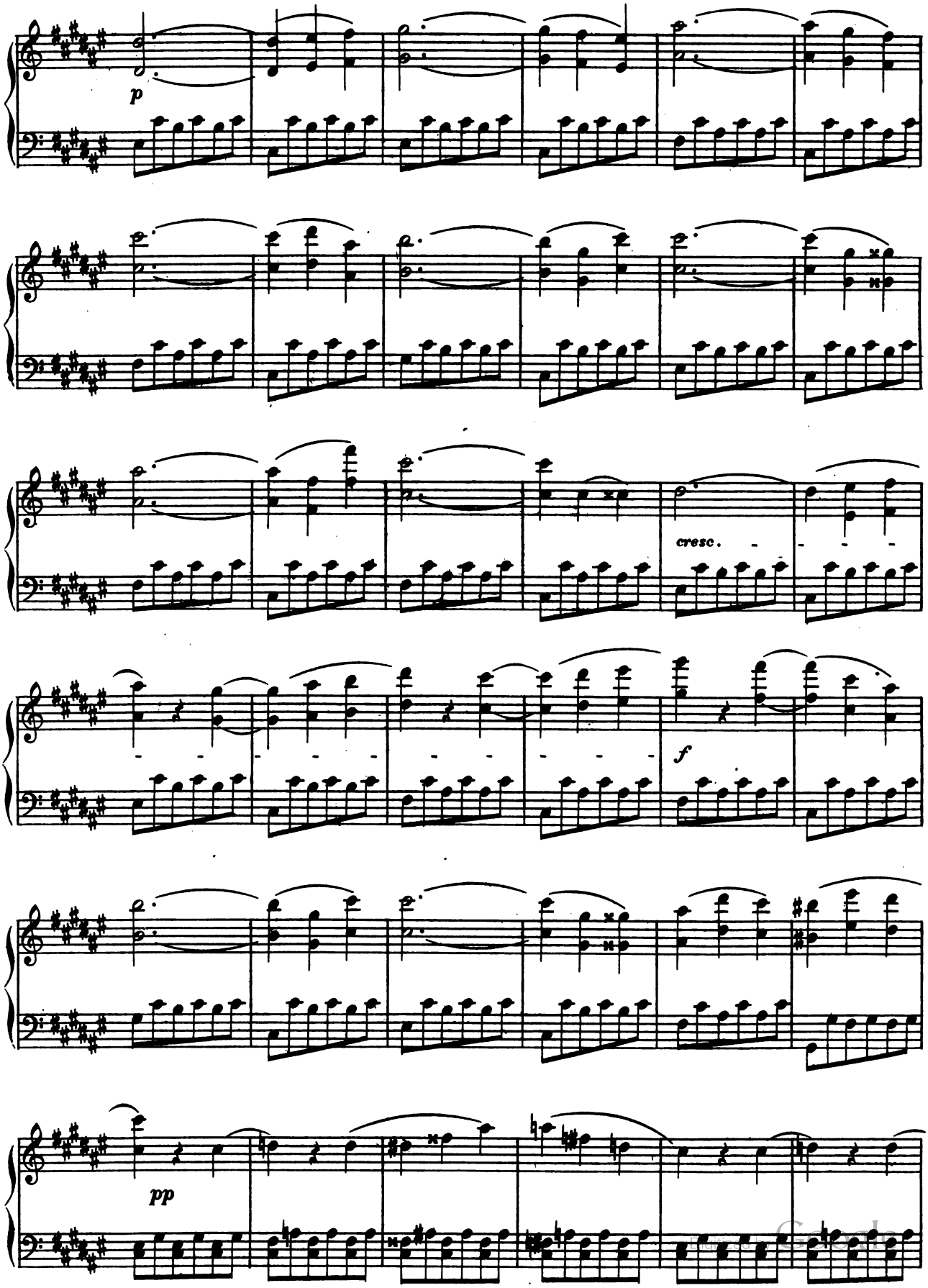
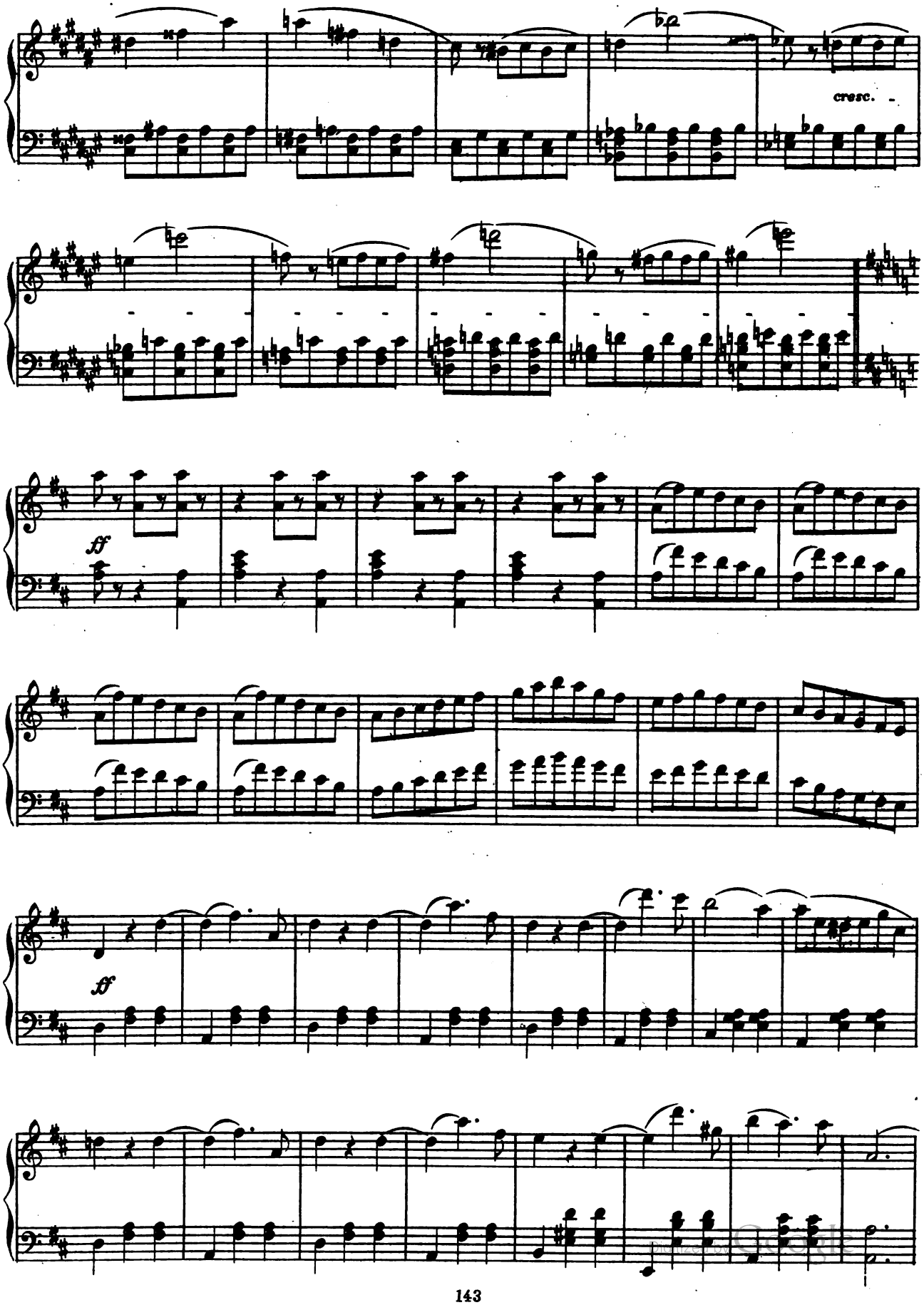
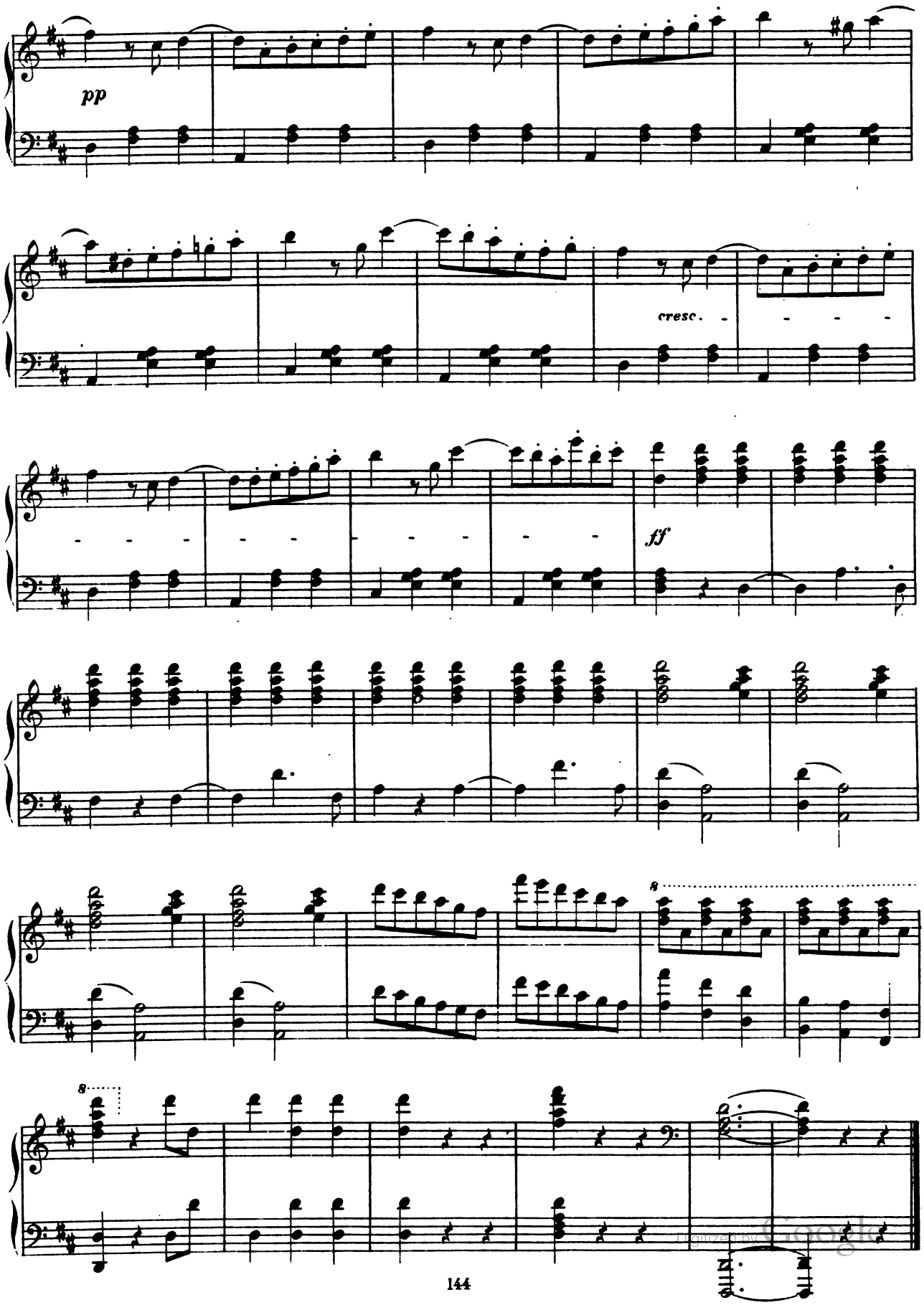

p
cresc.
f
pp

cresc.
ff
ff

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

MENDELSSOHN

BORN 1809: DIED 1847

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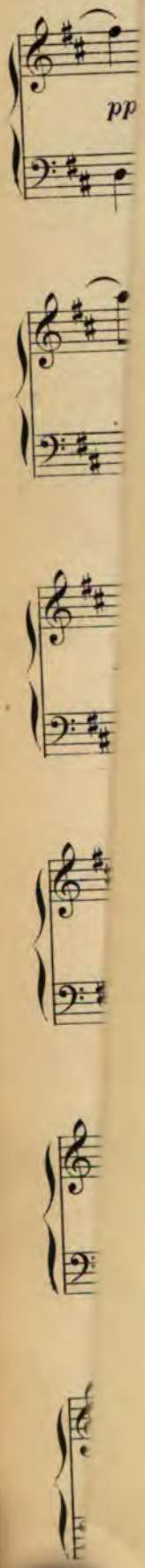
FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

"The leading feature of Mendelssohn's outward and inner nature," we learn from his friend Devrient, "was an extraordinary sensitiveness. An extreme mobility about the mouth betrayed every emotion that passed within." He had large and expressive dark eyes, a high, thoughtful forehead, much depressed at the temples, and a delicate, arched nose, in which his Jewish origin was revealed. The portrait given above is from a painting by Edward Magnus, pronounced the best likeness of Mendelssohn.

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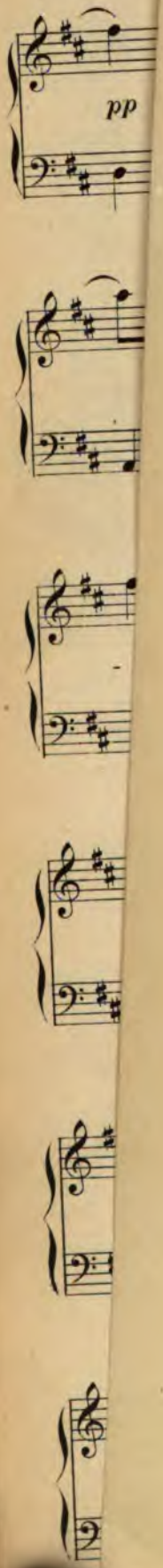

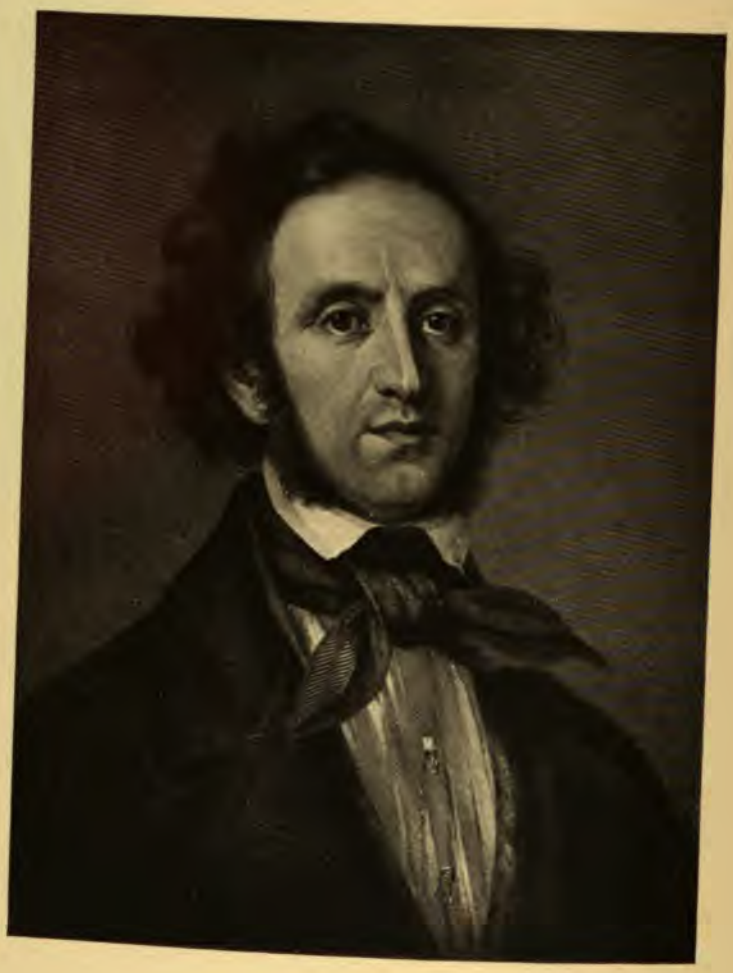

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over the world as the 'German Socrates.' Abraham, the second son of Moses, married, in 1804, Lea Salomon, a banker's daughter. They brought up their family of four children as Protestant Christians, distinguishing themselves from the branches of the family remaining in the Jewish faith by adding the name Bartholdy to their own.

Felix's father, Abraham Mendelssohn, was a man of strong character and wide sympathies. He was a successful banker, but found time, in spite of the stress of business cares, to direct the details of his children's education, and to enter with interest into their pursuits and pleasures. All his children had talent. Fanny, the eldest, was perhaps as fine a pianist as Felix; and the brother and sister, who studied music together, and played together at their home, excited the wonder and admiration of all who heard them by their finished and artistic performance. Fanny also composed music. Several of the 'Songs without Words' were written by her, but owing to her own modesty and the family's strong feeling that it was unbecoming a woman to enter the public arena, they were published with the songs of Felix and under his name. Throughout her life Fanny was the devoted friend and congenial companion of her brother, and there is no doubt that the shock of her death greatly hastened his own.

In 1811, during the French occupation of the city, life in Hamburg became so intolerable that Abraham Mendelssohn decided to move with his family to Berlin. There they lived for many years in a large house on the Neue Promenade.

In 1816 the family made a journey to Paris, where Felix's musical education, already begun by his mother, was carried on by Mme. Bigot. On his return to Berlin he studied with Berger and Zelter. It was through the latter that he formed that friendship with Goethe, so pleasant to read of, which made the old poet of seventy and the marvelous boy of thirteen companions in their delight and joy in the music of the old masters. "Every afternoon," Felix wrote home from one of his visits in Weimar, "Goethe opens the piano with these words, 'I have not heard you at all to-day, so you must make a little noise for me.'" Felix would then sit at the piano playing Haydn, Mozart, Bach, and Beethoven, while Goethe sat in the shadow, "like a Jupiter Tonans, with his old eyes flashing fire." After these visits Mendelssohn returned with renewed ardor to the home in Berlin, to the mathematics, and Greek, and music shared with his sister and brother. In this happy and protected home life he grew up a healthy and charming, but sensitive, intense, and wonderfully precocious child. He composed music very early, beginning in his twelfth year the series of forty-four manuscript volumes in which throughout his life he wrote or copied most of his works. These first compositions were written not merely for practice, but were performed at the musicals and concerts which the family gave every week; so that Mendelssohn had from childhood what many mature musicians long for in vain, the opportunity of hearing his compositions performed on the instruments for which they were written. This experience must have been largely in-

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fluential in developing his wonderful faculty of suiting his music to the particular instrument for which it was intended.

It was during these years that Mendelssohn met Moscheles and studied with him, forming that intimate and happy friendship which has left its record in the series of letters from Mendelssohn to Moscheles, published in 1888.

The overture to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' written in 1826, when Mendelssohn was only seventeen years old, marks the beginning of his musical maturity. It is a remarkable work, not surpassed, in some respects, by anything he wrote in later years. Its symmetry and fine precision of form, its airy delicacy of texture, its poetic suggestiveness and picturesqueness, reveal the true Mendelssohn, and are nothing short of marvelous in the work of so young a composer.

All this time his general education was progressing. He studied at the University in Berlin, he learned to ride, to swim, to dance, to play billiards, and took a prominent part in the social life of his young friends. He composed constantly, writing kindersymphonies, a quartet, a fugue, a cantata, variations for pianoforte and 'cello, a 'Tu es Petrus' in honor of his sister's birthday, and an overture to Goethe's 'Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage.'

In 1829, starting on a three years' tour planned by his father as a finish to the education so carefully undertaken and perseveringly carried out, he made his first visit to England. His reception in London, flattering in the extreme, came, as it happened, with a peculiar timeliness. Just before his departure from home a slight misunderstanding and lack of sympathy which he had encountered among the musicians of Berlin had fallen on him like a cloud. The quick and warm appreciation which greeted him in London was balm to his spirit; he said it had "lifted a stone" from his heart; and there is no doubt it had much to do with the affection he always felt for England and English people. The affection, moreover, was mutual, for the English musical public always showed him a boundless, and we may think somewhat undiscriminating, admiration. The cheerfulness and gaiety of his music, his melodic power, his conservatism, his sincerity, his quality of good-breeding, even his slight tendency to sentimentality, all appealed to them; and they loved him as they have loved no musician, except perhaps Händel, before or since.

In Scotland, where he went after visiting England, he was much impressed by the wild and beautiful ocean scenery. It was here that he conceived the idea of the work in which his poetic imagination finds perhaps its happiest and most perfect expression,—the 'Hebrides' Overture. This delightful work, which was not finished until ten years later, is more fully described in the following Notes on the Selections. Continuing his journey in leisurely fashion through South Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, he returned home in 1832 by way of Paris and a second visit to London. It was on his third visit to the latter city, a year later, that his 'Italian Symphony' was first performed.

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At the close of his travels, in 1833, he settled down in Germany, devoting himself in many ways and in various places to the service of classical music. At first he engaged himself for three years to take charge of the entire musical arrangements of the town of Düsseldorf, where he entered on his work with his customary enthusiasm, introducing into the church service masses by Beethoven and Cherubini, motets by Palestrina, and cantatas by Bach. In August, 1835, he accepted an invitation to go to Leipsic as conductor of the famous Gewandhaus orchestra. During the following winter he finished his oratorio 'St. Paul,' which was produced with great success at a festival in Düsseldorf in May, 1836. He was tireless, in these years, in his services as a conductor at festivals in Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Frankfort, and other cities.

The death of his father, which occurred in November, 1835, just after Felix had taken up his duties in Leipsic, was a terrible shock to his sensitive and affectionate nature. He wrote to a friend, "The only thing that now remains is to do one's duty." This Spartan condition of mind, however, soon gave place to a very different one. In the following summer, while in Frankfort conducting the concerts of the Cäcilien-Verein, he met Cécile Charlotte Sophie Jeanrenaud, a young woman some ten years his junior and of great beauty and charm. They were betrothed in September, and married in March, 1837.

The next few years were perhaps the happiest of Mendelssohn's happy life. He and his wife were beloved by all who knew them, his work as a conductor met with deserved success, and his compositions were enthusiastically received by an admiring public. It was in these years that the oratorio 'Elijah,' the overture 'Ruy Blas,' the part-songs 'Love and Wine' and 'The Lark,' the pianoforte Trio in D-minor, the eight-part setting of the 114th Psalm, and the 'Lobgesang' Symphony were written. Several journeys were made to England, where Mendelssohn was invariably greeted with enthusiasm.

In 1841 he was invited to go to Berlin as director of the music department of the Academy of Arts which Frederick William IV. proposed to found there. Flattering though the offer was, Mendelssohn hesitated to accept it. His life in Leipsic had been wonderfully serene and happy; his recollections of the musical element in Berlin were not altogether pleasant; perhaps he felt a premonition that the anxieties and worries which he had been so largely spared and which he was so ill-fitted to endure were before him in Berlin. He finally decided to accept the post; but as the details of his appointment had not been definitely arranged he did not resign the conductorship of the Leipsic Gewandhaus orchestra, although undertaking a series of concerts in Berlin. The amount of work he accomplished in the next year or two was tremendous. In addition to the concerts in Leipsic and Berlin he conducted the festival at Düsseldorf, visited England to conduct concerts and to play the organ and the piano, and through it all kept up his composing, finishing the 'Scotch Symphony' and writing 'Antigone.'

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The plan for the Academy of Arts failed; but although Mendelssohn had found the musical atmosphere in Berlin as uncongenial as he could have anticipated, he nevertheless decided to continue his connection there by accepting the position of Musical Director-general, conducting a choir of thirty voices and a picked orchestra for Sunday and festival performances. And he was still under orders from the king for compositions and revisions. Eventually he was obliged to give up the conductorship of the Gewandhaus concerts; and in 1842 he moved with his family to Berlin, living in the old family homestead which he had inherited on the death of his mother.

He went to London in 1844 to conduct six concerts of the Philharmonic Society; again in 1846, when his 'Elijah' was given amid great enthusiasm at the Birmingham Musical Festival; and once more in 1847, when he played at Buckingham Palace before Queen Victoria and Prince Albert.

He was in Frankfort when the news was brought him of his sister Fanny's sudden death. To him, weakened as he was by long overwork, the loss of this dearly loved sister, friend, and companion was overpowering. He was at first entirely prostrated; and though he rallied somewhat and was able to resume some of his accustomed duties, he had received his death blow. His strength and spirits gradually ebbed, and at last, the end coming very suddenly, he died in Leipsic on Thursday, November 4, 1847. The whole town mourned for him. "It is lovely weather here," writes an English student, "but an awful stillness prevails. We feel as if the king were dead." He was buried in Berlin, near the graves of his sister and parents.

No sketch of Mendelssohn's life can be complete which speaks of him as a composer only. He was a remarkable pianist, as Clara Schumann, Ferdinand Hiller, Joachim, and many other contemporaries testify; he was an organist of great ability, able to produce orchestral effects such as no organist had attempted before him; and he was a conductor of extraordinary power, possessing the quality of personal magnetism to such an unusual degree that he was able to inspire his orchestra with his own feeling and enthusiasm.

But beyond all that he did directly for his art, his personal influence for the spread of the knowledge of good music must count as a signal service. His love for the works of the old masters was intense, and he labored indefatigably to make them known and appreciated. In the teeth of much opposition he gave the first production since the writer's death of Bach's Passion music; when he found no good masses at Düsseldorf he scoured the neighboring country, returning with a carriage full of Beethoven and Bach scores for his choir to learn; at the Gewandhaus concerts he gave Mozart's D-minor Concerto as it was written, rather than any of the adaptations previously used. He was untiring in his efforts to raise the standard of popular taste, so that we cannot consider the intense affection, almost idolatry, which he inspired as undeserved when we remember

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that he not only gave all that was in him, but unlocked the storehouse of the past and enriched the world by reviving the works of the old masters.
—BASED ON SIR GEORGE GROVE'S BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MENDELSSOHN

THE ART OF MENDELSSOHN

IT is generally the fate of the musical composer to be neglected during his lifetime, and honored with a tardy appreciation after his death. His work, if it have genuine novelty, is but gradually understood; its appeal is slow in the exact degree of its depth; and when success finally comes it is too late to do the composer any good. With Mendelssohn precisely the reverse was the case. Idolized during his lifetime, he has been rather slighted ever since. He was so easily understood that his contemporaries worshiped him; and perhaps for no other reason people are nowadays inclined to treat him patronizingly or contemptuously.

In order to grasp the reasons both of Mendelssohn's remarkable popularity during his lifetime and of its later waning, it is necessary to understand his historical place, his relations to his predecessors and his contemporaries. To begin with, all the composers of his day took up their art where Beethoven, the greatest master of pure music that ever lived, had laid it down. Naturally their problem was not an easy one. Beethoven had apparently carried structure as far as it could be carried; the marvelous architecture of his sonatas and symphonies could not be rivaled; and there seemed nothing left for the new-comers but to relax the search for formal perfection and give their work interest by carrying further the poetic suggestiveness, the emotional ardor, that Beethoven had himself introduced. Here there seemed to be room for new advance. The domain of outside associations, such as Beethoven had ventured into in his Pastoral Symphony, was of unlimited extent, and all his successors, in one way or another, looked thither, and not to the further conquest of pure musical beauty, for their effects. They were, in a word, romanticists.

Mendelssohn, however, occupied among the romanticists a somewhat peculiar position. He was a romanticist with a classical equipment. He bridged the chasm from the old style to the new. Men were at first repelled, naturally enough, by the more thoroughgoing romanticists, by men like Schumann and Chopin, who, seduced by the turbulent emotions and the poetic fancies they wished to express, broke with tradition entirely and spoke in a language wholly unfamiliar. Schumann, though now so universally respected, at first met with almost as much misconception and enmity as Beethoven, because he delivered himself in a style wholly subjective and unconventional. But Mendelssohn, who had the orthodox training, who wrote canons and fugues when he was in pinafores, had

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the classical idiom at his fingers' ends. To him, as to the musical people of the time, it was the mother-tongue, the vernacular. Moreover, though he was a man of imagination and sensibility, he was far from being a passionate, intense romanticist like Schumann; his feelings were discreet and well-bred, his fancies clipped of wing, so to speak, and thoroughly under control. Accordingly, while he was enough a romanticist to pique people's curiosity, to impress them as having something novel and interesting to say, he was enough a classicist, by both training and temper, not to repel them by the profundity or perversity of his way of saying it. He had a new and delicate vein of sentiment; he had the old and familiar mode of utterance. No wonder he was admired by listeners whom he both stimulated and satisfied.

But the trouble with Mendelssohn was the trouble with all products of a transition period. He was a little of one thing and a little of another; and as soon as the world fell under the spell of a more thoroughgoing unmixed romanticism it discarded him as a hybrid, and scorned him more than he deserved. Our grandfathers, who formed their taste for poetry on Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson, considered Southey and Campbell very thrilling persons; to the reader of Shelley and Keats they are dreary enough, while to the devotee of Browning and Whitman they are non-existent. In the same way, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Schubert, who may be called the Classic Romanticists in music, are considered a little tame by lovers of pure romanticism such as Chopin's and Schumann's, and hopelessly antiquated by the ultra-romanticists who rally round Wagner and Liszt. The modern view is thus as unfair to Mendelssohn as the over-favorable one from which it is the reaction. He is, to be sure, a little obvious and trite to modern ears, but his peculiar virtues are as great as they ever were, and eventually the pendulum of opinion will cease its wide oscillations and reach a mean position that will do justice both to what is admirable in him and to what is less than admirable.

There is much, certainly, that can be said against him. . . . He was deficient in the crude but potent vigor of sheer manhood. His blood was not red, his feelings were not impetuous, his passions were not deep. There was something emasculate about this polished gentleman, this accomplished scholar. His nature was always sunny, genial, happy; he seems to have been not only superior to the more sinister emotions of discontent, bitterness, and grief, but incapable of them. His character, like a picture that is all high lights, is a little flat. We miss in it the shadows and contrasts of more tragic capacities. It is this tameness of nature, this emotional flatness, that has called forth the severe criticism of men like Wagner.

But Mendelssohn's mastery of the intellectual side of music is beyond question; and his claim, on this score alone, to respect and study is firmly established. It is emotionally that he falls short; in symmetry of form, in purity of style, in all those invaluable qualities, in a word, that are traceable to the mind rather than to the heart, Mendelssohn is undeniably

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great. There is never any turgidity of thought in his work, any dubiousness of intention, any clouding of the pattern. He knows what he wishes to say, and he says it with all the accuracy and finesse that an inherited keenness of mind and a long and severe training in technique so generously gave him.

It would be hard to overestimate the importance to music of just such a nature, in the romantic period at which Mendelssohn lived. The musical world was never in greater need of checks and restraints, of a healthy and vital conservatism. The followers of Beethoven, abandoning further search for formal perfection, threw themselves with the most unrestrained enthusiasm into the pursuit of all sorts of novel expression, picturesque and sentimental. They too often surrendered clearness in the interest of poignancy, and were so anxious to do justice to their subjective and whimsical emotions that they forgot to be intelligible. Ardent feeling melted the outlines of their work, which became fused into an amorphous mass. The tendency of the day was toward vagueness. Of this tendency Mendelssohn, with his clear mind and classical sympathies, was a most valuable corrective. He held out stoutly for that solidity and good structure without which even the most beautiful details are likely to lose their effect. Less carried away by momentary impulse than men of richer temperament and more enslaving genius, he took pains always with the general plan, which they were too apt to neglect. And since, after all, in a work of art, which by its very nature is a complete and living organism, the virtue of all special features depends on their orderly relation to the general scheme, he was conservative of principles as vital as they were in danger of being forgotten.[1]—THE EDITOR

H. H. Statham *'The Fortnightly Review,' 1895*

BEFORE any musician can be generally and permanently accepted as a composer of the first order, worthy to sit with the few who occupy the highest range of niches in the musical Pantheon, he must, I think, satisfy the following requirements: he must have created a style of his own; he must command sufficient variety of expression, form, and treatment, within the confines of that style, to escape producing any impression of mannerism; he must show himself a master of technique and construction in his art, but in such sort that his science, and technical accomplishment, and attention to finish of form, should impress themselves on us, not as an end in themselves, but as the condition of the perfect artistic expression of the musical idea which is the central motive of the composition. And lastly, a great composer must have been what in the medical profession is called a "general practitioner"; he must have shown himself capable of understanding and handling all forms of composition. . . .

[1] Abridged, by kind permission of the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, from the Introduction to "Mendelssohn's Larger Piano Works," in *The Musicians' Library*.

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Some of the most important of these qualifications Mendelssohn possessed in a high degree. No composer was ever more thoroughly a "general practitioner" than he. Whatever opinion may be held as to the absolute value of his music, it is impossible to say that he was relatively weak in any of the numerous classes of composition which he took in hand; he was a thoroughly all-round composer. That he made his own style, again, cannot be denied. . . .

If we take for a moment a comprehensive mental survey of the whole mass of Mendelssohn's contribution to the art of music, how can we summarize the characteristics of this Mendelssohnian style? . . . We shall recognize, I think, in his instrumental music, a pervading element of poetic fancy and feeling, always suggestive, nearly always beautiful,—seldom indeed is Mendelssohn dry, crabbed, or merely scholastic,—but with the drawback that the range of feeling and expression seems limited; we feel as if listening to a poet who is frequently recurring to the same idea expressed in slightly different language. This mannerism of the imagination, as one may call it, is accompanied (not unnaturally) by a mannerism in details of musical form and treatment. . . . We can discern in all Mendelssohn's compositions a most conscientious attention to completeness and symmetry of form as regards the whole design of the piece. No Greek artist could have shown more refinement of perception in this respect than he. . . . On the other hand, in construction—the power, that is, of building up separate melodies or parts into a connected whole—Mendelssohn was exceedingly deficient. . . .

If, then, we sum up the evidence for and against Mendelssohn's claim to be ranked among the great composers I think the verdict must be, "He came very near it." It is true that from one point of view his record seems too remarkable for such a conclusion. To say that a composer has left the most beautiful and highly finished symphonies and the finest overture ('The Hebrides') since Beethoven, the best violin concerto and the best pianoforte trio since Beethoven, the most popular and effective oratorios since Händel, and the best organ music since Bach—and I think all these propositions can be maintained—seems almost tantamount to calling him a great composer. . . . But, still, we cannot but recognize that in comparison with those whose status as "the great masters" is definitely fixed, Mendelssohn has shortcomings of an important nature which prevent us from ranking him with them.—ABRIDGED

Sir George Grove — *'Dictionary of Music'*

FEW instances can be found in history of a man so amply gifted with every good quality of mind and heart as Mendelssohn; so carefully brought up amongst good influences; endowed with every circumstance that would make him happy; and so thoroughly fulfilling his mission. Never perhaps could any man be found in whose life there were so few things to regret.

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Is there any drawback to this, or, in other words, does his music suffer at all from what he calls his "habitual cheerfulness"? It seems as if there was a drawback, and that arising more or less directly from those very points which have been named as his best characteristics,—his happy, healthy heart, his single mind, his unfailing good spirits, his simple trust in God, his unaffected directness of purpose. It is not that he had no genius. His great works prove that he had it in large measure. No man could have called up the new emotions of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' Overture, the wonderful pictures of the 'Hebrides,' or the pathetic distress of the lovely Melusina, without genius of the highest order. But his genius had not been subjected to those fiery trials which seem necessary to insure its abiding possession of the depths of the human heart. "My music," says Schubert, "is the product of my genius and my misery; and that which I have written in my greatest distress is that which the world seems to like best." Now Mendelssohn was never more than temporarily unhappy. Perhaps there was even something in the constitution of his mind which forbade his harboring unhappiness, or being permanently affected by it. He was so practical that as a matter of duty he would have thrown it off. In this, as in most other things, he was always under control. At any rate he was never tried by poverty, or disappointment, or ill-health, or a morbid temper, or neglect, or the perfidy of friends, or any of the other great ills which crowded so thickly around Beethoven, Schubert, or Schumann. Who can wish that he had been; that that bright, pure, aspiring spirit should have been dulled by distress or torn with agony? It might have lent a deeper undertone to his songs, or have enabled his adagios to draw tears where now they only give a saddened pleasure. But let us take the man as we have him. Surely there is enough of conflict and violence in life and in art. When we want to be made unhappy we can turn to others. It is well in these agitated modern days to be able to point to one perfectly balanced nature, in whose life, whose letters, and whose music alike, all is at once manly and refined, clever and pure, brilliant and solid. For the enjoyment of such shining heights of goodness we may well forego for once the depths of misery and sorrow.

W. F. Apthorp — *'Scribner's Magazine'*

THE influence exerted by Mendelssohn upon the musical world at large, and especially upon the musical doings, the modes of musical thought, in a word, the whole musical point of view, of the Anglo-Saxon race in particular, has probably been more potent, more far-reaching, and, upon the whole, more fruitful in good results that that exerted by any single musician of modern times. His charming gift of melody, his perfect clarity of style, and perhaps also his freedom from all obtrusive musical transcendentalism, made him the man of all others to appeal immediately and lastingly to the English, and through them to us Americans. If it was his melodic

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gift, his lucid and vivacious style, that first attracted the general public, the stoutness of his musical workmanship, his complete mastery over musical form, insured stability and depth to the impression made by his music. Hans von Bülow has called him the most complete master of musical form since Mozart; and, if we except perhaps Cherubini, this is strictly true; nor has there arisen any composer since his day who can fairly claim to stand beside him in this. The perfection of musical technique he owed partly, no doubt, to the natural bent of his genius, but largely also to the rare excellence and thoroughness of his professional education—an education which the singular precocity of his talent enabled him to complete at an age when most composers have hardly made up their minds as to their real vocation. Mendelssohn's musical majority dates from the string octet, opus 20, written when he was sixteen. Schumann was already married and past thirty when a friend, coming in for an evening call, found him and his wife seated at a table, studying Cherubini's counterpoint *for the first time.*

To be sure, what Mendelssohn did as a composer has influenced the public at large far more potently than it has the musical production of the world since his day. His influence upon the art of composition in general, upon other composers, although quite marked during a certain period, has proved short-lived and evanescent, upon the whole. In a sense he may be called the head of a school; the force of his example, and reflections of his style, are distinctly to be traced in the works of men like Hiller, Rietz, the Lachners, not to speak of Sterndale Bennett and many of the prominent English writers of to-day. But what was truly original in him did not tend in the direction the main current of musical thought was destined to take in our own time; in following his lead composers traveled a path which led to a region in which they found themselves more and more solitary, more and more distant from the real foci of musical growth in subsequent years. Whatever opinion one may hold as to the intrinsic rightness of his artistic point of view, of the impeccable example he set in his works, the fact still remains that this example has led other composers into no-thoroughfares mainly; and it may be said, upon the whole, that, much as he was at one time looked upon as the Coming Man in music, it was really Schumann, and not he, who held in his hand the key that was to unlock the future of the art. . . . But if Mendelssohn's influence, as a composer, upon the art of composition has proved itself to be comparatively ephemeral, his influence upon the public at large has been immense. There is probably no composer in all the annals of music whose works have been such widely efficacious educators of the popular musical taste as his. His finely wrought, clear, and melodious style has attracted people who would otherwise never have been drawn to listen to the higher forms of music. His works have been the portals through which most of us have passed on to the understanding and appreciation of the great older masters.

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THE WORKS OF MENDELSSOHN

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

MENDELSSOHN, as has been pointed out above, was "a romanticist with a classical equipment." He was, that is to say, a composer who found in music the means of expressing picturesque fancies and poetic feelings, but who did this with no sacrifice of the more purely musical qualities, of formal clearness and symmetry, intelligibility and definiteness of themes, and beauty of tonal color and general effect. He did not in his writing aim primarily at these musical qualities, as earlier masters like Mozart and Haydn had done; but he preserved them even while he sought for a new kind of expression. We shall find, then, in examining his compositions, that they are always intelligible, well-proportioned, and euphonious, unlike some more modern works; and furthermore, that they often, unlike their classical forerunners, express some non-musical idea,—some particular emotional state, or momentary mood, or some impression of nature. It is the mixture of these two ingredients that produces Mendelssohn's peculiar musical character, that makes his music, to use the trite phrases, both "programmistic" and "absolute." In the following Notes, a few instances of each ingredient will be pointed out; the student will constantly observe others for himself.

I. Spring Song — *From the 'Songs without Words'*

THIS well-known piece owes its popularity partly to the transparent simplicity of its form, and partly to the graceful and cheerily melancholy character of its melody, which arouses in one the same delicate, subtle, and evanescent impressions that one associates with spring. It must be played smoothly and fluently. Jerkiness of effect in the accompaniment can be avoided by using a mild rather than a pronounced staccato, and plenty of pedal.

II. Venetian Gondola Song — *From the 'Songs without Words'*

ONLY two pages in length, this little piece is a delightful example of well-rounded construction. The six-measure introduction establishes the rhythm and puts the mind in the mood of what is to follow; the melody itself, exceedingly characteristic, is developed simply but effectively, and contrasts well with the middle section at the top of page 22. After a few more strains of it, which balance the first exposition, we hear again the introductory phrase, now full of the feeling of cadencing into rest, and dying away, or running down, so to speak, to silence.

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III. Funeral March *From the 'Songs without Words'*

IN this somber and dignified march Mendelssohn shows a stronger, more emotional side of his nature. It is stern in its grief; nobility of feeling reveals itself in the trenchancy of the rhythm, the large dignity of the melody, and the firm coherence of the harmony. Note the progressions in the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth measures on page 24, which are much more strongly imagined and carried out than is usual with Mendelssohn. There is something very unexpected and very poignant in the new harmonization of the melody at its last entrance, "*con forza.*" This march, orchestrated by Moscheles, was played at Mendelssohn's funeral.

IV. The 'Hebrides' Overture *Opus 26*

ON August 7, 1829, Mendelssohn wrote in a letter a description of his visit to Fingal's Cave in the Hebrides Islands, giving the first twenty measures of this overture, which he said came into his mind there. It was published a year later, and first performed at a Philharmonic Concert in London, in May, 1832. The 'Hebrides' Overture belongs to that class of program music of which Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony is the great prototype. Beethoven wrote under the title of his symphony the words, "More an expression of feeling than painting," which might serve as the motto of all composers who aim to make music descriptive without letting it cease to be music, and who therefore tolerate no trivially literal imitation of natural sounds and objects. In this beautiful overture, with its steady ground swell of rhythm, its rushing climaxes, its long, solemn hushes, and its trumpet calls and echoing phrases, so suggestive of wide ocean and great spaces of air, there are no childish attempts to imitate the cries of sea birds, the beating of surf, or any other actual sounds. Its value as program music is closely related to its value as music, and depends on its grace, strength, and sonority, its power to create an atmosphere, to set the mind in a favorable mood and let it imagine for itself.

The sonata-form, described already in the Notes on Mozart, in Part I. of MASTERS IN MUSIC, is skilfully used here. The first theme is a graceful phrase given out at once and in the course of the piece developed with great variety and ingenuity. Note its use in the bass on the lower half of page 26, its extension to three measures and combination with the trumpet call at the top of page 30, its whimsical, scherzo-like treatment at page 32, and finally its quiet loveliness at the very end. The second theme, a more expressive melody sung by the 'cellos, appears in the key of the "relative major" (D-major, the composition being in B-minor), at page 27, the fourth system, the third measure. After ten measures it is taken up with added force by the violins. Like the first theme, it is subjected to ingenious modification in the Development Section, or "working out," which begins at page 30, after a page of passage work the gen-

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eral effect of which is that of "conclusion." (There is in this overture no formal repeat of the first section, as in the Mozart symphony.) In the Reprise, or third section, the second theme appears, at page 34, the last system, the third measure, in the key of B-major, and played by the clarinet. The only other feature of this masterly composition which needs special comment is the long coda, beginning at the point marked "animato," on page 35, in which it reaches a stormy climax before subsiding into the elegiac quiet with which it ends.

V. 'The Pilgrims' March' *From the 'Italian Symphony'*

THIS Symphony in A-major, known as the 'Italian Symphony,' was finished in 1833, and first produced, like the 'Hebrides' Overture, in London, in May of that year. The movement given is the second, a solemn andante, in which some lover of the picturesque has fancied he heard the tread of pilgrims marching to the Holy Land. It is a nobly broad piece of writing, skilful in counterpoint, and full of the loveliest effects of tone color. Perhaps the most striking and original of these is the passage beginning at the eleventh measure, in which the violins, in octaves, give out the theme, while two flutes weave about them the lightest conceivable fabric of harmony. In the orchestra it is a ravishing effect, and even on the piano the charm is not entirely lost. The very Mendelssohnian theme at page 39, the third system, the third measure, should also be noted.

VI. "If with all your Hearts" *Tenor Solo from 'Elijah'*

THIS very expressive song is from Mendelssohn's well-known oratorio of 'Elijah,' first produced at Birmingham, England, in 1846, and the most popular oratorio in the world except Händel's 'Messiah.' In spite of a slightly sentimental tinge, it is instinct with sincere religious feeling, and fully deserves its popularity.

VII. Wedding March *From 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'*

OF this famous wedding march, what is there to say? Since the first production of Mendelssohn's incidental music to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' which took place at Potsdam, in October, 1843, it has been played thousands and thousands of times—has become, in fact, almost indispensable at weddings. That it has retained its vigor and freshness unimpaired speaks well for its essential quality. It is indeed an admirable expression of that spontaneous joyfulness, the outcome both of his frank and gentle character and of his happy life, which is perhaps the most charming element in Mendelssohn's music.

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THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF MENDELSSOHN

MENDELSSOHN'S compositions, which run to one hundred and twenty-one opera, and include many unnumbered works as well, are listed fully in Appendix B of Stratton's 'Mendelssohn.' They are classified in a list given in Champlin and Apthorp's 'Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians,' from which the following selective list is condensed.

I. CHORAL. SECULAR. 'Die Hochzeit des Camacho,' comic opera. Music to the 'Antigone' of Sophocles. Music to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' Music to Racine's 'Athalie.' 'Heimkehr aus der Fremde,' a *singspiel*. Music to the 'Œdipus in Colonos' of Sophocles. SACRED. 'St. Paul,' an oratorio. 'Elijah,' an oratorio. 'Lobgesang,' a symphony-cantata. 'Christus,' an unfinished oratorio. Many smaller works.

II. VOCAL. Seventy-four songs with piano accompaniment; thirteen duets; twenty-nine part-songs for mixed voices, sixteen for men's voices, and so on.

III. ORCHESTRAL. Four symphonies, of which the greatest are the 'Scotch,' in A-minor, opus 56, and the 'Italian' in A-major, opus 90. Seven concert overtures, as follows: 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' opus 21; 'Ouverture für Harmonie-musik,' opus 24; 'The Hebrides,' opus 26; 'Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage,' opus 27; 'The Beautiful Melusina,' opus 32; 'Ruy Blas,' opus 95; and the 'Trumpet Overture,' opus 101.

IV. CONCERTOS. FOR PIANO. Two concertos, one in G-minor, opus 25, and one in D-minor, opus 40. A Capriccio Brillant, a Rondo Brillant, and a Serenade and Allegro giojoso. FOR VIOLIN. Concerto in E-minor, opus 64.

V. CHAMBER MUSIC. OCTET. For strings, opus 20. SEXTET. For piano and strings, opus 110. QUINTETS. Two for strings, opus 18 and opus 87. QUARTETS. Seven for strings, and three with piano. TRIOS. Two for violin, 'cello, and piano, and others for other combinations. DUOS. Violin Sonata, opus 4. Two Violoncello Sonatas, opus 45 and opus 58.

VI. PIANO WORKS. A long list, of which the most important are the 'Songs without Words,' the 'Rondo Capriccioso,' Six Preludes and Fugues, opus 35, the 'Variations Serieuses,' opus 54, and the two posthumous sets of Variations, opus 82 and opus 83.

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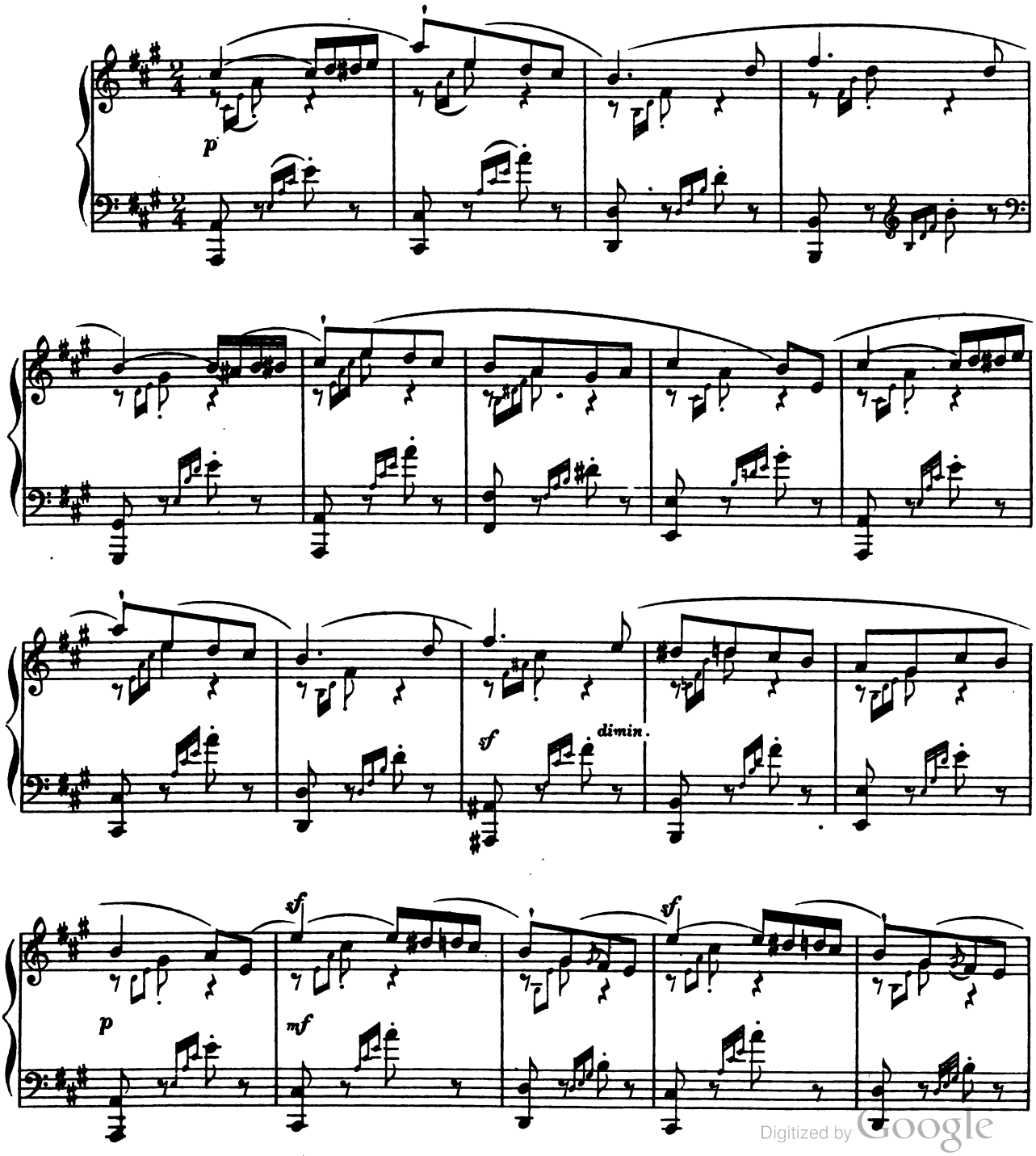
I. SPRING SONG

FROM THE 'SONGS WITHOUT WORDS'

Allegretto grazioso. ($\frac{2}{4}$ = 63.)

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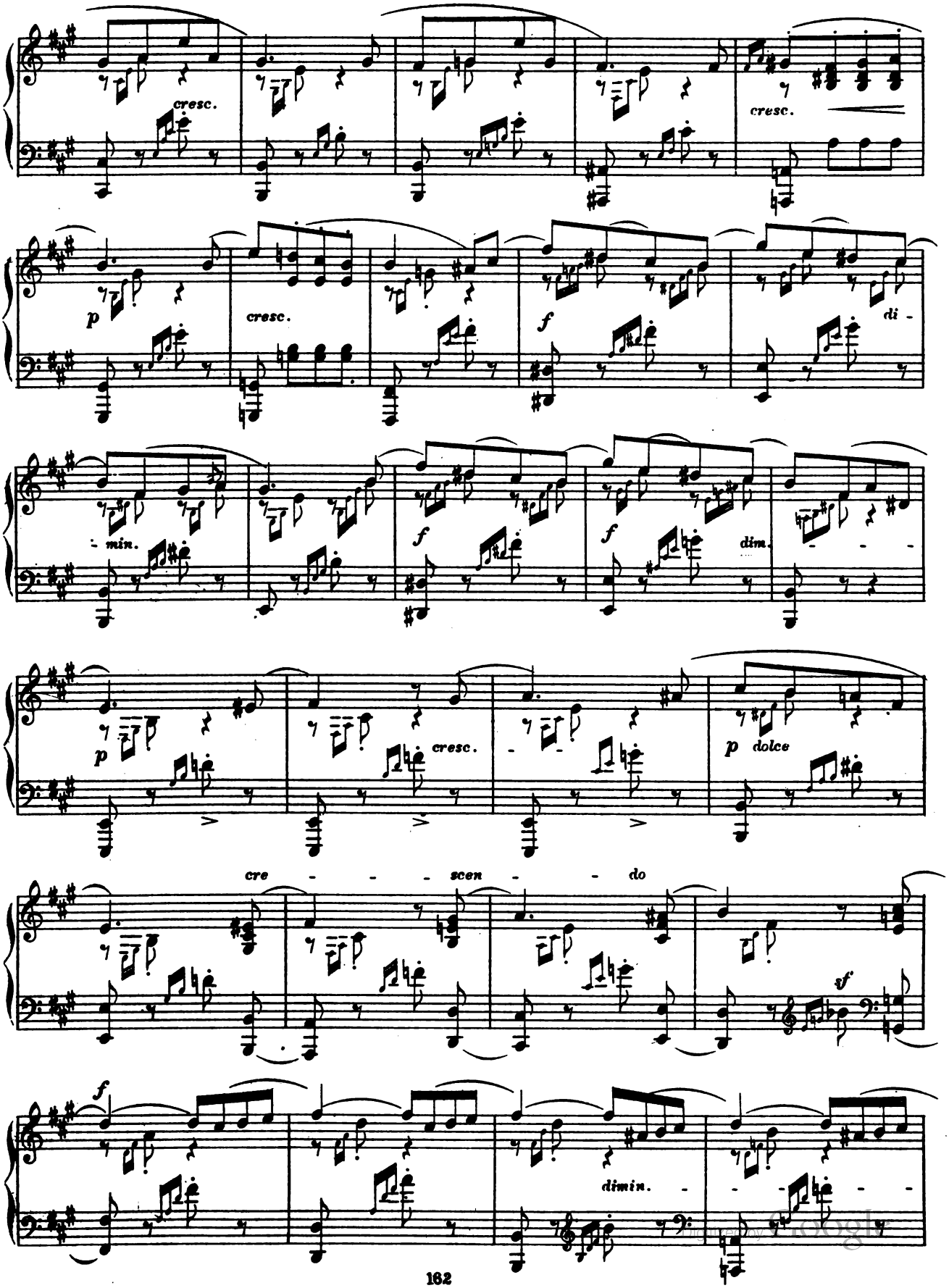
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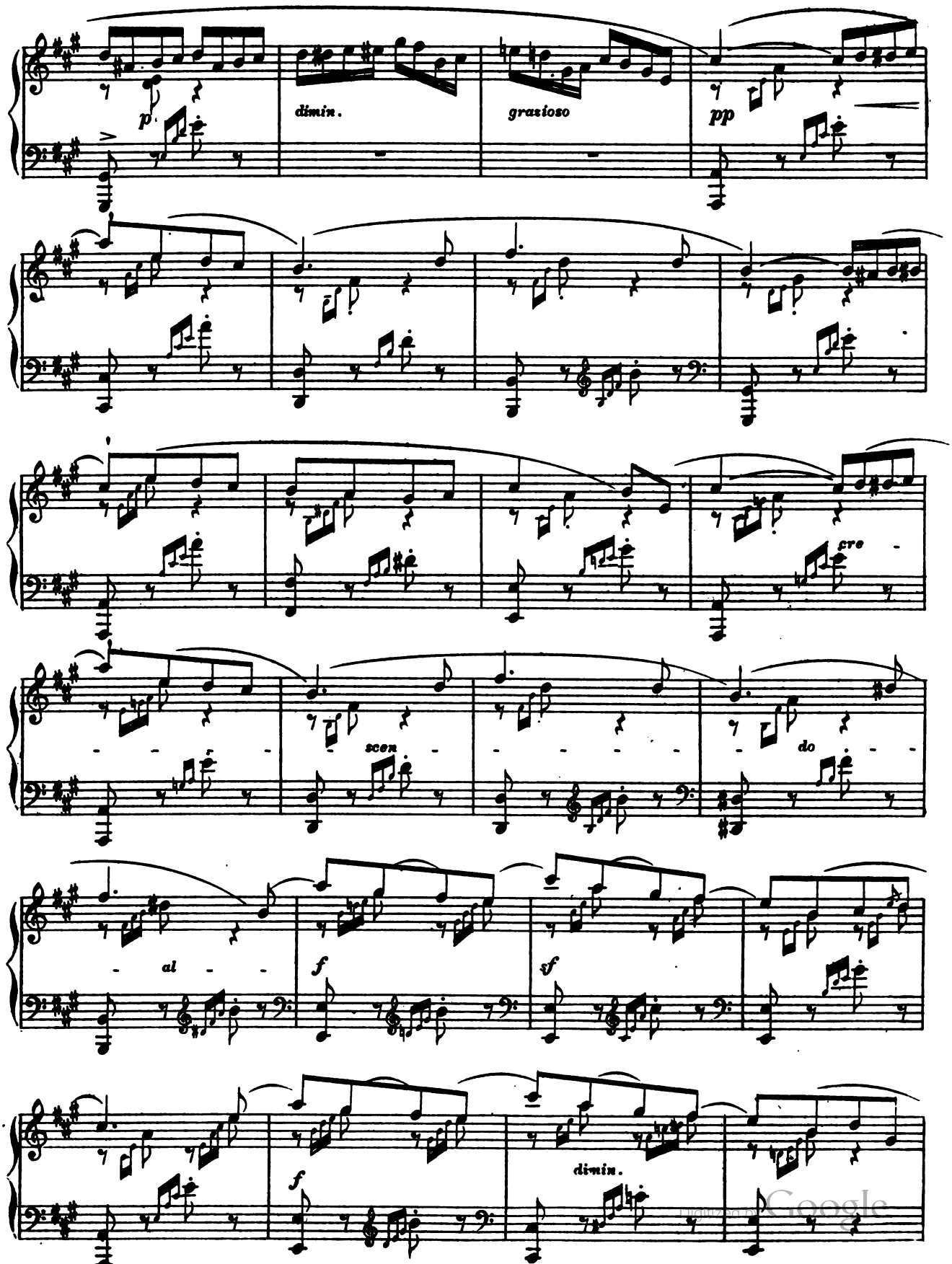
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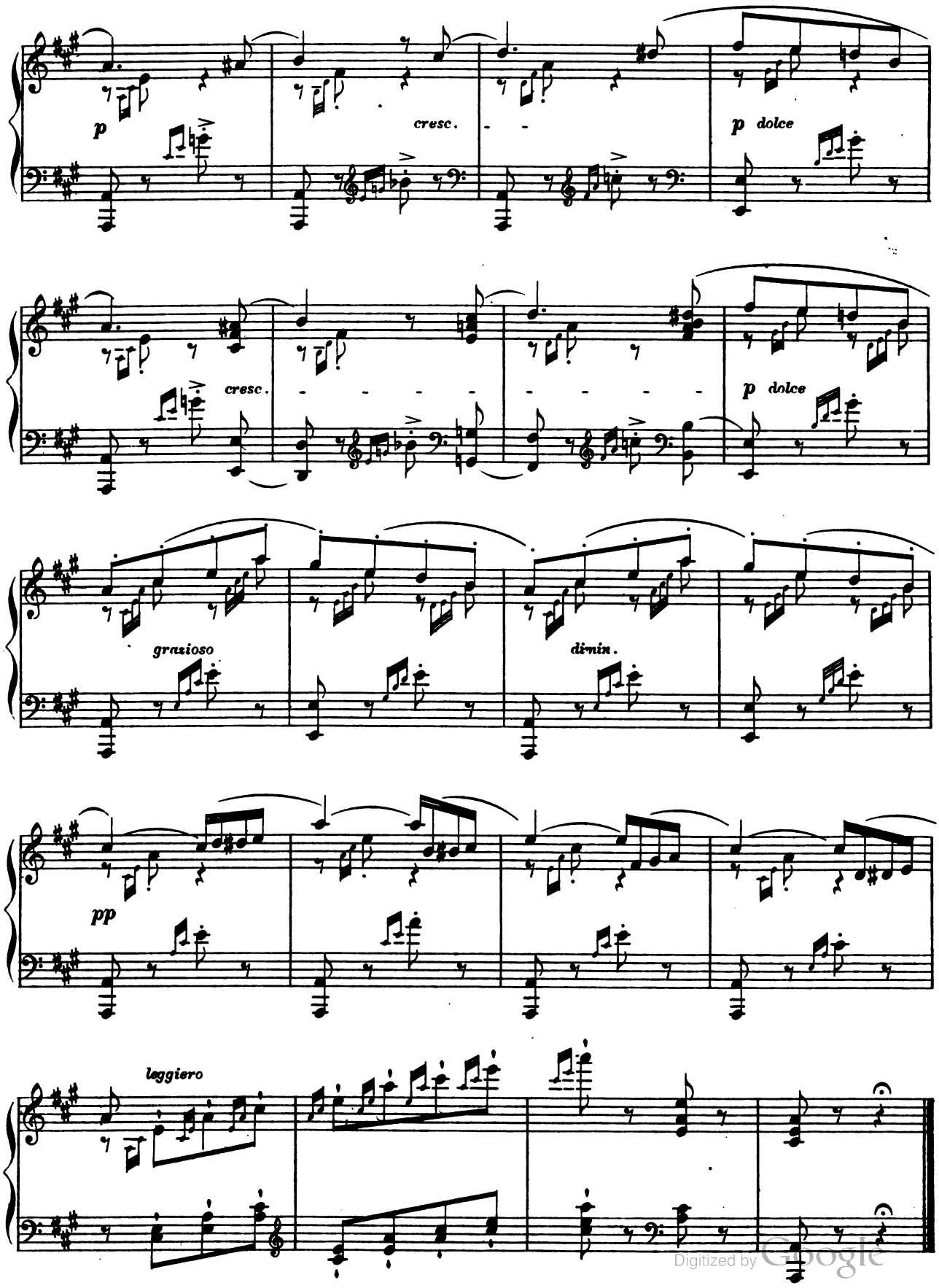
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II. Venetian Gondola Song

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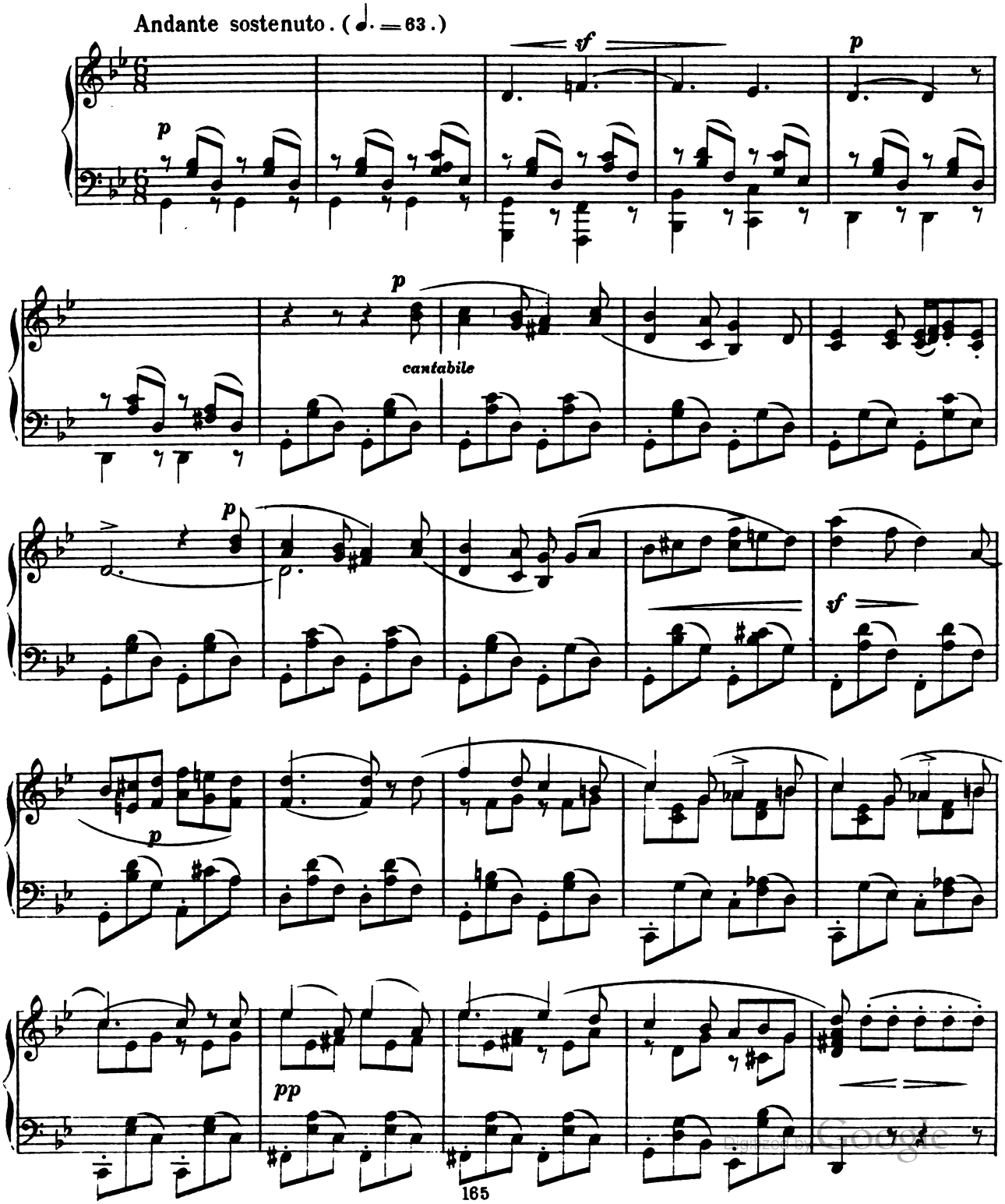
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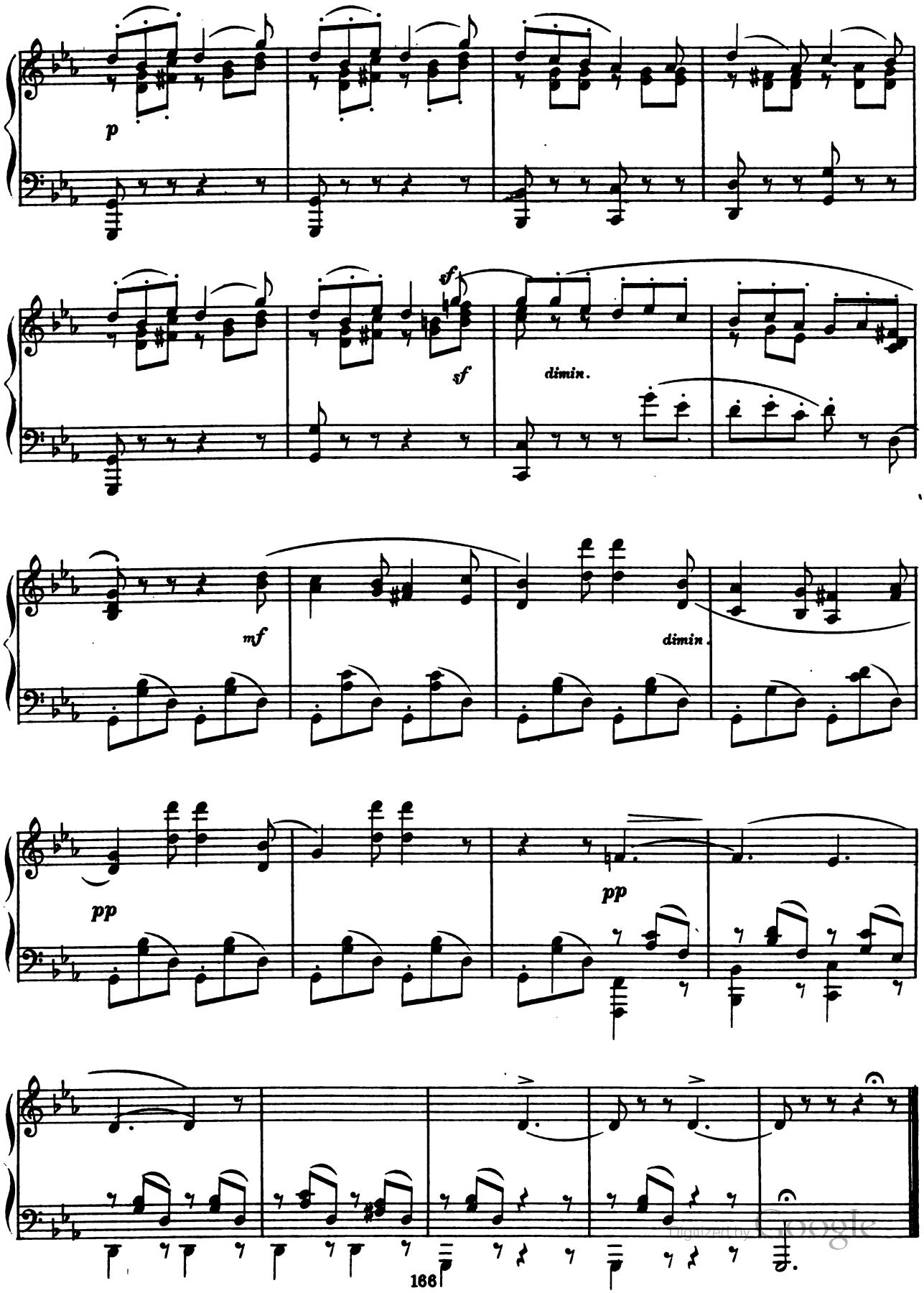
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III. FUNERAL MARCH

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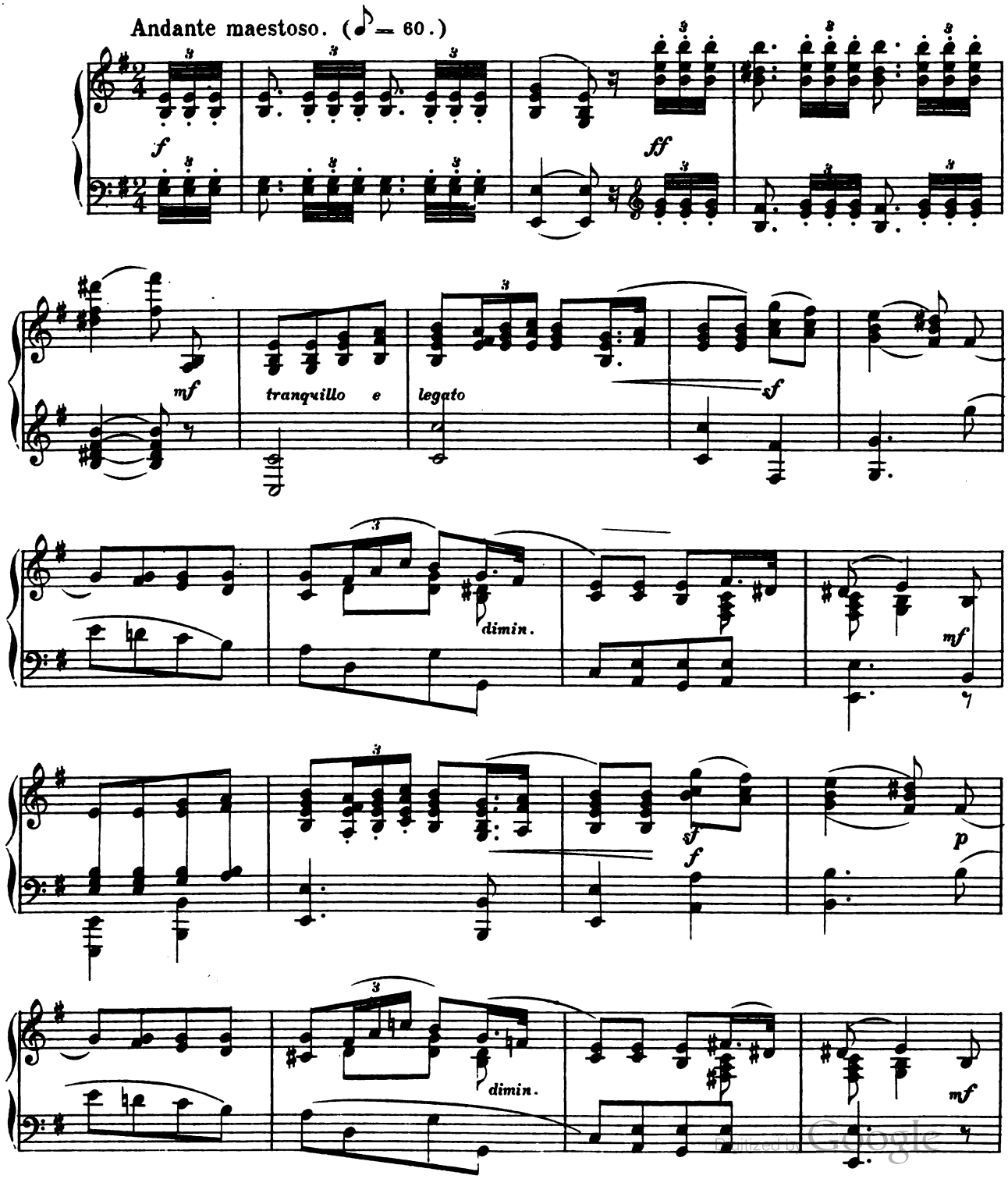
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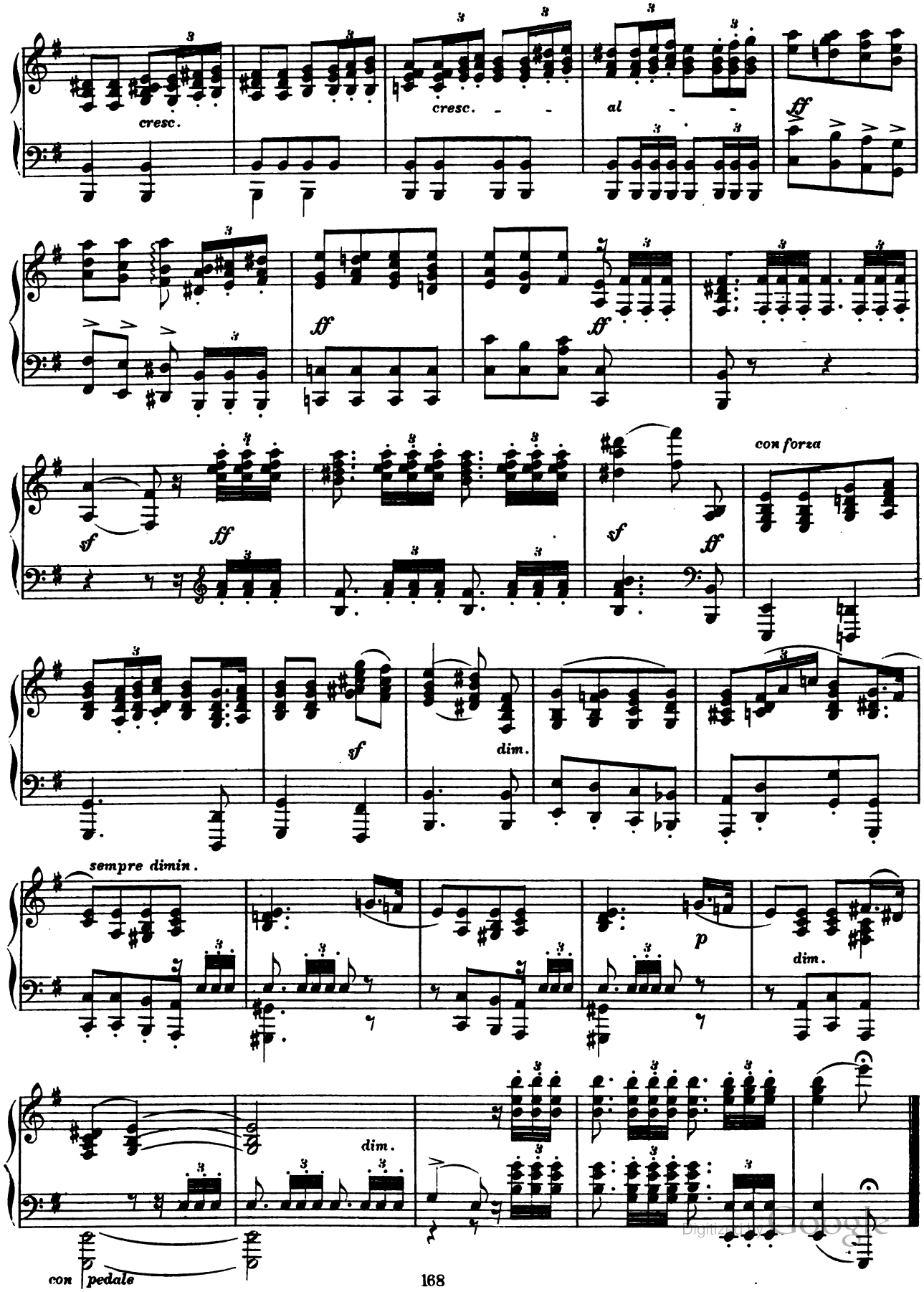
cresc.
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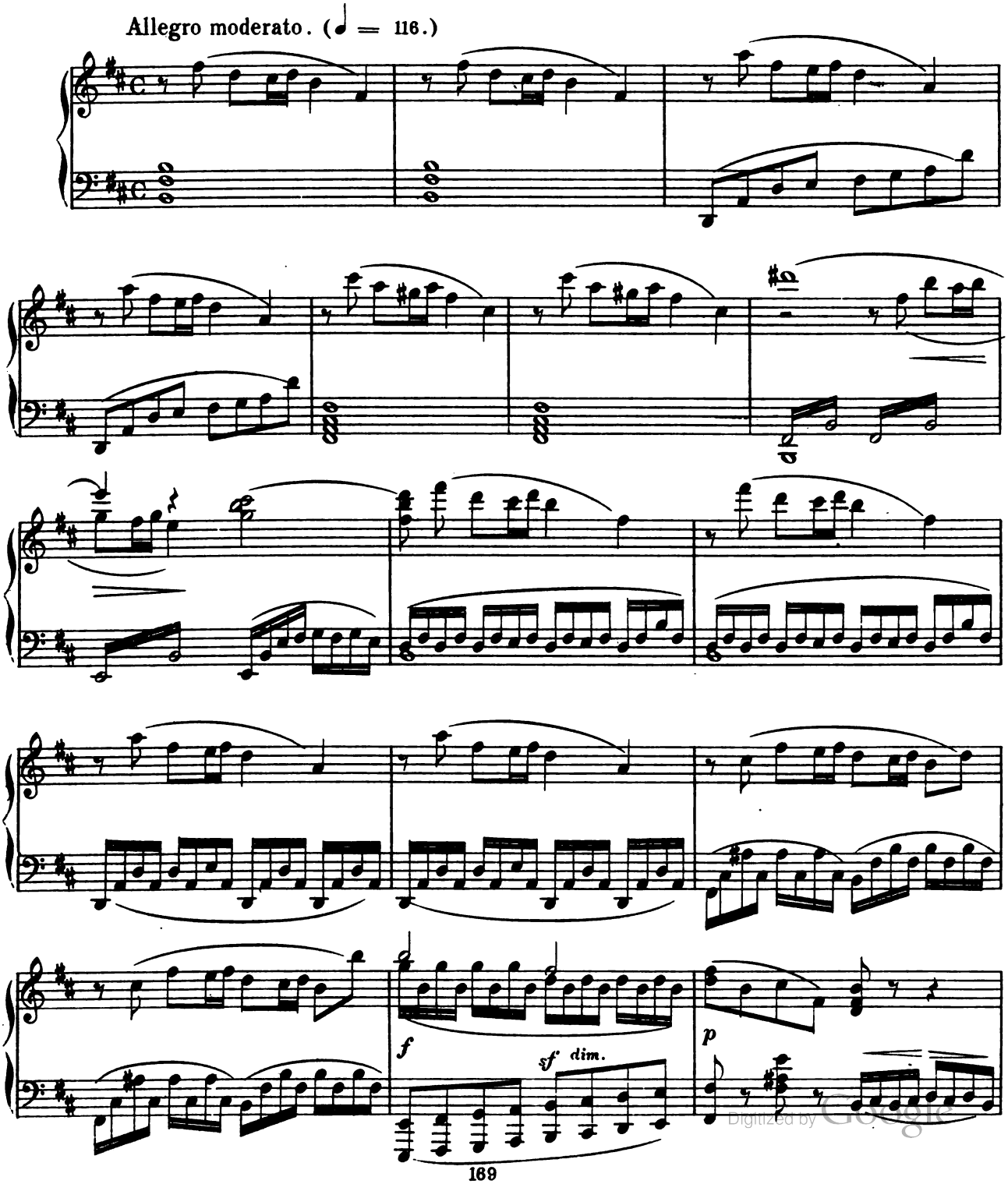
IV. THE 'HEBRIDES' OVERTURE

OPUS 26

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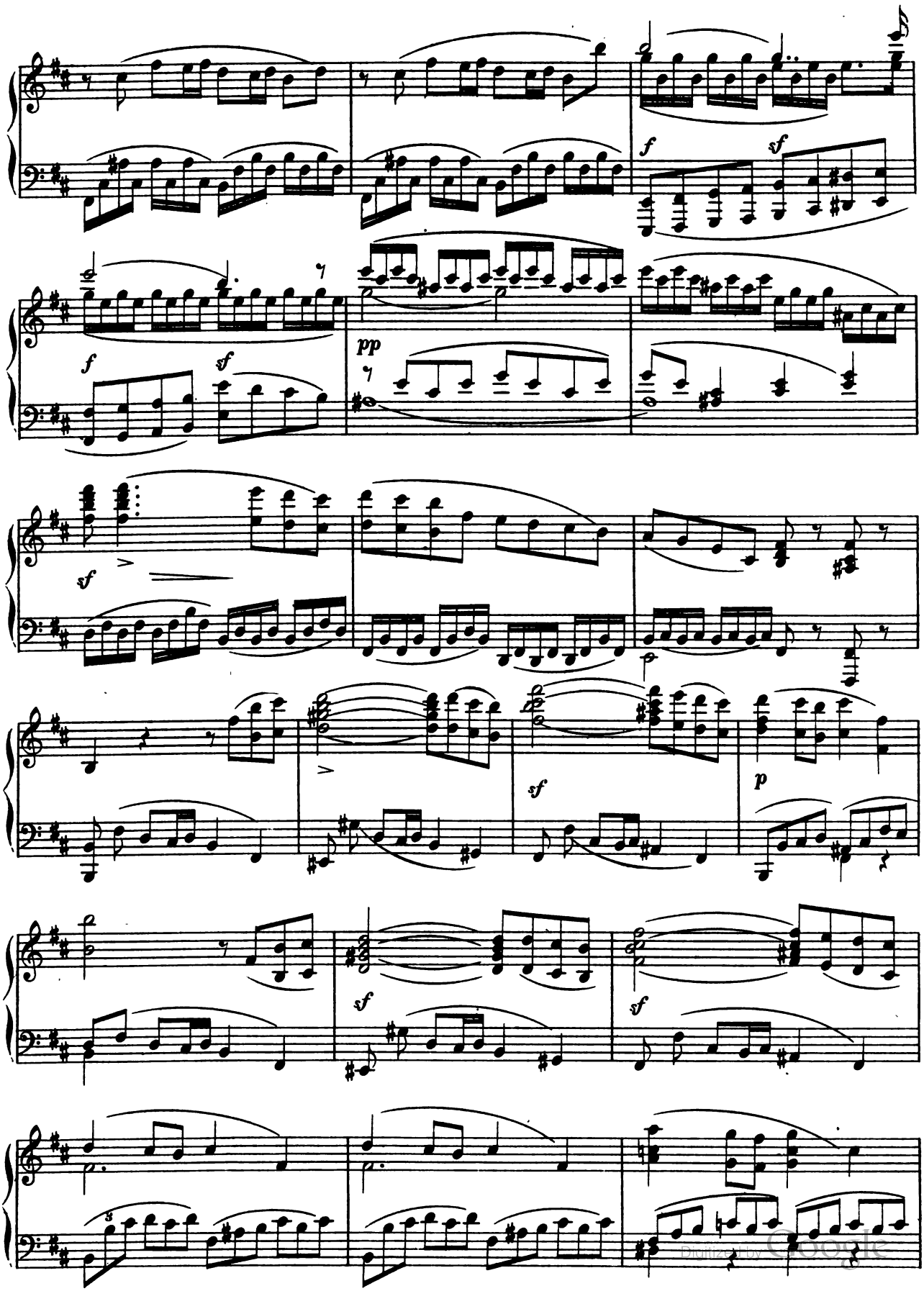
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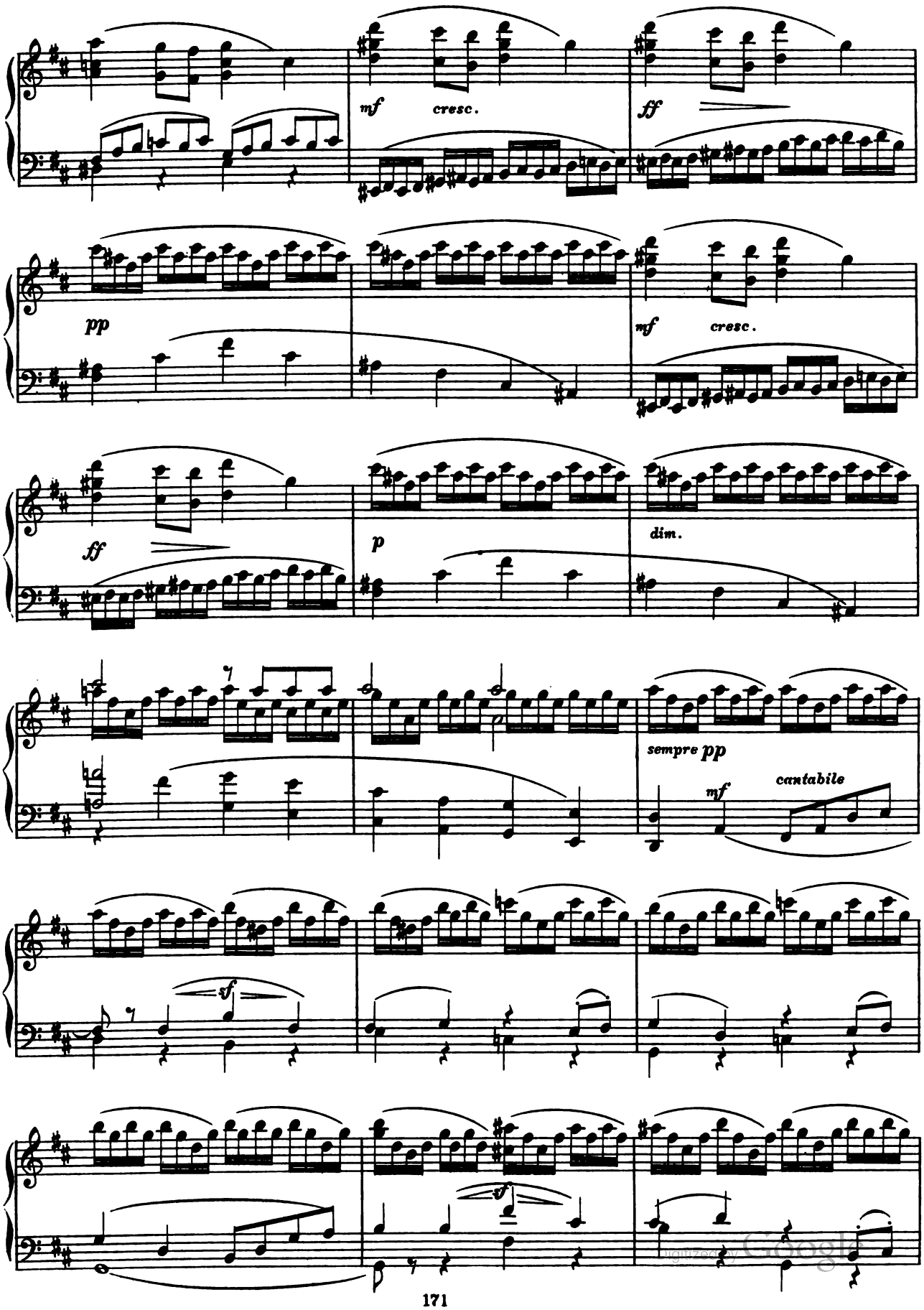
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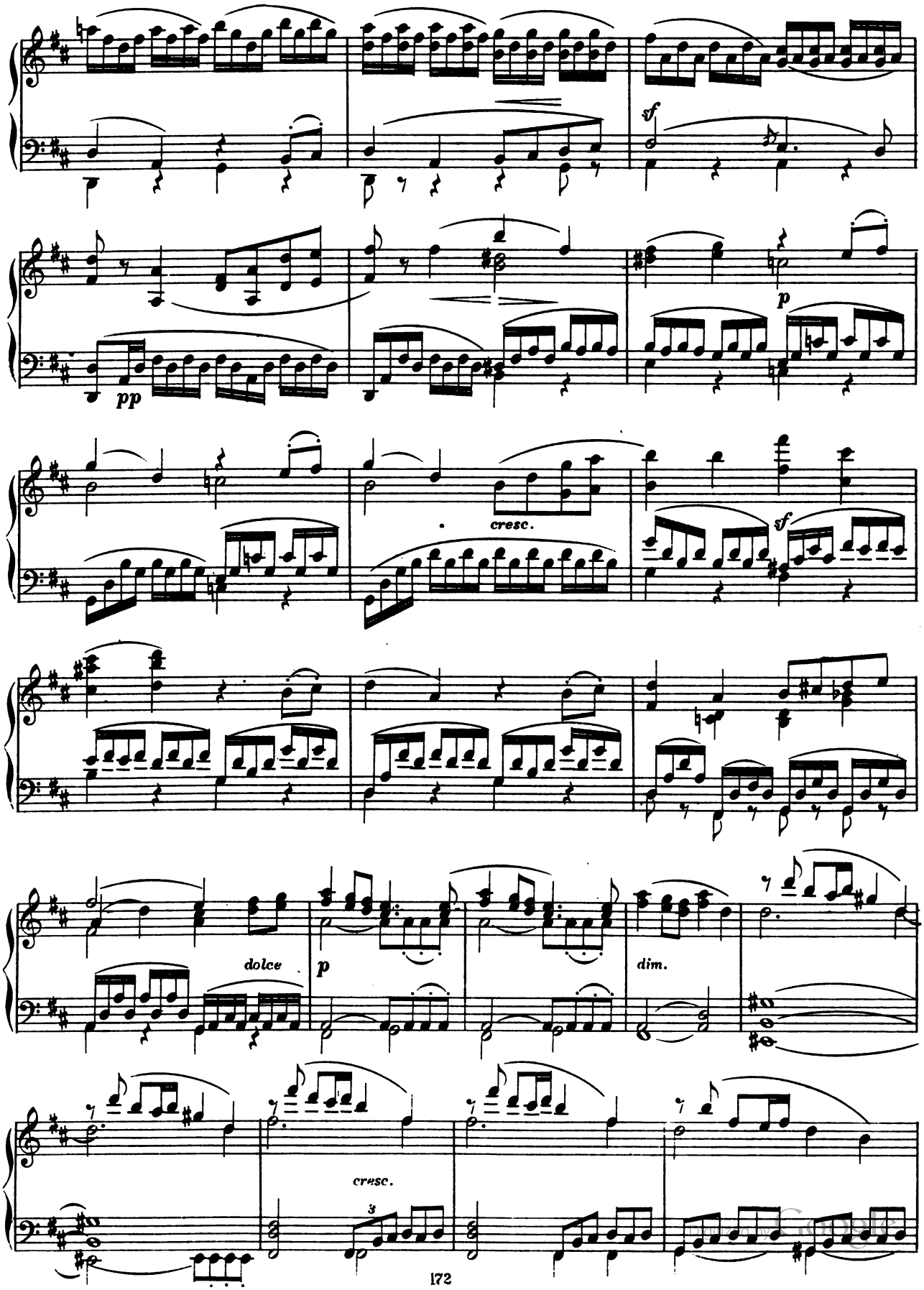
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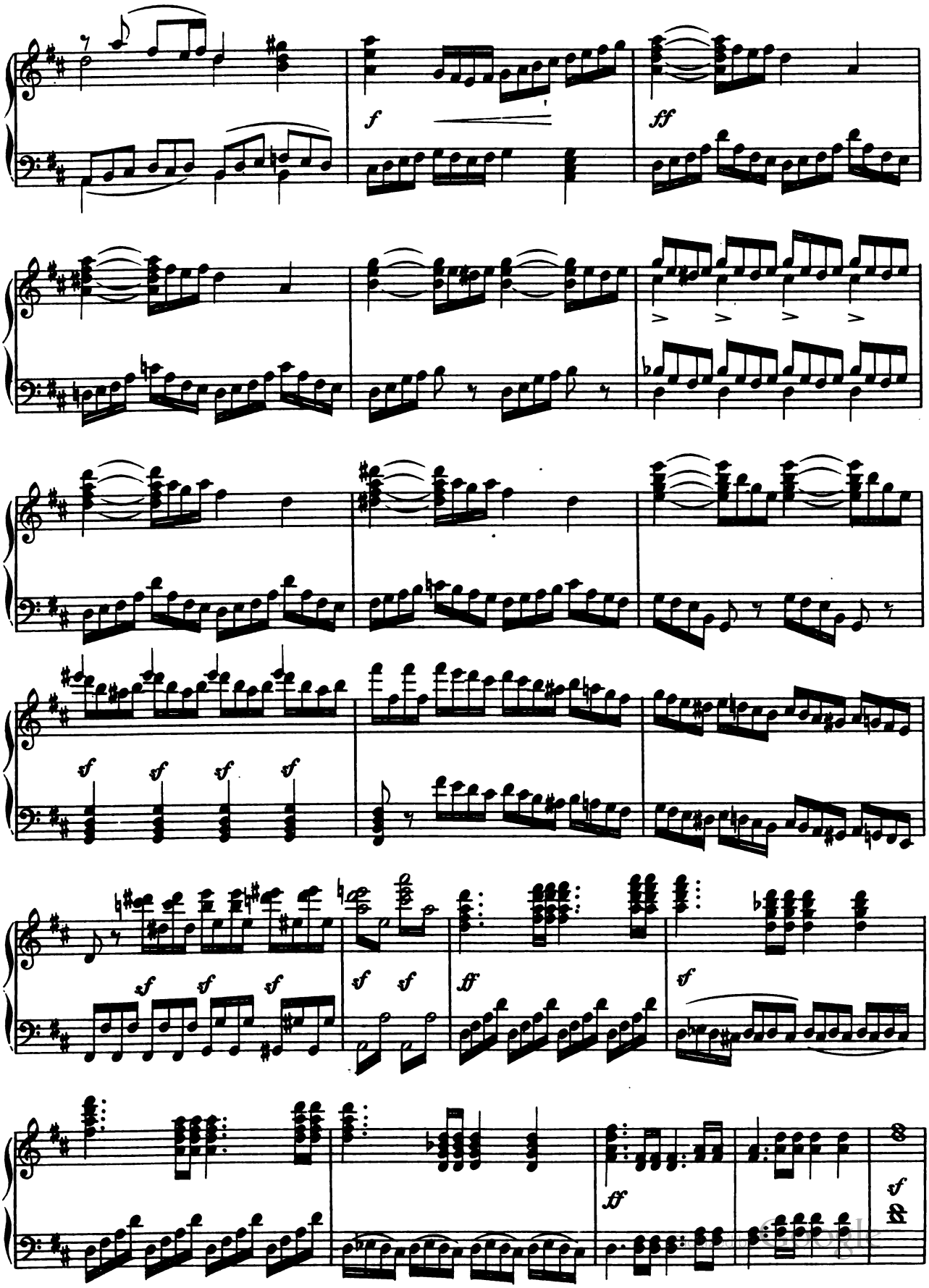
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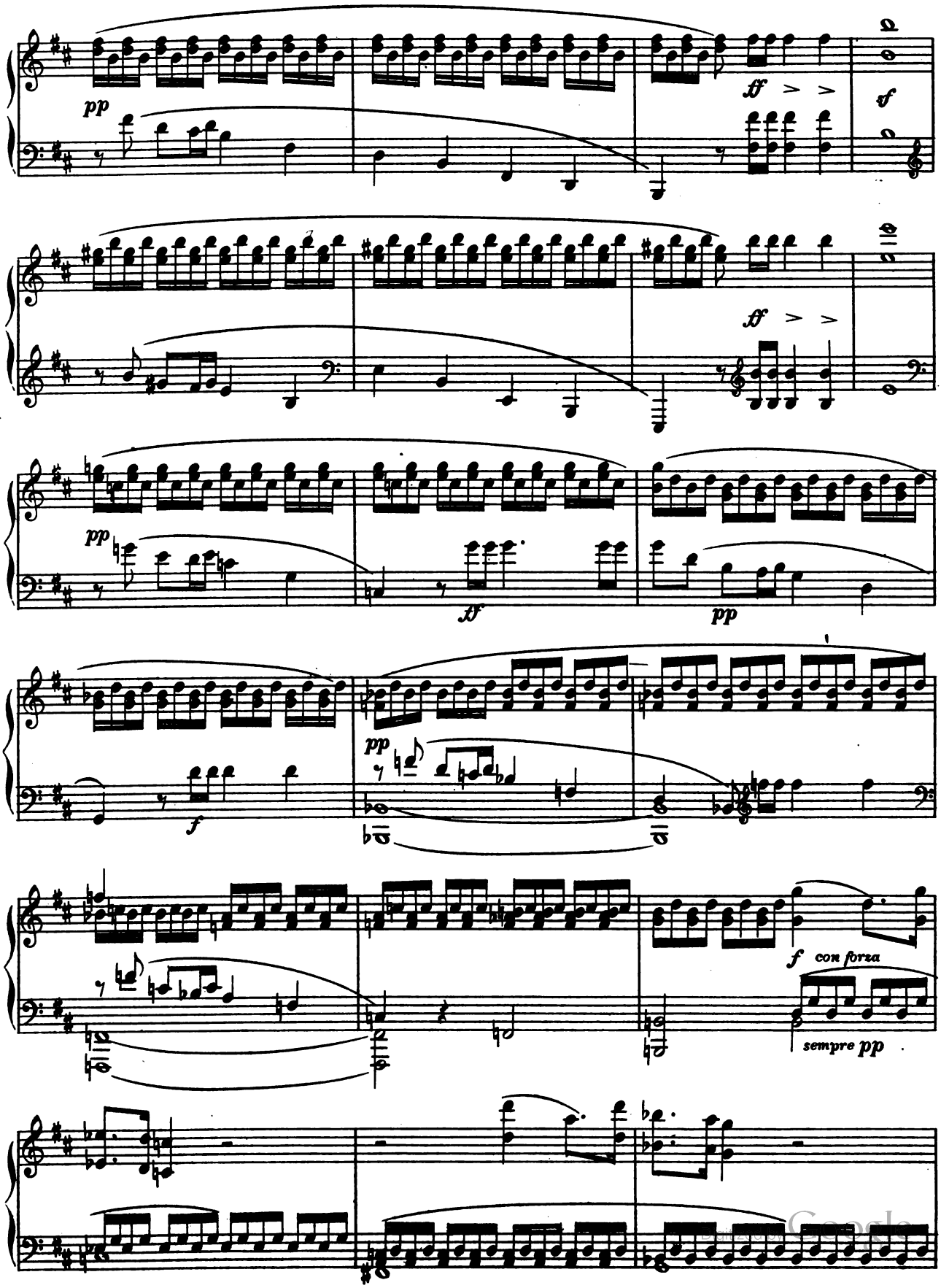
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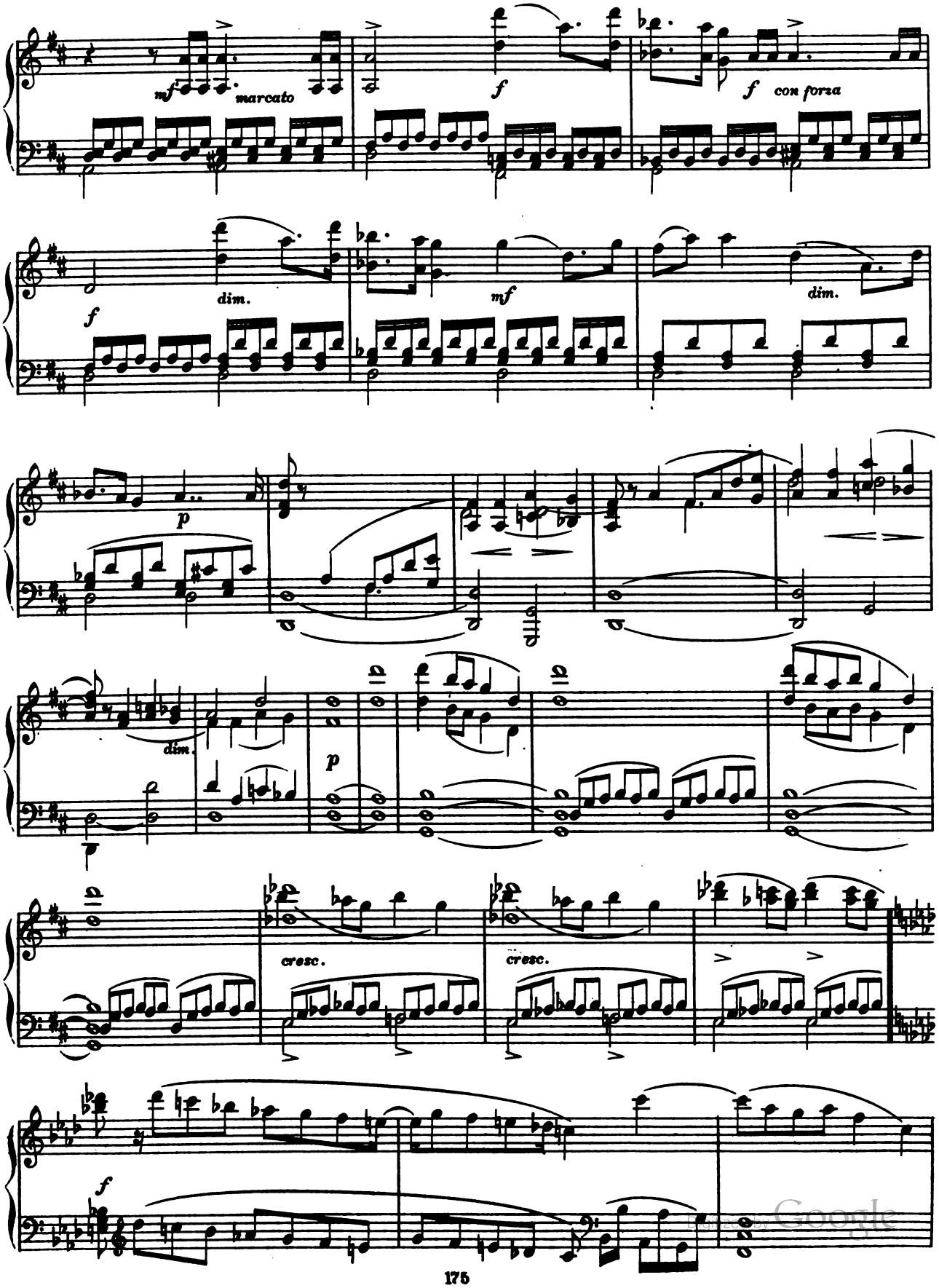
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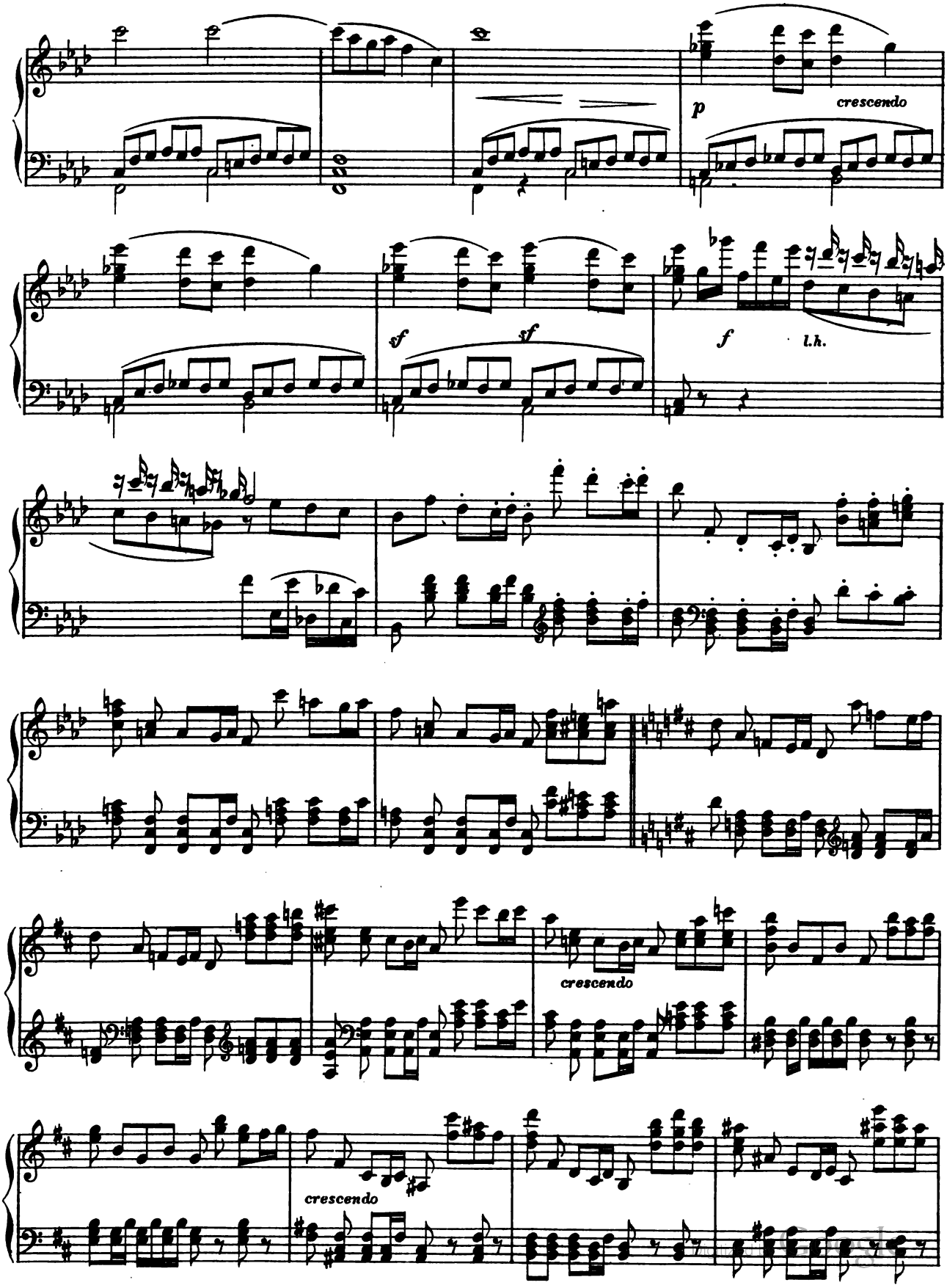
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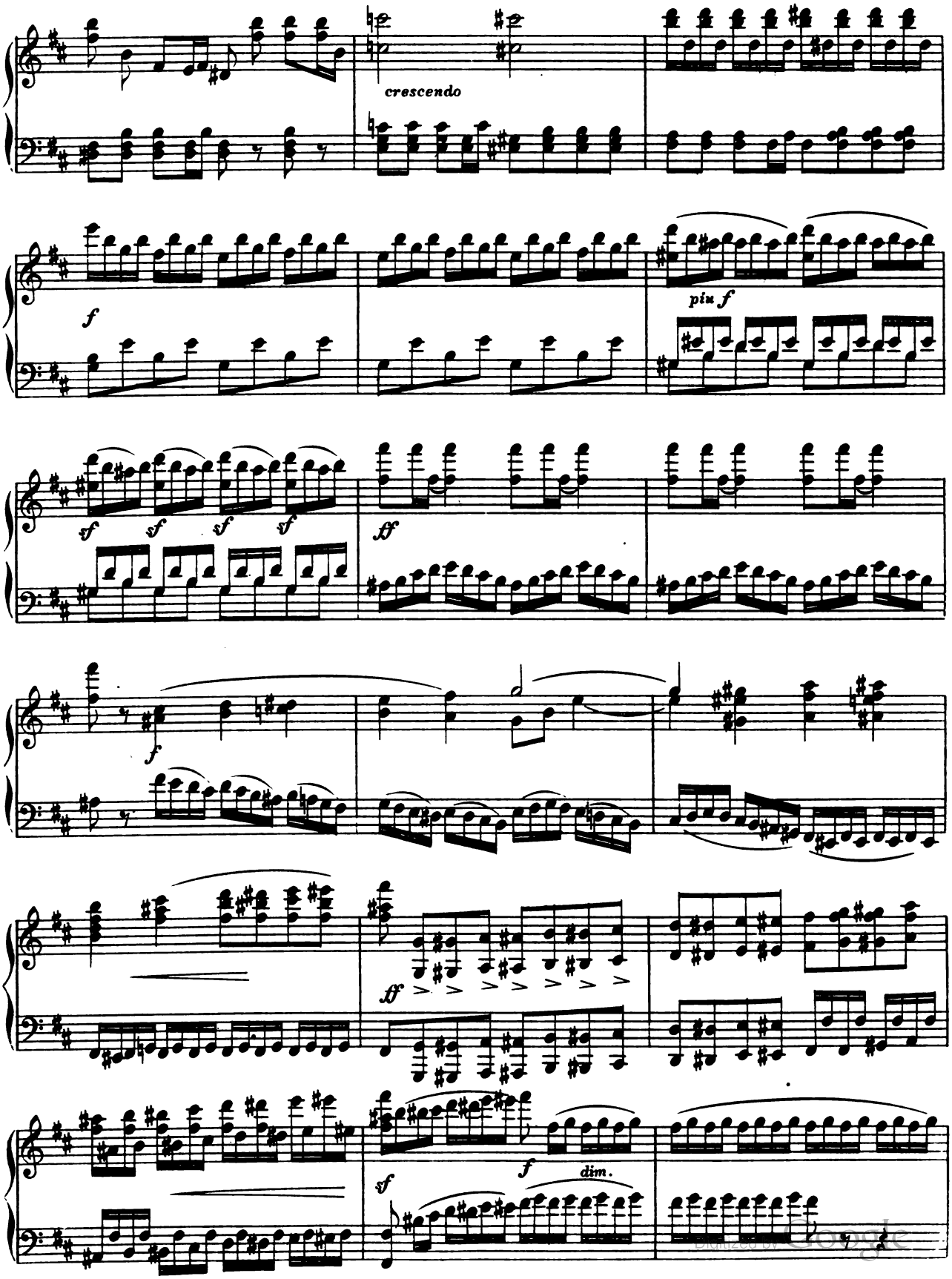
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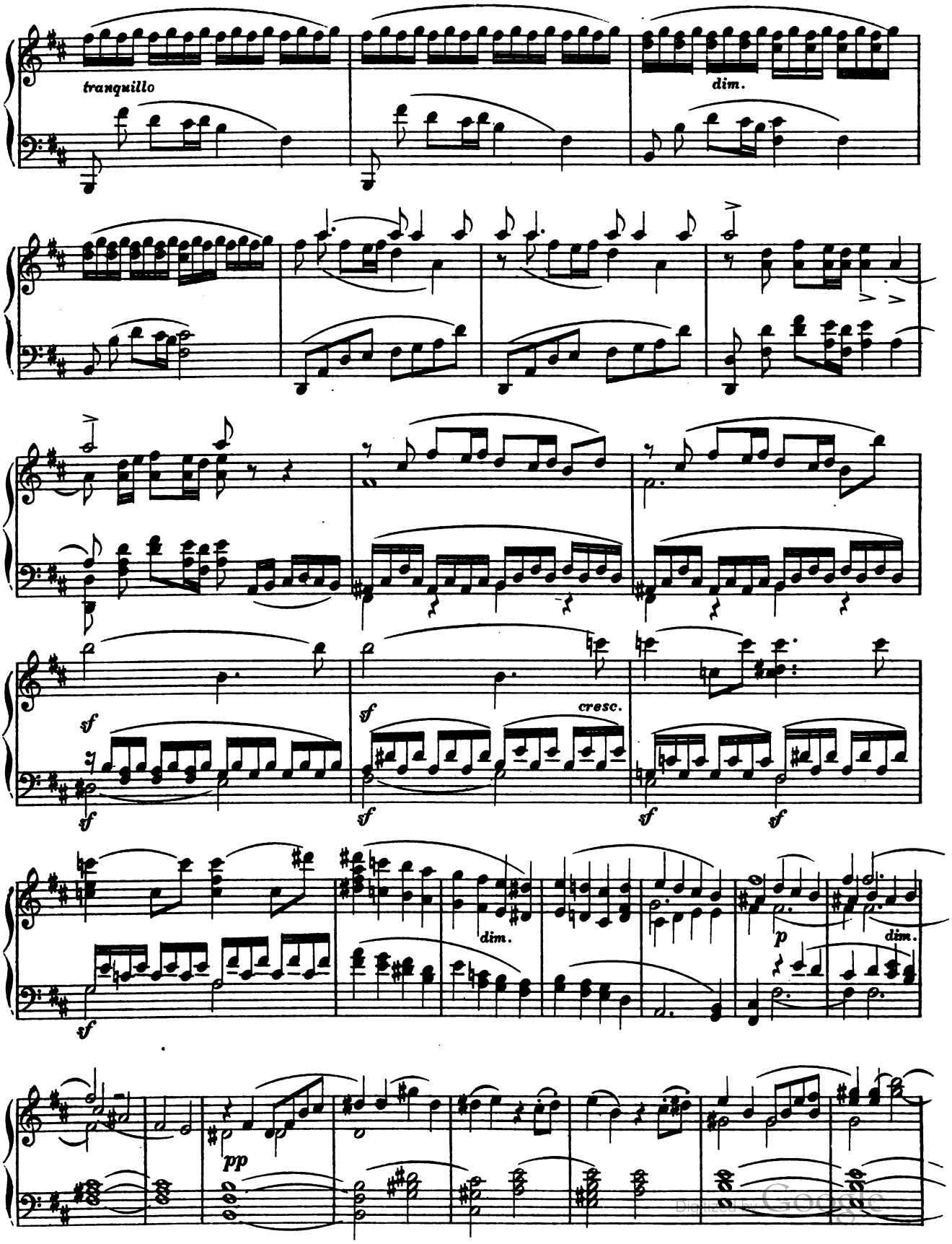
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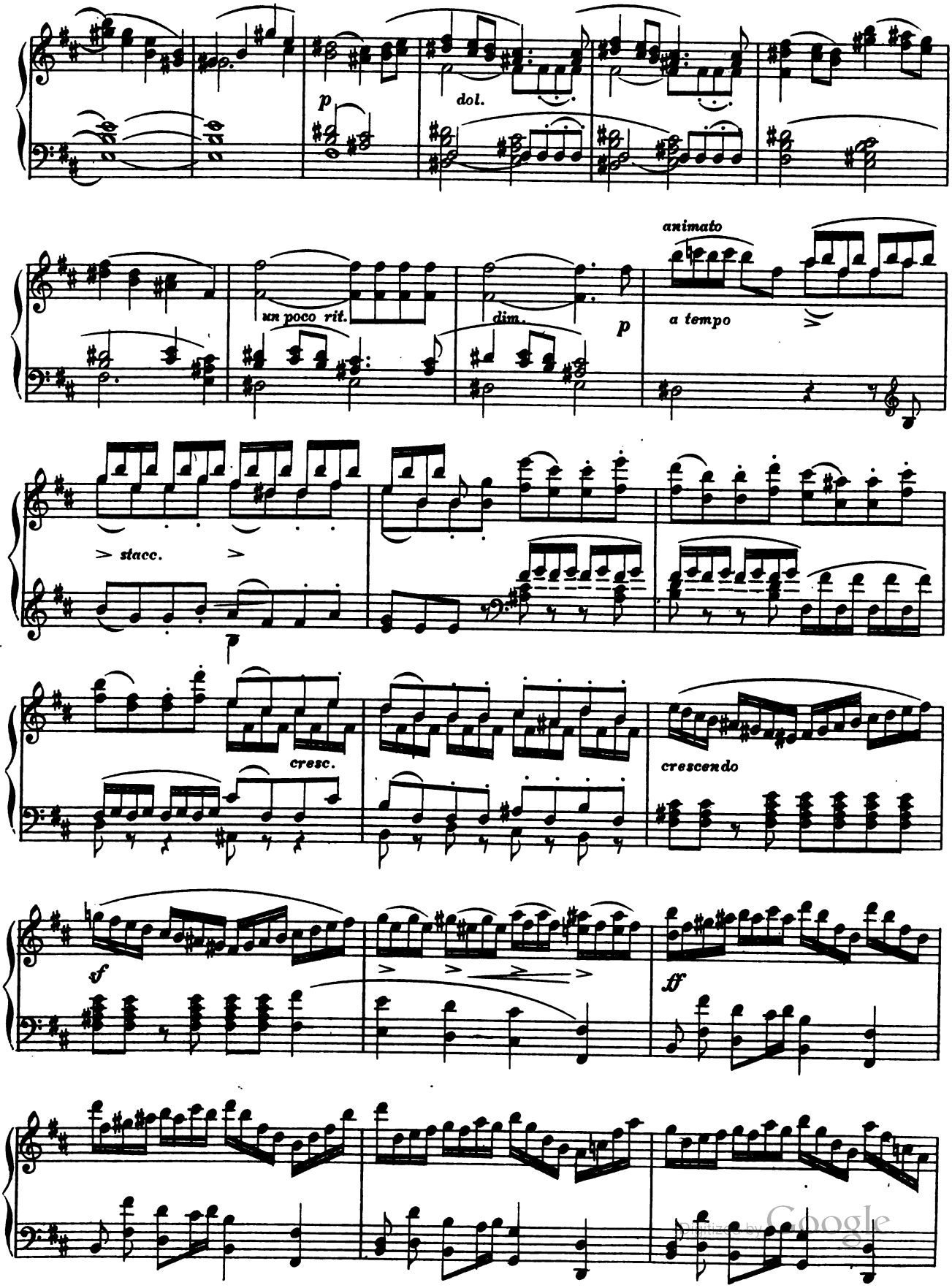
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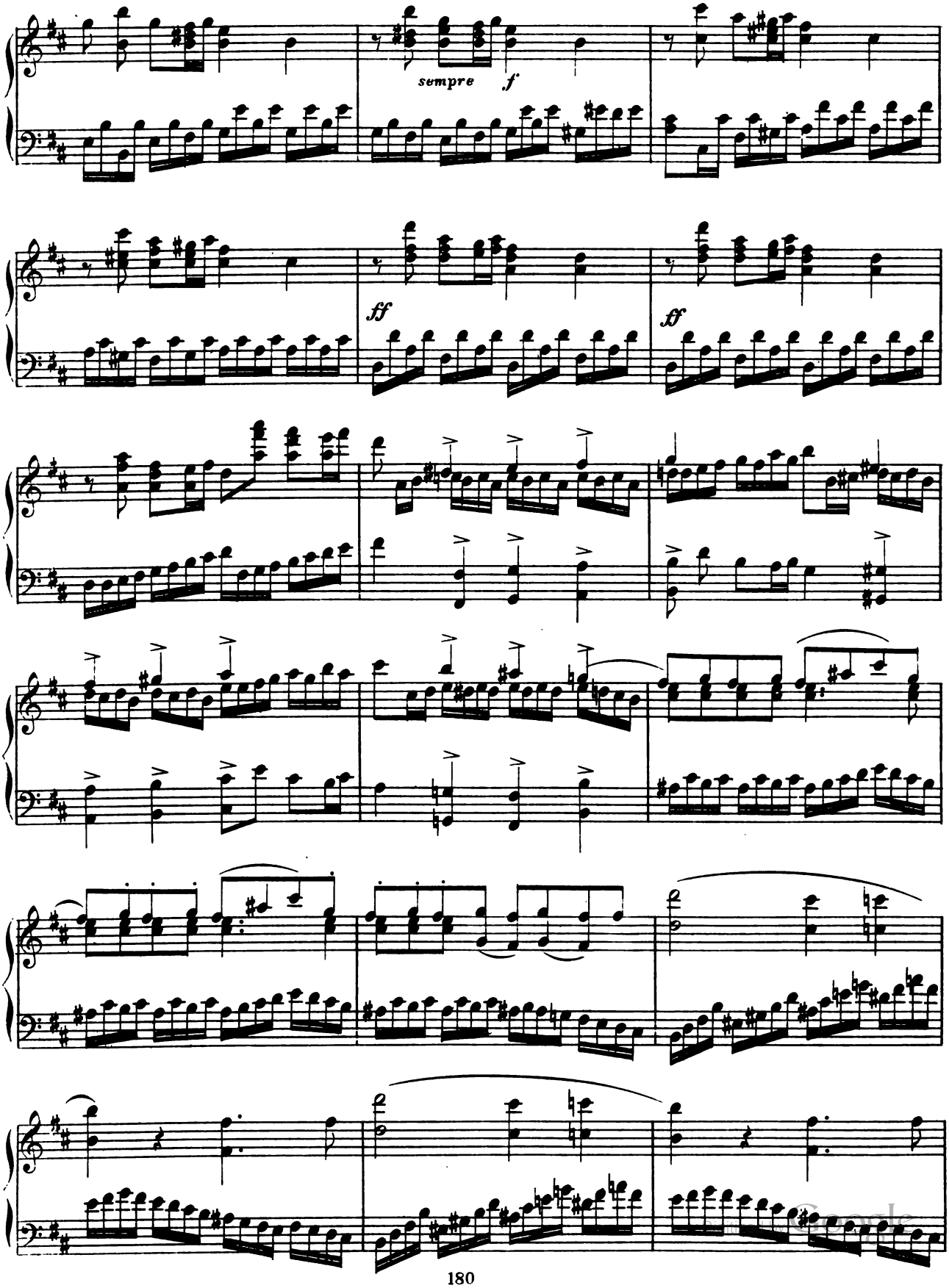
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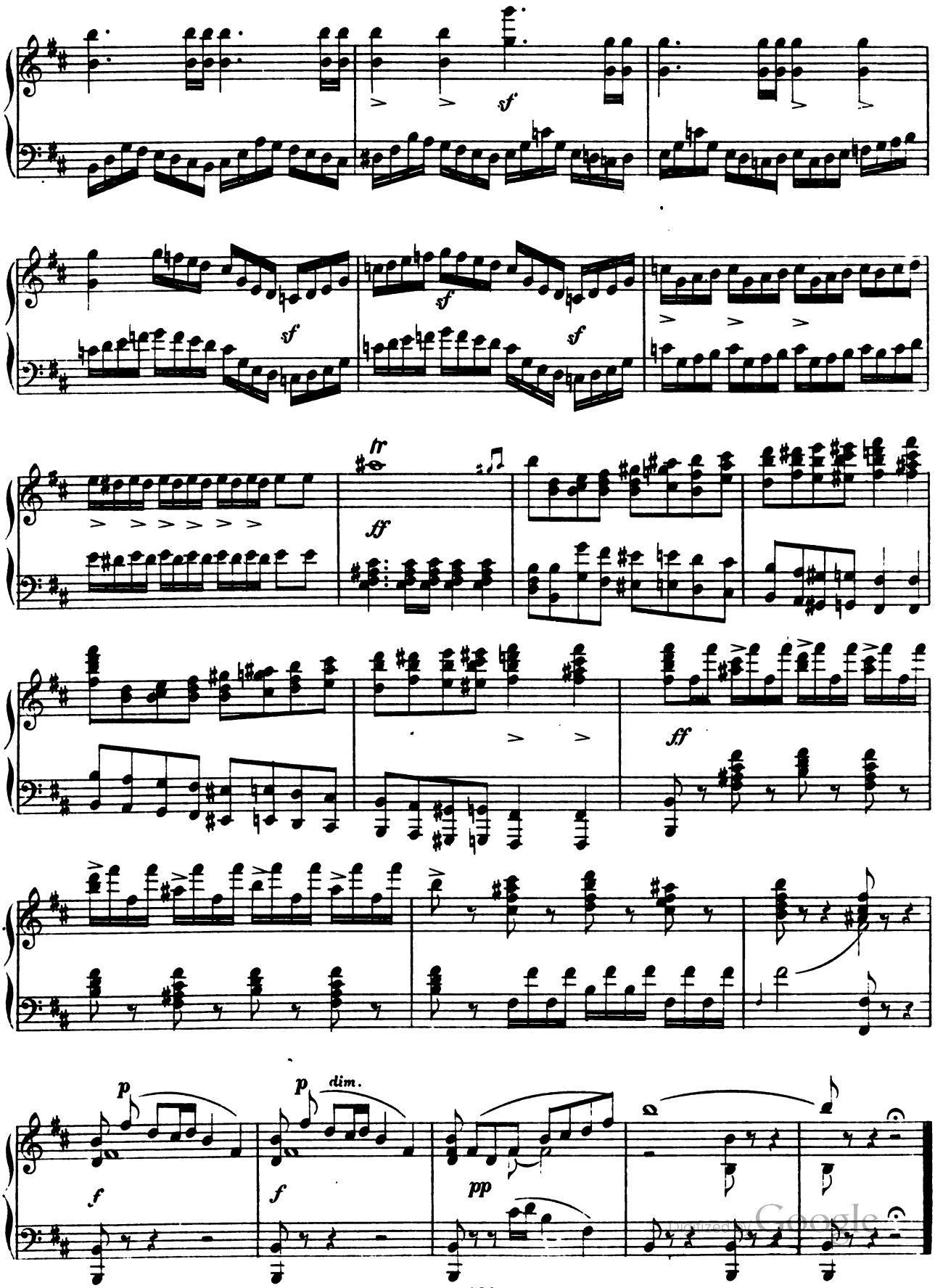
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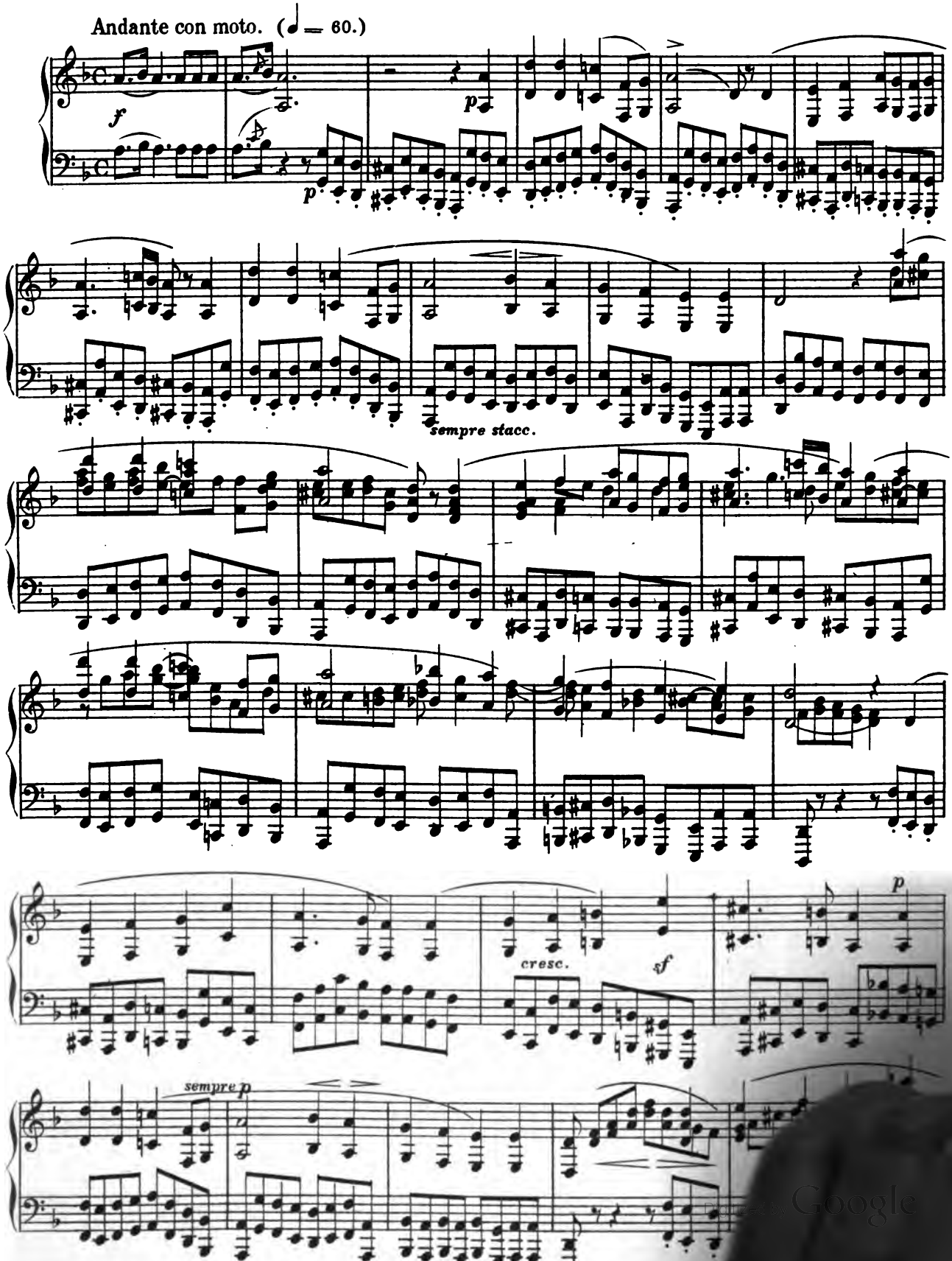
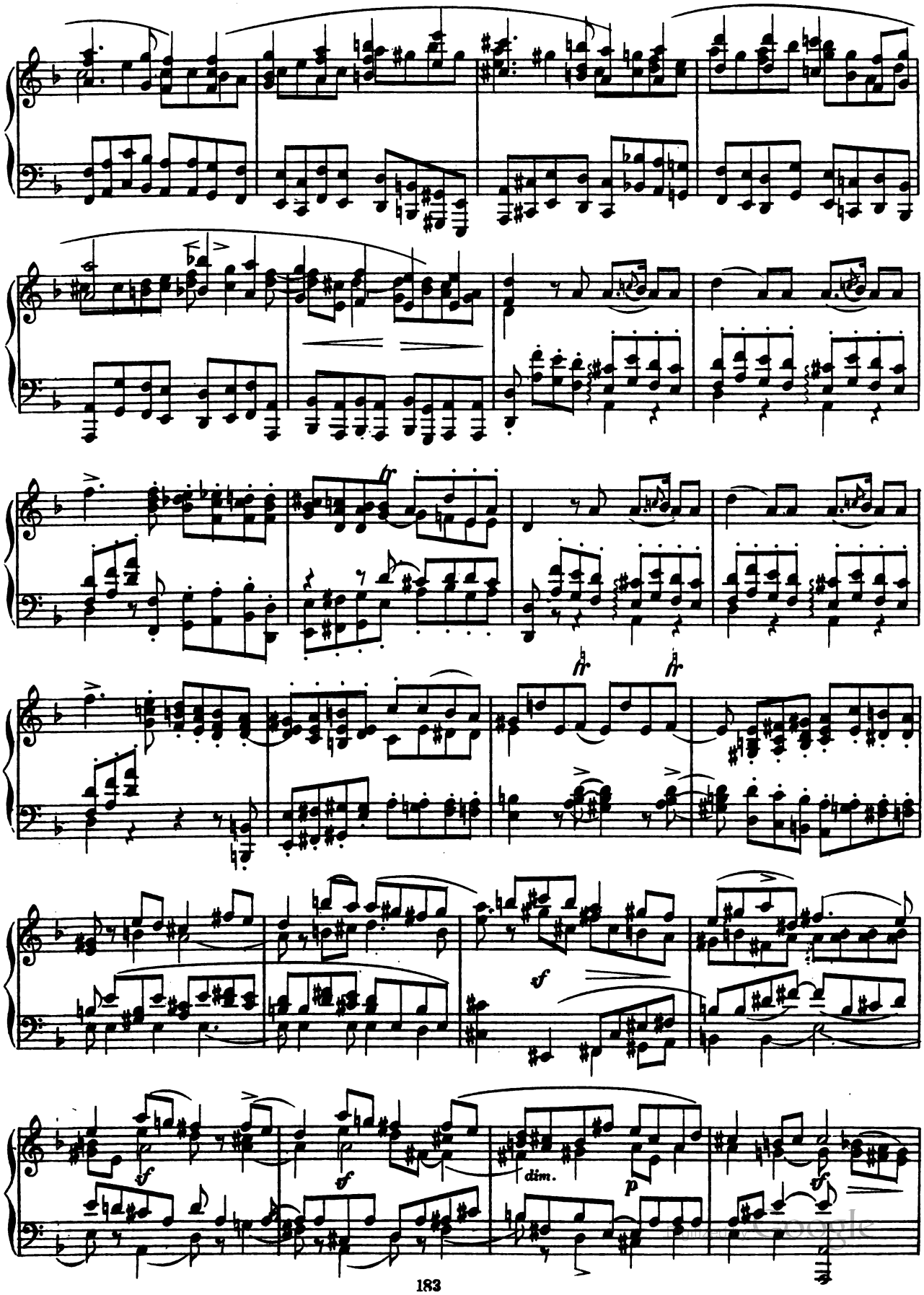
V. 'THE PILGRIMS' MARCH'

FROM THE 'ITALIAN SYMPHONY'

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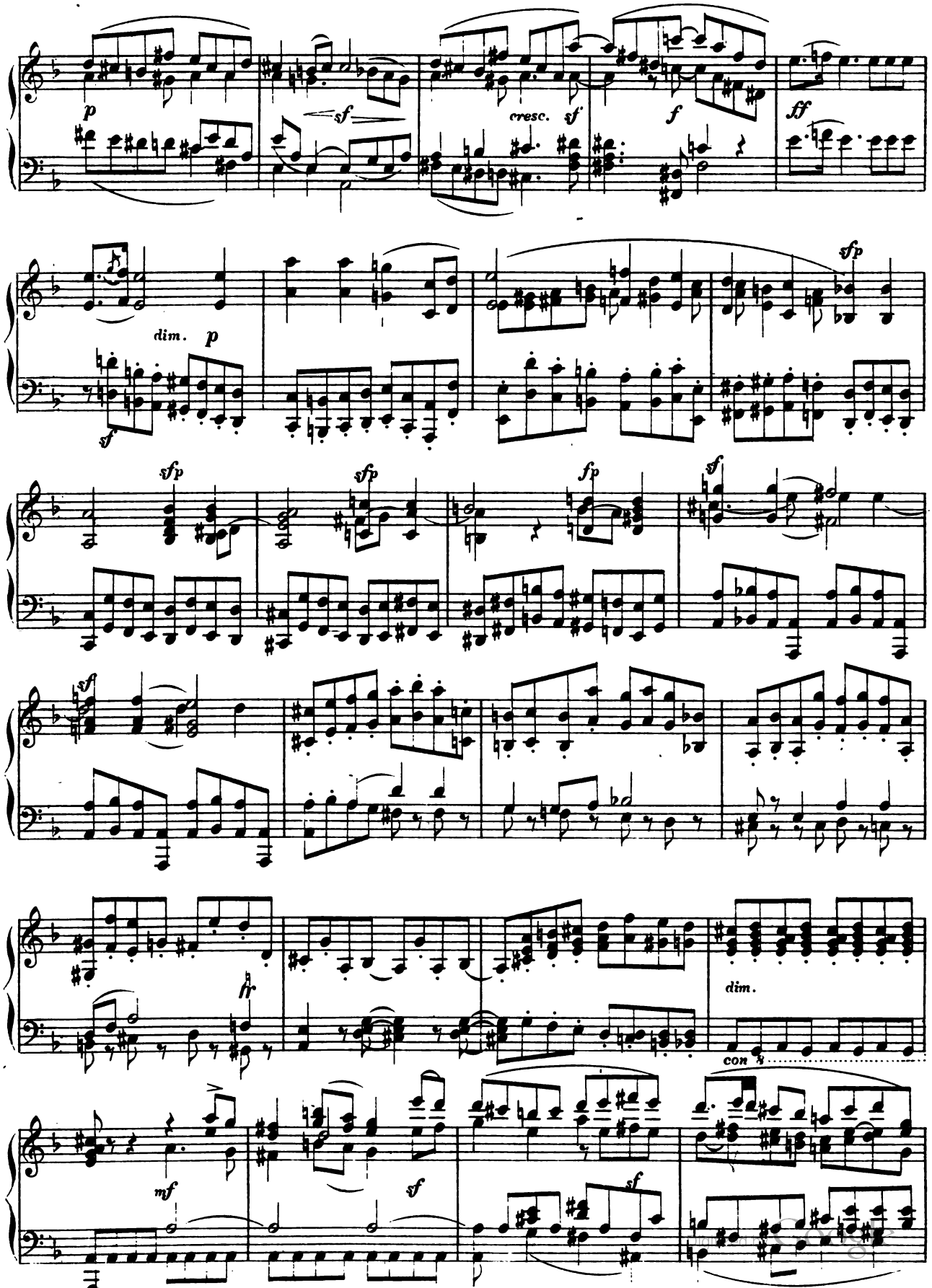
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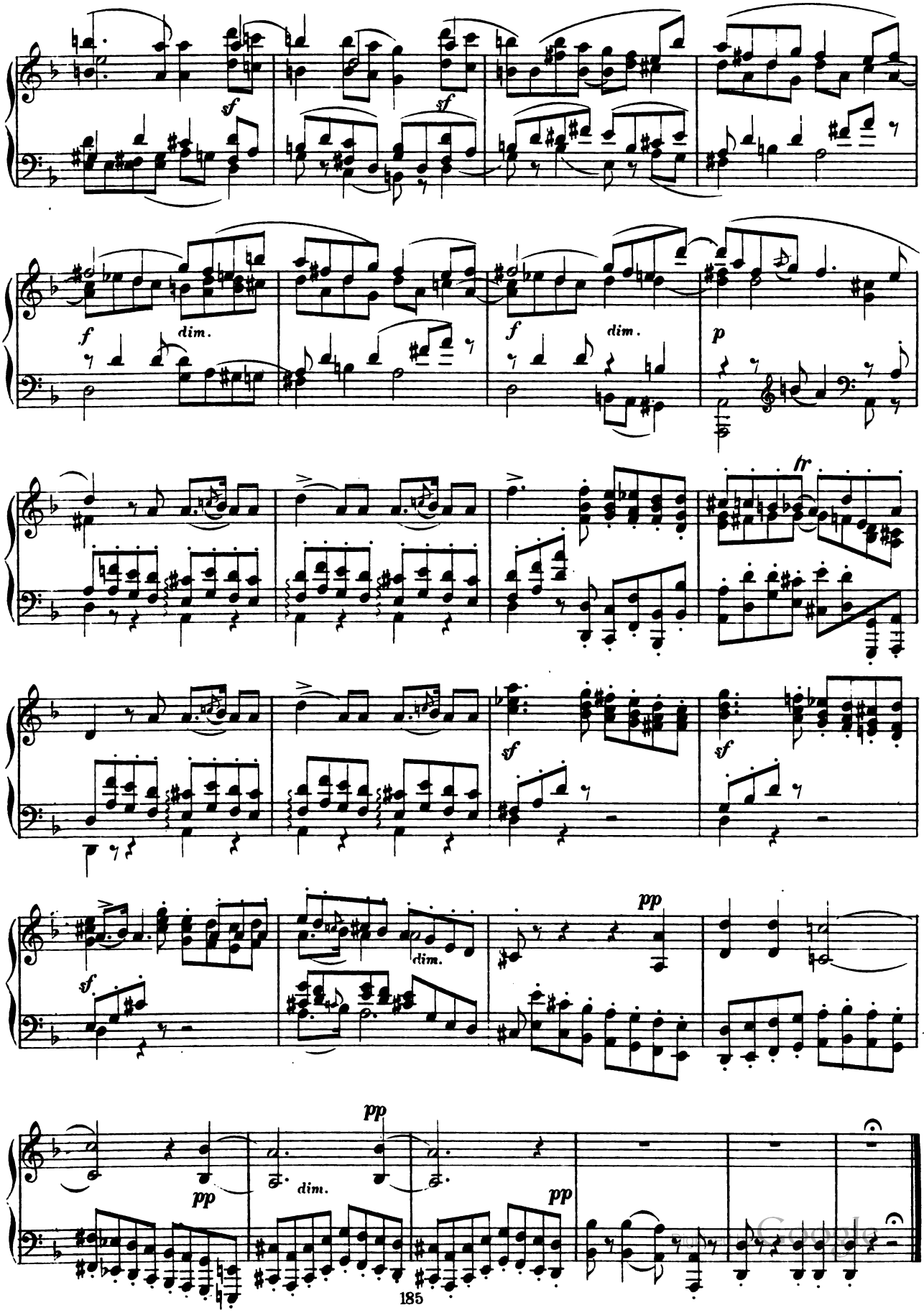
sf
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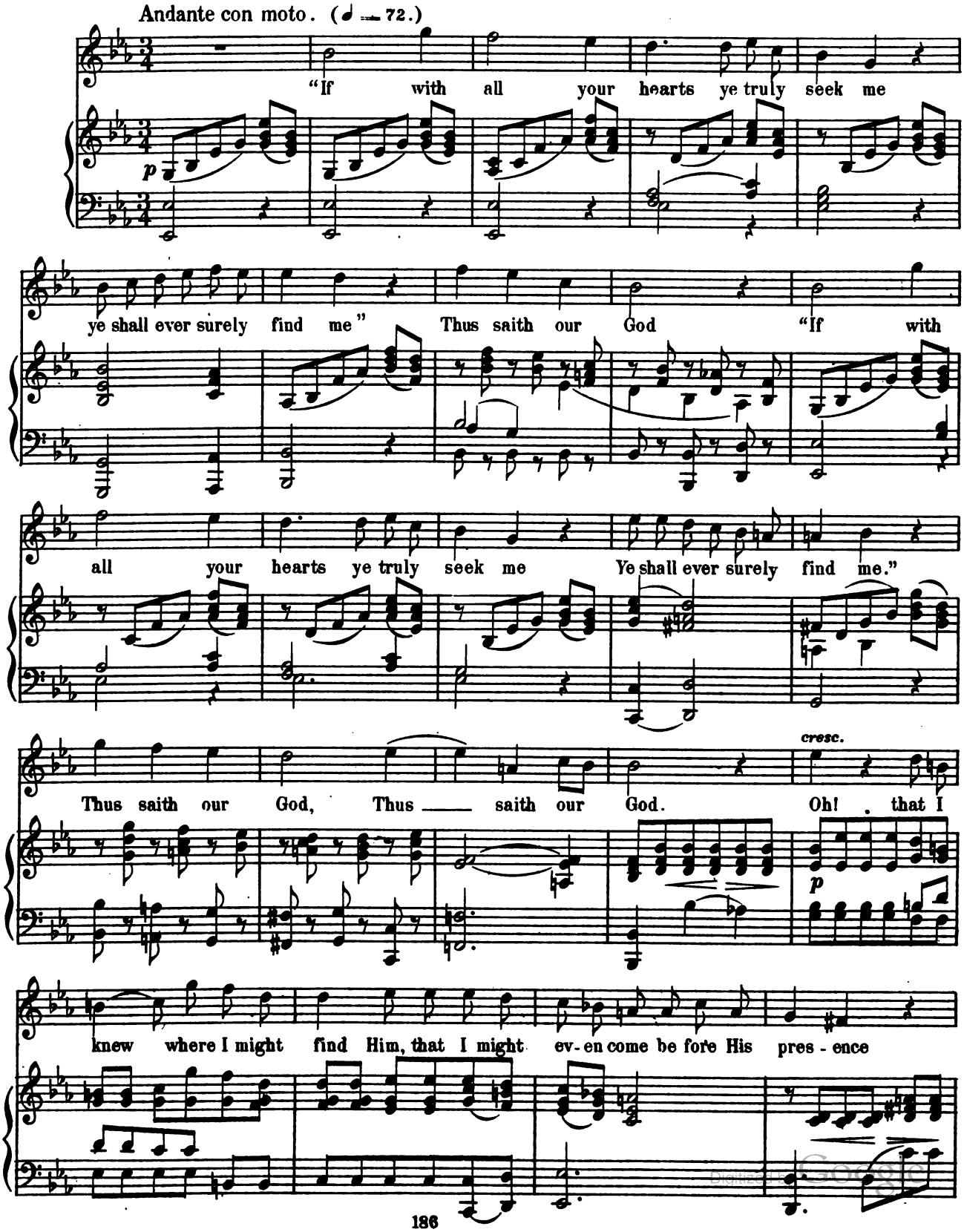
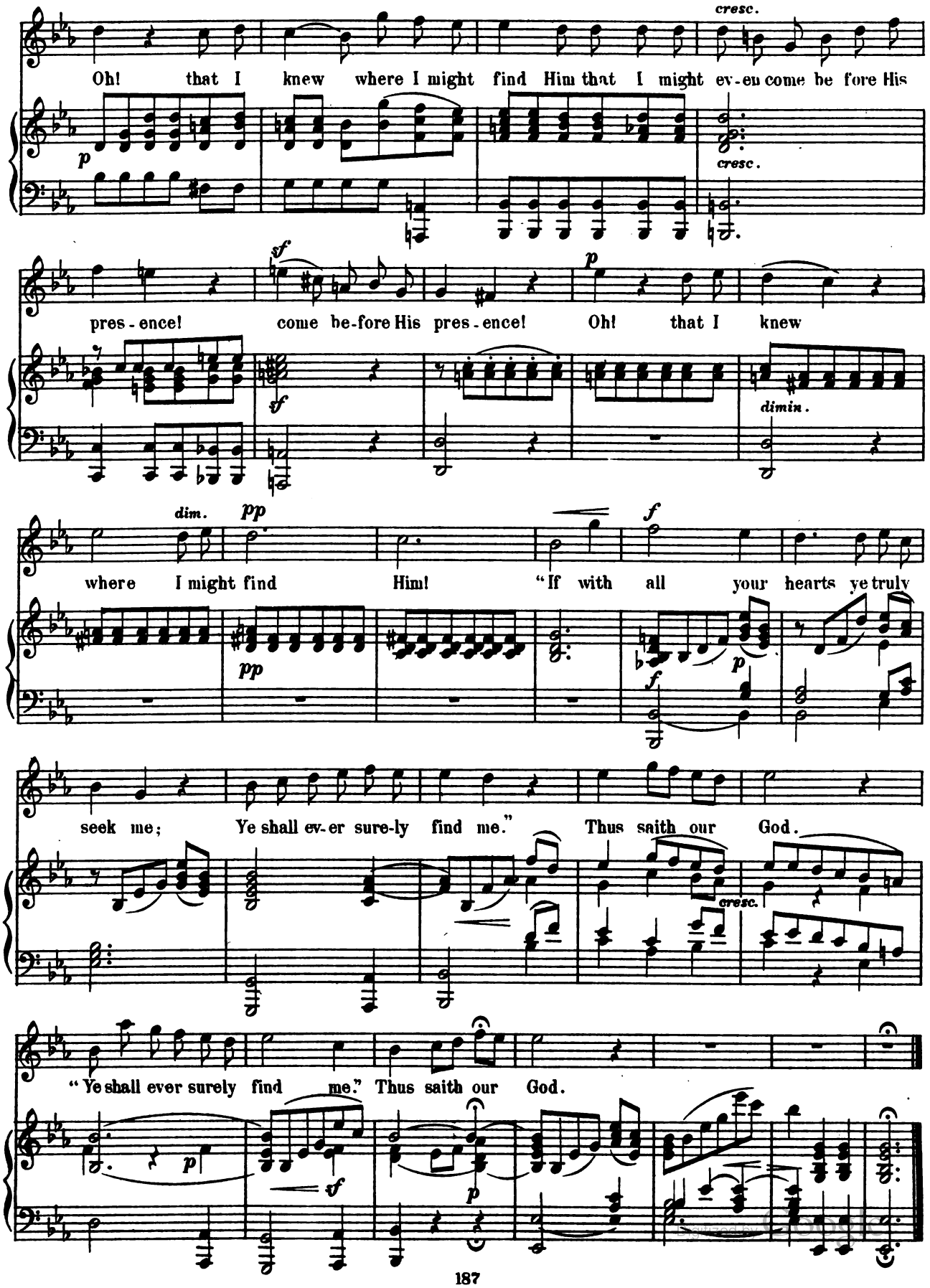
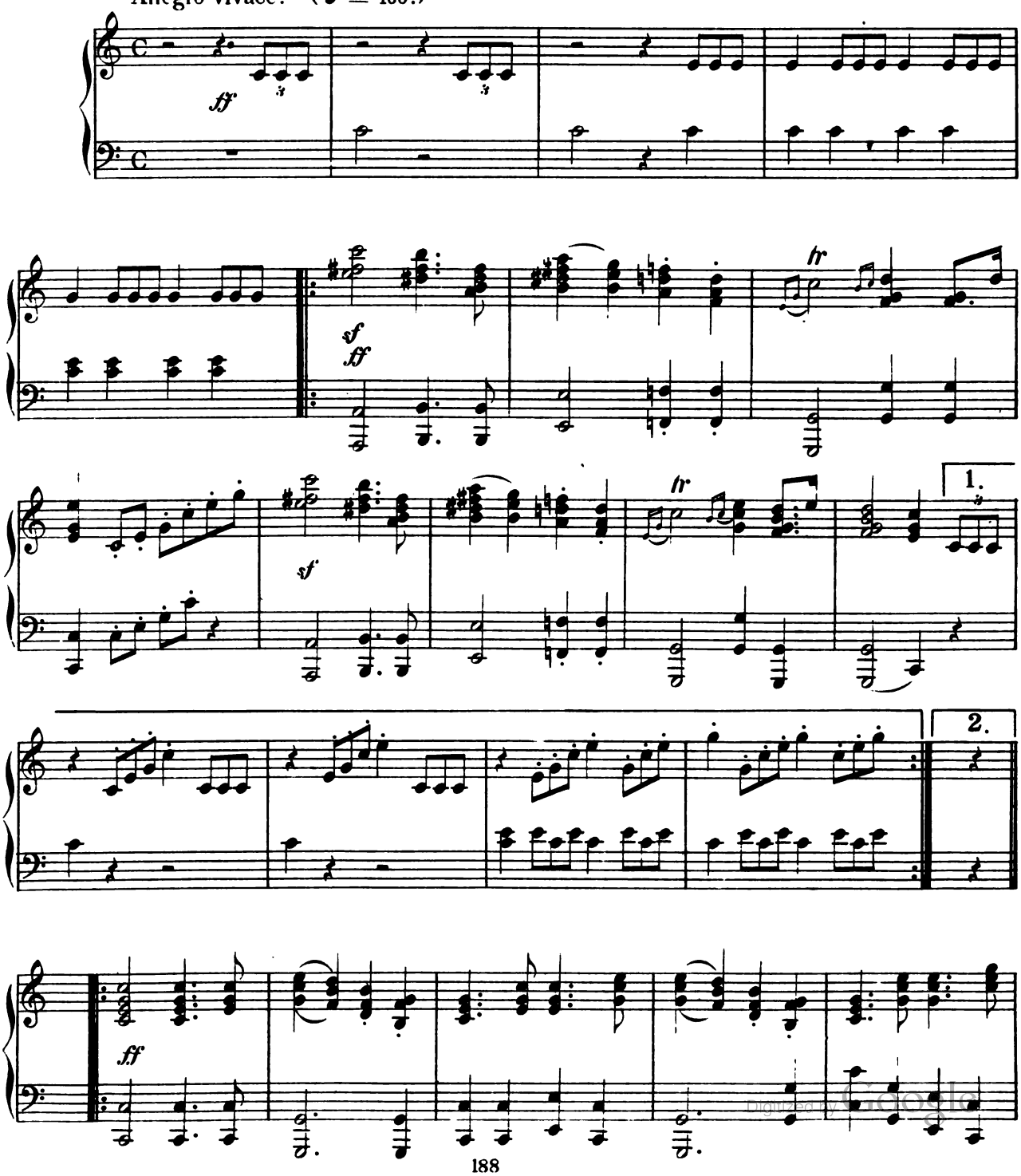
VI. "If With All Your Hearts"

TENOR SOLO FROM 'ELIJAH'

Andante con moto. (♩ = 72.)
"If with all your hearts ye truly seek me
p
ye shall ever surely find me" Thus saith our God "If with
all your hearts ye truly seek me Ye shall ever surely find me."
cresc.
Thus saith our God, Thus saith our God. Oh! that I
p
knew where I might find Him, that I might ev-en come be fore His pres-ence

cresc.
Oh! that I knew where I might find Him that I might ev-en come be fore His
p
cresc.
sf
p
pres-ence! come be-fore His pres-ence! Oh! that I knew
sf
dimin.
dim.
pp
where I might find Him! "If with all your hearts ye truly
pp
f
p
f
seek me; Ye shall ev-er sure-ly find me." Thus saith our God.
cresc.
"Ye shall ever surely find me." Thus saith our God.
p
f
p

VII. WEDDING MARCH

FROM 'A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM'

Allegro vivace. (♩ = 160.)

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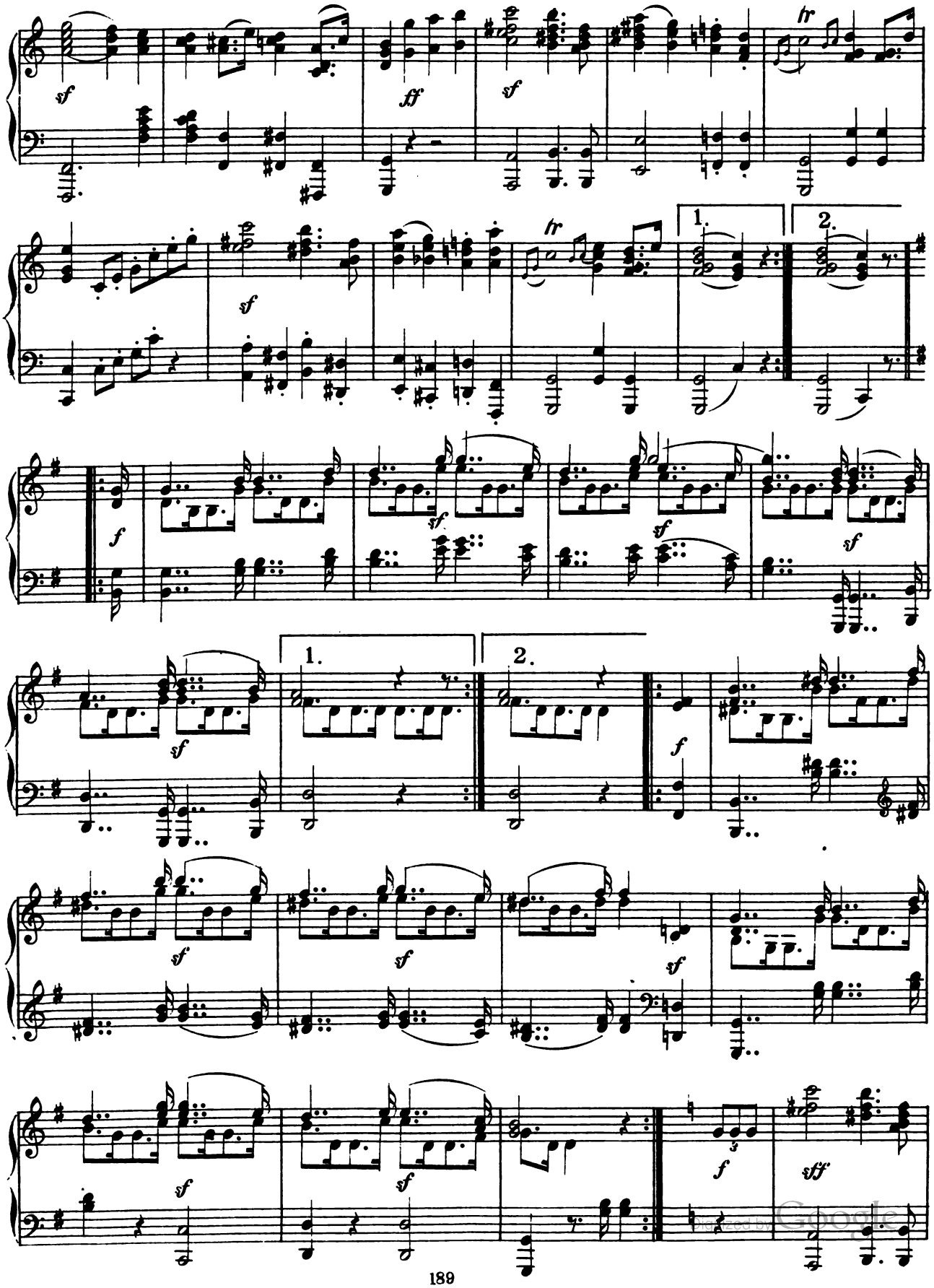
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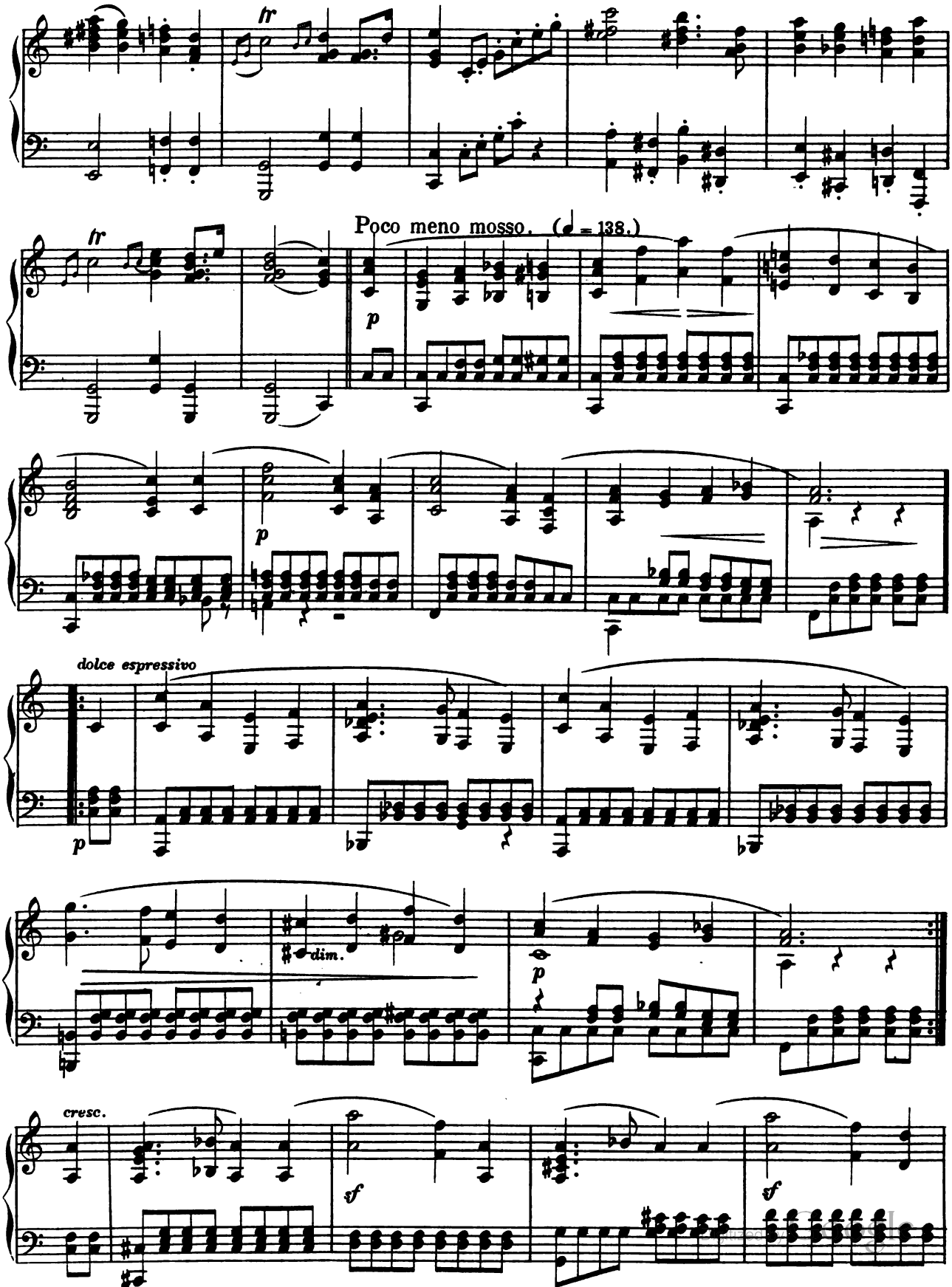
tr
tr
Poco meno mosso. (♩ = 138.)
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p
dolce espressivo
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dim.
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cresc.
sf
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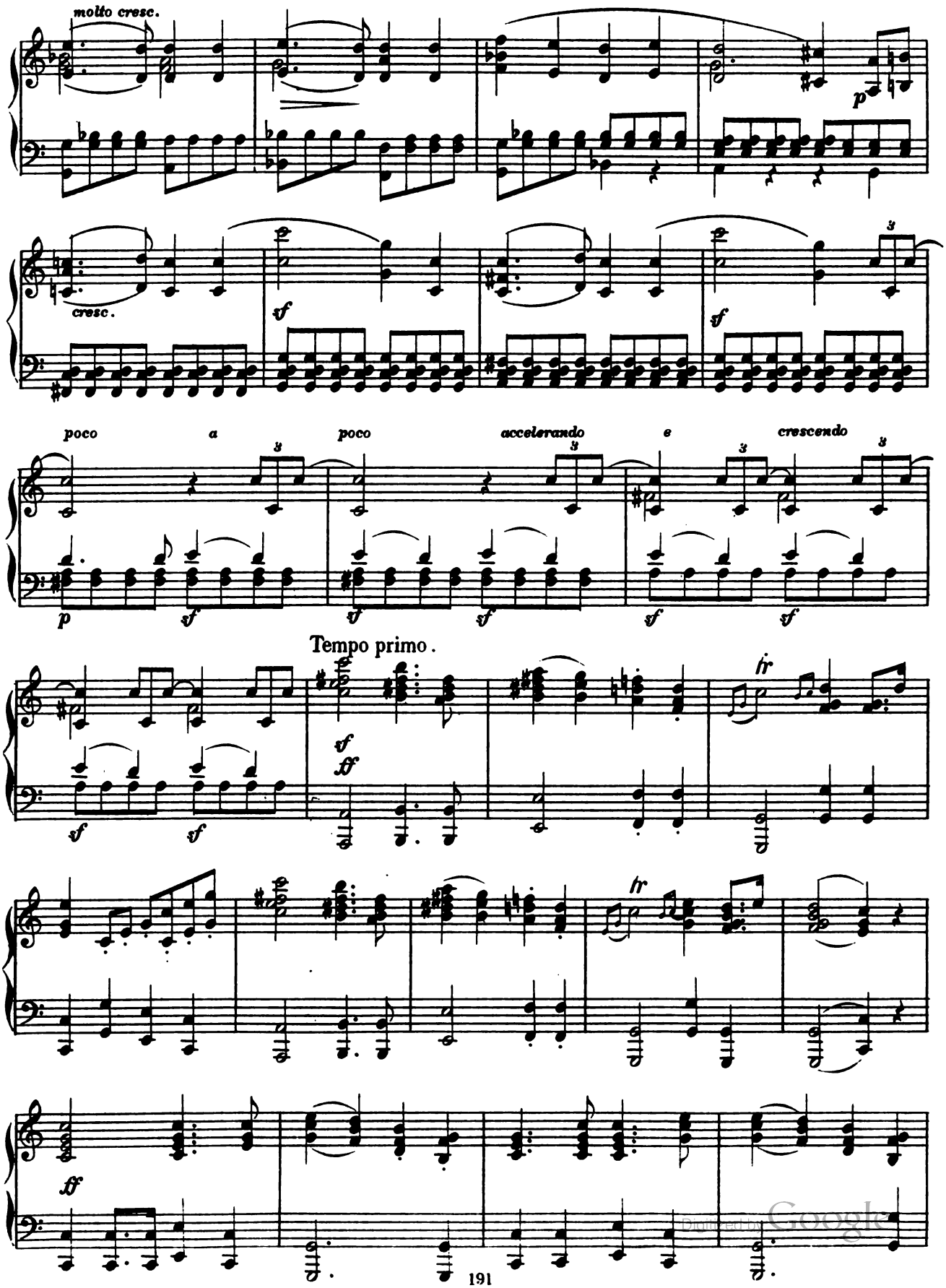
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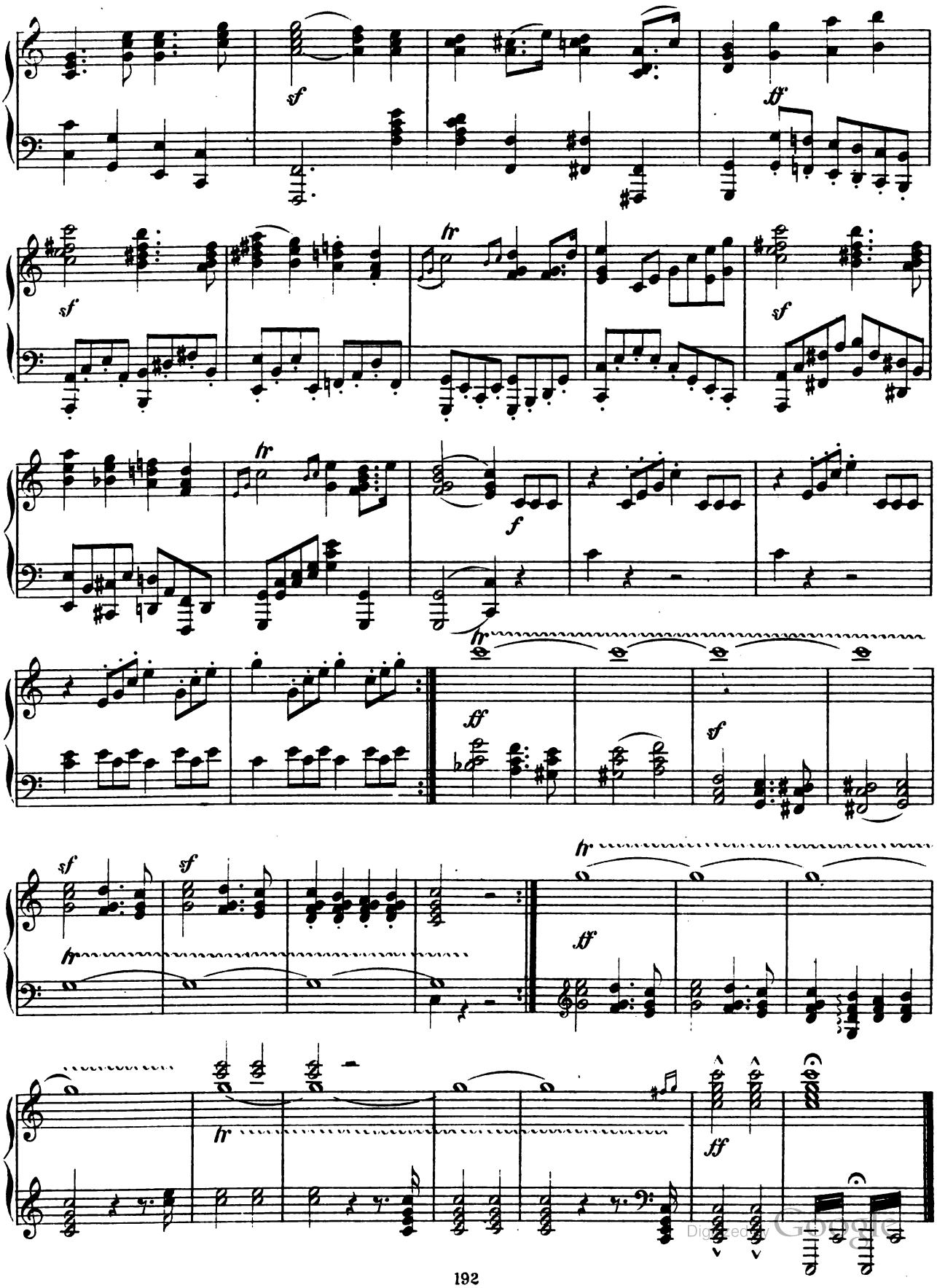
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MASTERS IN MUSIC

GRIEG

BORN 1843

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EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG

Grieg's personal appearance is very vividly described in the quotations from Tschaïkowsky and M. Closson given in the following Life. The delicacy and spirituality of his face is well shown in this portrait, but of course it cannot reproduce the impression of slight physique which, according to both writers, is striking and characteristic.

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EDVARD HAGERUP

GRIEG

BORN 1843

EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG (pronounced Greeg), the son of Consul Alexander Grieg, was born in Bergen, Norway, June 15, 1843. He was descended from a Scottish ancestor, a follower of the pretender Charles Edward Stuart, who, fleeing his country after the battle of Culloden, settled in Norway as a tradesman, and changing the spelling of his name from Greig to Grieg in conformity with the Norwegian pronunciation, became thoroughly identified with his adopted country. Edvard Grieg's mother, Gesine Grieg, born Hagerup, was from an old Norwegian family which had already given several famous men to the country. From her, a woman of musical and poetic instinct and of strong character, Edvard, at the age of six, began to learn piano and theory. He could not have found a better guide in his first lessons. Mme. Grieg, who had studied music in Hamburg and in London, and had given some concerts and many soirées in Bergen, was of sound taste and excellent judgment, and was able to give her son the advantages of good musical influence and guidance throughout his childhood. It is said that at the age of nine he was so engrossed in music that being asked to bring a composition to school he wrote out some variations on a German melody and presented them to his not very appreciative master, who was expecting a literary rather than a musical effort. The artistic temperament revealed itself also in great sensitiveness to the beauty of the somber northern landscape, and at fifteen Grieg wished to become a painter. Fortunately, however, his musical ability was recognized by the famous violinist Ole Bull, at whose suggestion his parents decided to send him to the Leipsic Conservatory, whither he went in 1858. Here again the romanticism of the boy showed itself in his fretfulness under the strict régime of his masters, Hauptmann, Richter, Rietz, Reinecke, and Moscheles, and in his passionate devotion to the works of Schumann and Chopin, who were then looked upon in academic circles as somewhat dangerous revolutionaries. Except for a vacation of four months at home, necessitated by the pulmonary trouble which has ever since weakened Grieg's health, he spent four years in the Conservatory, being graduated in 1862.

In his earliest compositions, produced at this period, the traits that

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afterwards distinguished him are rather obscured by academic influence and uncertainty of intention. The Four Pieces, opus 1, by no means devoid of his peculiar flavor, are yet tentative in style and reminiscent of older masters, particularly Chopin and Mendelssohn. Of the Poetic Tone-pictures, opus 3, the second and fourth are the well-established type of graceful *salon* piece. Number four, indeed, might almost be a strayed leaf from Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words.' Yet the very next piece is full-fledged Grieg. Here is the short four-measure phrase, transposed a third and repeated, here the descending chromatic harmonizations, here the raucous fifths as of peasant players sawing away on their viols, that are among the hall-marks of his writings. But more important than any such technical details is the general animation, producing vigorous rhythm, graceful melody, and warm harmony, that always sparkles in Grieg's best work. In the Poetic Tone-pictures he is already himself, though not his mature self.

Being at graduation somewhat bewildered and uncertain as to his future course, Grieg turned his steps in 1863 to Copenhagen, the home of Niels Wilhelm Gade, the head of the Danish school of music. "One day," he writes in an autobiographical fragment, "I had gone out with my friend Matthison-Hansen to Klampenborg. Suddenly he nudged my arm.

"'What is it?' I said.

"'Do you see that little man with the large gray hat?'

"'I see him.'

"'Do you know who it is?' said he.

"'I have n't the least idea.'

"'That 's Gade,' he said. 'Shall I introduce you?'

"And without waiting for my reply he took me up to the Professor, with the curt announcement:

"'Professor, a Norwegian friend of mine—a good musician.'

"'Is it Nordraak?' asked Gade.

"'No, it is Grieg,' answered Matthison-Hansen.

"'Oh, that 's who it is,' said Gade, scanning my insignificant and humble self from head to foot with a searching glance, while I stood, not without awe, face to face with the man whose works I treasured so highly. 'Have you something to show me?'

"'No,' I answered. For the things I had finished did n't seem good enough.

"'Then go home and write a symphony,' recommended Gade."

It is indicative of the groping stage at which Grieg's genius still paused that he actually tried to write a symphony, two movements of which are preserved in the Symphonic Pieces, opus 14,—Grieg, whose talent was symphonic in about the degree that Brahms's was operatic. Contact with the friendly little man in the large gray hat, who has been dubbed the "Danish Mendelssohn," was doubtless a stimulus to the young Grieg; but other and more radical influences were needed to awaken his personality and bring him to his own. Such influences, however, he finally did find

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in Copenhagen. The Nordraak for whom Gade had at first taken him, a fervently patriotic Norwegian of magnetic personality, acquainted him with Norwegian folk-songs and fired him with an ambition to found on them a finished art. Meeting in solemn conclave, with all the self-importance of youth, these two enthusiasts took the oath of musical allegiance to their fatherland. "It was as though scales fell from my eyes," writes Grieg; "for the first time I learned. . . to understand my own nature. We abjured the Gade-Mendelssohn insipid and diluted Scandinavianism, and bound ourselves with enthusiasm to the new path which the northern school is now following." Nor did their zeal confine itself to composition. In 1864 they founded, with their Danish friends Horneman and Matthison-Hansen, the Euterpe Musical Society, for the performance of Scandinavian works. This institution, which must have reacted stimulatingly on their composing, they supported energetically up to Grieg's departure in 1866 for Christiania. Finally, it was in these years of his freshest vigor, in which he was conscious both of inner power and of outer opportunities, that Grieg met the lady, Nina Hagerup, his cousin, who became in time his wife. It is not to be wondered at that no period in his life was so fruitful as this.

His most characteristic works, accordingly, were composed between his graduation from the Conservatory and the early seventies—between his twentieth and his thirtieth years. There are the two inimitable Sonatas for Violin and Piano, opus 8 and opus 13; the Piano Sonata, opus 7; the incidental music to Ibsen's 'Peer Gynt;' some of the most charming of the Lyric Pieces for Piano and of the Songs, and the Piano Concerto, opus 16,—the best part, certainly, of his entire musical product.

In 1866, after spending the winter in Italy, Grieg settled in Christiania, entering with enthusiasm into the work of reorganizing the musical life of the capital. There he lived until 1874, teaching, conducting, and composing; but though continuing to do excellent work, he seems to have even then reached the acme of his powers, and thenceforward to have imperceptibly declined. It is rather a melancholy fact that when, in 1874, receiving a pension of sixteen hundred crowns from the Government, which enabled him to resign the conductorship of the Musical Union of Christiania, he began to devote himself almost entirely to composition, his mental vivacity was waning and his lovely lyrical utterance was beginning to be smothered under mannerisms. From this time he has advanced more by familiarizing the world with his earlier compositions than by adding to them anything particularly novel or valuable. In 1869, in response to a letter of sympathy and encouragement, he visited Liszt. Later, he traveled in Germany, Holland, and Denmark, gave concerts in England in 1888, and visited France, playing and conducting his works at Paris. He and his wife have given a few song recitals in Copenhagen, Leipsic, Rome, Paris, and London, where those who were privileged to hear them had an opportunity of listening to his most lovely songs given under ideal conditions, with the composer at the piano, and sung by an interpreter of

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rare intelligence and sympathy. Ole Bull, who has spoken in his memoirs of visiting Grieg on his birthday celebration in 1879 at his picturesque villa Troldhangen, built on a hill, ten miles from Bergen, overlooking Hardangerfjord, says, "No spot could be more enchanting, so wonderfully blended were the beautiful and the sublime in nature. The little one-room study, erected by the composer for perfect retirement, was perched halfway up a rock, and near the fjord. In the field above, the apple-trees were in bloom about an old farm-house, where the guests assembled. From the summit of the beetling cliffs not far away fell a beautiful waterfall, while the opposite mountain shore of the broad fjord, clothed with heavy forests of pine above and the feathery birch below, presented range after range of lofty peaks and domes, crowned by the great Folgefond, with its eternal snow."

Here, for the most part, Grieg still lives a peaceful and secluded country life.

Of Grieg's personality, as it appears in the flesh, we get an interesting glimpse in Tschaïkowsky's Diary. "During the rehearsal of Brahms's new trio," writes Tschaïkowsky, "as I was taking the liberty of making some remarks as to the skill and execution of the relative tempo 2-3,—remarks which were very good-naturedly received by the composer,—there entered the room a very short, middle-aged man, exceedingly fragile in appearance, with shoulders of unequal height, fair hair brushed back from his forehead, and a very slight, almost boyish beard and mustache. There was nothing very striking about the features of this man, whose exterior at once attracted my sympathy, for it would be impossible to call them handsome or regular; but he had an uncommon charm, and blue eyes, not very large, but irresistibly fascinating, recalling the glance of a charming and candid child. I rejoiced in the depths of my heart when we were introduced to each other, and it turned out that this personality, which was so inexplicably sympathetic to me, belonged to a musician whose warmly emotional music had long ago won my heart. He proved to be the Norwegian composer, Edvard Grieg." This was in 1888, when Grieg was forty-five. We may compare with it another description, written a year later by a Frenchman, M. Ernest Closson, when Grieg was playing and conducting his works in Paris. "Grieg is small, thin, and narrow-shouldered," writes M. Closson. " His body, which is like a child's, is always in motion—the movements short, lively, singularly jerky and angular, each step shaking the whole body and hitching the shoulder as if he limped; a 'bundle of nerves' (*'paquet des nerfs'*), to use a doctor's phrase of picturesque energy. The head, which looks massive on so small a body, is intelligent and very handsome, with long grayish hair thrown back, thin face, smooth-shaven chin, short, thick mustache, small but full nose, and eyes!—eyes superb, green, gray, in which one can fancy one catches a glimpse of Norway, with its melancholy fjords and its luminous mists. His gaze is serious, wonderfully soft, with a peculiar expression, at once worn, tentative, and childishly naïve. The entire effect is of kindness, gentleness, candor, a sincere modesty."

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A writer in an *Atlantic Monthly* of 1883, who visited the Griegs in their home, gives us the following delightful glimpse of them: "As we drove down the steep roads back to the city, the sun blazed out suddenly and the trees glistened and the rosy-faced children called to each other, and ran about clacking their wooden shoes on the pavement and looking at us curiously. 'Now we will just have time to go to see the Griegs,' said my friend; 'they are not far away;' and presently we stopped before a high wooden house, and were again lucky enough to have a sight of the charming face of the Norwegian composer. It was a great satisfaction and pleasure (having scarcely done more than look at him before) to see him in his own house; to see his old-fashioned piano, and to hear him talk in delightful fragments of English; to watch his delicate pale face and slender figure become alert and quick with enthusiasm, and his eyes flash with fun. One could only regret that so fine a genius as Edvard Grieg's had not a stronger body for its servant. His wife, a most accomplished and interesting woman, with her bright, sweet face, and curly hair, that waved about as she moved, and curved back thick and soft from her forehead like a bird's winter feathers, seemed as merry and busy as possible. They had lately come from Germany, and now were going down to the Hardangerfjord for some holidays. Mrs. Grieg (or Fru Grieg, as one would say in Norway) is a rare musician also; we were told that there is nothing more charming than to hear her sing to her husband's playing. But for us this pleasure was put off until we should see them again, which, unfortunately, never happened. My own interest in them was entirely personal; for, not being possessed of any right to be called musical, I had little knowledge of either the great man or his works. I had been very glad to go and see Grieg with my friend, who was an old friend of his, and who parted from him sorrowfully because he looked so far from strong, and as if some gentler climate than Norway's ought to be giving him its protection."—EXPANDED FROM THE EDITOR'S ESSAY ON GRIEG IN 'FROM GRIEG TO BRAHMS'

THE ART OF GRIEG

William Mason — *'The Century Magazine,' 1894*

WHILE original and spontaneous, Grieg's music is imbued with the old Norse melodies and folk-songs, which are distinguished from those of other Scandinavian nations by a certain robustness, ruggedness, and abruptness in harmonic changes, that are for the most part in the minor key, and abound in peculiar rhythms so irregular as to be almost without periodicity, or in other words, almost without rhythm. Some of the older melodies are crude, harsh, and barbarous. Many of them present such a succession of rough

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and abrupt rhythms, without appreciable melody, as almost to prevent faithful and accurate notation. Grieg is always true to the Norwegian coloring, and the freedom of gesture and motion of peasant life is in his music. The strong contrast produced by marked emphasis and rhythm combined with syncopation, the constant recurring effects of light and shade through proper attention to dynamics, are very marked. He keeps, however, always within the bounds of good taste, and is never excessive or extravagant.

Grieg has been likened to Chopin—indeed, he has been called the "Chopin of the North"; but if this designation is intended to suggest the idea that he is in any sense an imitator, the comparison is unjust. Both composers belong in general to the same type and genus, and both have written exclusively in the smaller art-forms; but the individuality and personality of each is as distinct as his nationality. As writers for the pianoforte pure and simple, who thoroughly understand the nature and the possibilities of the instrument, and invariably conform to its idiomatic requirements, they both, with Schumann, stand at the head; but Grieg, like Schumann, is more than a pianist composer, and is far ahead of Chopin in the matter of instrumentation for the orchestra. He understands the art of musical polyphony, and thus his treatment of the orchestra is euphonic and harmonious, as well in accompaniments for pianoforte pieces as in compositions exclusively for the orchestra. . . . Grieg's revolt against German classicism was the healthy instinct of a man who had a message to deliver, and seeks for it the most natural means of expression. His esteem for the highest and best in German music was none the less, and he would doubtless be among the first to acknowledge how much he has profited by its influence; but his imagination and feeling were imbued by the legends, the traditions, the folk-songs, and the poetry of the peasant, and the scenery of Norway. He has expressed and translated these into music, and thus has directed the attention of the outside world to his native land, and brought its distinguishing characteristics more clearly into view. . . . His intense nationality as well as his marked individuality find constant expression in his music, the originality and style of which are unmistakable.

Frederick Niecks *'The Monthly Musical Record,' 1879*

AMIDST so much that is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," warmed over, or wholly inane, in the productions of our time, the better works of Grieg, out of which speak natural feeling, pleasant humor, and vivacity, appear like fresh oases in a desert. Grieg was born a musician, but the faculty with which he was endowed is of limited compass. He cannot be placed by the side of the great classical masters, nor is he the equal of Wagner, Liszt, Brahms, or Raff; and in intellectual power and technical mastery he is surpassed even by many composers of his own generation. Grandeur

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and depth of thought and passion seem to be denied to him, and the elaboration, connection, and combination of thoughts are certainly not his strong points. But a work may be beautiful and truly artistic without being written in a strictly logical style; even in the larger forms a looser treatment has its reason for being. What, therefore, the lover of music regrets with regard to the Norwegian composer is, not his lack of sublime qualities, but that he makes no better use of those he possesses. Grieg is not a progressive artist; on the contrary, he is growing poorer in thought and more mannered in expression. At times one is tempted to think that, although now in the strength of his manhood, he has written himself out. This false impression we should not receive if, instead of running after a spurious originality, the composer had followed the dictates of his heart and genius. Grieg wished to be national, and it was a praiseworthy ambition; but instead of trimming a foreign art with the peculiarities of Northern folk-music, he should have endeavored to imbue his compositions as far as in him lay with the spirit of his nationality. Grieg thinks so much on the dress and other inessential externals that he forgets and neglects the indwelling body and soul. By all means let the artist study the beautiful, unsophisticated expression of a people's joys and sorrows, but let him also remember that the subtler distinctions, and the wider range of thought and feeling with which the artist has to deal, require a more perfect instrument than folk-music does, and that the simple beauty of folk-music if bodily transplanted into larger art-forms is destroyed. Not all the legends of the peoples that have lived since the creation heaped together will produce a 'Paradise Lost,' or a 'Hamlet,' nor will the most faithful imitation of dress and scenery produce a historical picture. This holds good, also, of course, with musical works. But although Grieg's mania for nationalism stifles the better impulses of his genius, so that his later works do not fulfil the promise of his earlier ones, his achievements are such as to secure for him the gratitude of all true lovers of music, and an honorable place among his contemporaries.

'The Nationalism of Grieg' *'Public Opinion,' 1897*

ALTHOUGH his powers seem to be on the wane, Edvard Hagerup Grieg is yet one of the most interesting figures in the group of latter-day composers who have set before themselves the distinctively modern ideal of nationalism in music. The group is not large, but is constantly commanding the attention of the people more and more, and its influence is wonderfully stimulating, as we may soon have occasion to observe in the compositions of American musicians. None of Grieg's colleagues, models, or precursors have sought inspiration more zealously than he in the folk-songs and folk-dances of his native land—neither Gade, nor Chopin, nor Liszt, nor Smetana, nor Dvořák. He had predecessors, but none who in anything like the same measure identified himself with that feeling, or suc-

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ceeded in stamping his productions so unmistakably with the Norse hallmark.

Nationalism in music was not unknown when Grieg's music was first brought to the fore a quarter of a century ago; but, pushed to the limit that Grieg set before himself in his early days, it was a new thing. It was one thing for Chopin to turn himself, as to a relaxation or an occasional reminiscence of his boyhood years, to the exposition of the mazurka or the polonaise, or for Liszt to reconstitute, for the purposes of virtuoso display, the rhapsodic music of some of the inhabitants of his native land. It was an entirely different thing for an educated musician, sophisticated by the training of the conservatory, to turn his back deliberately on much that that training implies, and to dedicate himself exclusively, from almost the first years of his creative activity, to the production of music intended to be drawn from one peculiar vein. A musician whose chief characteristic is so conspicuously a deliberately chosen peculiarity of style cannot wholly free himself from a suspicion of affectation; nor has Grieg been entirely exempt from this suspicion. It is, on the whole, unjust; unjust, at least, so far as his best and most truly inspired compositions are concerned. In these his thought seems to flow naturally in the formulas, so to speak, that he has found to be or selected as national; seems to be conditioned by them, and to be one with them. It is only in his less spontaneous moments—of increasing frequency as the years have gone by—that there are to be seen the concern of the nationalist to be national, the striving after a certain effect at the expense of truth and sincerity of diction, where the music takes on the aspect of an outward form without the illuminating spirit within.

Peter Ilyitch Tschaïkowsky *Diary of 1888*

GRIEG is probably not by any means so great a master as Brahms; his range is not so extensive, his aims and tendencies are not so wide, and apparently in Grieg the inclination toward obscurity is entirely absent; nevertheless, he stands nearer to us, he seems more approachable and intelligible because of his deep humanity. Hearing the music of Grieg, we instinctively recognize that it was written by a man impelled by an irresistible impulse to give vent by means of sounds to a flood of poetical emotion, which obeys no theory or principle, is stamped with no impress but that of a vigorous and sincere artistic feeling. Perfection of form, strict and irreproachable logic in the development of his themes, are not perseveringly sought after by the celebrated Norwegian. But what charm, what inimitable and rich musical imagery! What warmth and passion in his melodic phrases, what teeming vitality in his harmony, what originality and beauty in the turn of his piquant and ingenious modulations and rhythms, and in all the rest what interest, novelty, and independence! If we add to all this that rarest of qualities, a perfect simplicity, far removed from all affectation and pre-

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tence to obscurity and far-fetched novelty (and many contemporary composers, including some Russians, are striving with a morbid tendency to break into new ways without possessing the least vocation or natural gift), it is not surprising that every one should delight in Grieg, that he should be popular everywhere—in Paris, London, and Moscow—that his name should appear in all concert programs, and that visitors to Bergen should deem it a pleasant duty to make a pilgrimage to the charming though remote haven, where Grieg retires to work and where he spends most of his life.—FROM 'TSCHAÏKOWSKY, HIS LIFE AND WORKS,' BY ROSA NEWMARCH

Daniel Gregory Mason *'From Grieg to Brahms'*

TO the musical amateur no contemporary composer is better known than Grieg. Every school-girl plays his piano-pieces, young violinists study his delightfully melodious sonatas, and few concert pieces are more widely loved than the first 'Peer Gynt' Suite. Yet from professional musicians Grieg does not meet with such favor. Many speak of him patronizingly, some scornfully. "Grieg?" they say. "Oh, yes, very charming, but—" and the sentence ends with a shrug. The reason for this discrepancy of estimate seems to be that the layman, fascinated by Grieg's lovely melodies, unusual and piquant harmonic treatment, and contagious rhythm, looks for no further quality; but the musician, unconsciously referring all music to a standard based on works of greater breadth and force and passion, as well as wider learning and superior skill, is too conscious of the shortcomings of this Norwegian minstrelsy to do justice to its qualities. It is, of a truth, music in which merit and failing are curiously mingled; its delicate beauty is unique, its limitation extreme. It is as fair as a flower, and as fragile. It is, in short, the effluence of a personality graceful without strength, romantic without the sense of tragedy, highly gifted with all the gentle qualities of nature, but lacking in the more virile powers, in broad vision, epic magnanimity, and massive force. . . .

It were a hopeless as well as useless task to describe in words the qualities of these compositions. What shall one say in words of the flavor of an orange? It is sweet? Yes. And acid? Yes, a little. And it has a delicate aroma, and is juicy and cool. But how much idea of an orange has one conveyed then? And similarly with this indescribably delicate music of Grieg; there is little that can be pertinently or serviceably said of it. One may point out, however, its persistently lyrical character. It is like the poetry of Mr. Henley in its exclusive concern with moods, with personal emotions of the subtlest, most elusive sort. It is intimate, suggestive, intangible. It voices the gentlest feelings of the heart, or summons up the airiest visions of the imagination. It is whimsical, too, changes its hues like the chameleon, and often surprises us with a sudden flight to some unexpected shade of expression. Again, its finesse is striking. The phrases are polished like gems, the melodies charm us with their perfect propor-

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tions, the cadences are as consummate as they are novel. Then, again, the rhythm is most delightfully frank and straightforward; there is no maundering or uncertainty, but always a vigorous dancing progress, as candid as childhood. It is hard to keep one's feet still through some of the Norwegian Dances. And though in the Lyric Pieces rhythm is idealized, it is always definite and clear, so that they are at the opposite pole from all that formless sentimentality which abandons accent in order to wail. Again, we must note the curious exotic flavor of this music, a flavor not oriental but northern, a half-wild, half-tender pathos, outlandish a little, but not turgid—on the contrary, perfectly pellucid. An example is a little waltz among the Lyric Pieces, opus 12 (No. 2 in the third of the following Selections of Music). Grieg's music, then, is lyrical, intimate, shapely, and exotic, if such words mean anything—yes, just as the orange is sweet, acid, and aromatic. One who would feel the quality of these works must hear them.

On the other hand, Grieg is never large or heroic; he never wears the buskin. He has neither the depth of passion nor the intellectual grasp needed to make music in the grand style. Probably of all his peculiarities the most significant are the shortness of his phrases and his manner of repeating them almost literally, displaced a little in pitch, but not otherwise altered. Almost all his music can be cut up into segments two or four measures long, each segment complete in itself, an entire musical thought. . . . How much the "short breath" of Grieg is due to the nature of his thematic material is a difficult question to answer. Folk-tunes, it is certain, are simple in structure, composed of short phrases expressing the naïve emotions of childlike minds. On the other hand, had they not fulfilled Grieg's personal needs, supplying the sort of atmosphere he was meant to breathe in, he would never have assimilated them as he has done. Perhaps a true account of the matter is that his nature is of such unusual simplicity and ingenuousness as to find in folk-melodies its natural utterance, and to feel in their primitive phrase-structure no limitation. Intellectually, the man is not more mature than the people. From whatever sources he might draw his germinal ideas, he would never combine them in complexer forms or larger patterns than he has found ready-made to his hand in the national song. There are, however, in Norwegian music peculiarities of a different sort that we can hardly conceive as proving other than hindrances in the formation of a wholesomely eclectic style—peculiarities which are all present full-fledged in so early a work of Grieg as the Piano Concerto, opus 16, written in 1868. At the very outset, in the descending octave passage, there are two melodic tricks that recur everywhere in Grieg,—the fall from the seventh of the scale to the fifth, and from the third to the tonic. Both progressions, anomalous in classic music, are prominent features of the Northern folk-tunes. Then, in the first theme, assigned to the orchestra, there is to be noticed, besides these melodic steps, the bodily displacement of the phrase already described, carrying it from A-minor into C-major. In the second theme, as well as in the *cantabile* piano

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passage that prepares the way for it, there is a rhythmic device characteristic of Grieg,—the mixing in one measure of three notes to the beat with two notes to the beat, of which the prototype is to be found in the "Springtanz" of Norwegian peasants. Here also is the weak cadence, that is to say, the cadence with tonic chord coming on an unaccented beat. So much for melodic and rhythmic peculiarities; as a harmonist Grieg has methods equally persistent. His love of bare fifths, reiterated in the bass with boorish vigor, and his manner of harmonizing with descending chromatic sixths or thirds are both illustrated in this Concerto; the first in the conclusion-theme of the first movement, and the second in measures fourteen to sixteen of the beautiful Adagio. Finally, he is devoted to the secondary sevenths, especially in harsh and daring sequence such as make up most of the Norwegian March, opus 54, No. 2. Mannerisms like these Grieg has, on the whole, in far larger measure than most composers. On almost any of his pages the student will have no difficulty in finding for himself instances of one or more of these mannerisms.

Now, so many little tricks and idiosyncrasies, however piquant in the work of a beginner, could hardly escape becoming, as time went on, an incubus to even the most vigorous imagination. Nothing menaces thought more than affectations and whimsicalities of style. And even in the meridian of Grieg's activity, when he was charming a staid world with the fresh beauties of the Piano Sonata and the two early Violin Sonatas, there were not wanting critics who discerned his danger and foresaw that he must either broaden his methods or deteriorate. Over twenty years ago the following words were written in an English magazine by Frederick Niecks: "My fear in the case of Grieg has always been that his love of Norwegian idioms would tend to narrow, materialize, and make shallow his conceptions, and prevent him from forming a style by imposing on him a manner." Subsequent events have proved that this fear was but too well founded. . . .

It is not difficult to see why Grieg's later works should decline rather than advance. In the first place, his interest had been from the first concentrated on personal expression. His impulse was individual, not universal. He never sought to widen or deepen the forms of musical beauty, to expand the range of resources at the command of musicians; he merely used what he found ready-made to voice his own poetic feeling. In this he succeeded admirably. In the second place, charmed by the exotic quality of Norwegian music, a quality that he found also in his own nature, he adopted the native idiom with eagerness, and spent the years most composers devote to learning the musical language in acquiring—a dialect. Thirdly, his mind was of the type which cares much for beauty of ornament —even more, perhaps, than for a highly wrought harmony of line and form. It was the inevitable result of these three circumstances that, first, he should reach his highest activity in early youth, when romantic feeling is at its acme and thought habitually subjective, and thereafter decline; second, that the dialect which at first was so charming, with its unfamiliar words

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and its bewitching accent, should eventually reveal its paucity and its provincialism; and finally, that a mind naturally fond of rich detail, neglectful of large shapeliness, should have recourse, in the ebb of inner impulse, to transcription, paraphrase, and all the other devices for securing superficial ornament and luxury of effect.

Thus Grieg has not, like the more cosmopolitan, objective, and universal composers, advanced in his work up to the very end. As years have progressed, the accidental in it, the inessential, has become more prominent, has tended to obscure what is vital and beautiful. As the spirit waned the letter has become more rigidly insistent. Idiosyncrasy has supplanted originality. To find the true Grieg—supple, spontaneous, and unaffected—we must go back to the early works.

When all is said, however, Grieg has in these early works made a contribution to music which our sense of his later shortcomings must not make us forget. His Piano Sonata and his Violin Sonatas supply chamber-music with a note of pure lyric enthusiasm, of fresh, unthinking animation, not elsewhere to be found. His 'Peer Gynt' Suite fills a similar place among orchestral works. His best piano pieces, and above all, his lovely and too little known songs, are unique in their delicate voicing of the tenderest, most elusive personal feeling, as well as in their consummate finesse of workmanship. It is a Lilliputian world, if you will, but a fair one. That art of the future which Grieg predicts in his essay on Mozart, which "will unite lines and colors in marriage, and show that it has its roots in all the past, that it draws sustenance from old as well as from new masters," will acknowledge in Grieg himself the source of one indispensable element—the element of naïve and spontaneous romance.

THE WORKS OF GRIEG

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

I. The 'Peer Gynt' Suite, No. I — *Two Movements*

IT would be hard to find a more intensely Norwegian piece of literature than Henrik Ibsen's fantastic and imaginative drama, 'Peer Gynt,' with its scenery of mountains and fjords, and its dramatis personæ of human beings, elves, and trolls. It is therefore not surprising that this strange poem inspired Grieg, who is nothing if not national, to write some of his best and most characteristic music. The two orchestral suites, opus 46 and opus 55, like Bizet's 'L'Arlesienne' Suite, are made up from music originally intended to accompany the actual performance of the play, and therefore primarily dramatic in conception. Nevertheless, Grieg's 'Peer Gynt' Suites, particularly the first, are so interesting as pure music (in which they again re-

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semble Bizet's 'L'Arlesienne') that they are perfectly satisfactory in concert. The first is perhaps Grieg's finest orchestral work.

'Morning' and 'The Death of Ase,' the pieces here given, form the first two movements of this Suite. Both are somewhat "programmistic" in intention; that is, they are prompted not by the purely musical imagination which groups tones in relation of time and of pitch in order to attain pure beauty, but by the pictorial imagination which uses tones, as a poet uses words or a painter colors, to call up definite images of things that exist in the world outside of music. The first, with its fresh major harmonies, its quiet arpeggios, and its trills and horn notes so pastoral in effect, calls up a vivid impression of dawn in the mountains. It must be played tranquilly, but with a full, singing tone; careful pedaling will secure sonority without any blurring of the chords, on the clearness of which largely depends the beauty of the whole effect. The performer will notice in this piece the "shortness of breath" already mentioned as characteristic of Grieg. He builds up his fabric almost entirely out of four-measure phrases, repeated literally or with slight changes of contour or key. There are many examples, too, of the "rosalie," a crude device explained in the notes on Gounod (see MASTERS IN MUSIC, part 3, page 8). At page 19, the second system, the third measure, the player must take pains to bring out the theme in the left hand, duly subordinating the arpeggio accompaniment in the right.

'The Death of Ase' is less definitely programmistic than 'Morning.' It is hardly more than the musical transcript of a mood, the mood of gloom produced in Peer Gynt by the death of his old mother, Ase. Musically it is extremely interesting. The harmonic treatment throughout is highly ingenious and characteristic. Note, for example, the novel harmonization of the third note of the motif at its second entrance in the fifth measure, and the curiously contrasted effects of the eighth and the twelfth measures on page 22. Care must be taken to play with a very legato touch throughout, and to strike all the tones of the chords simultaneously. The least departure from legato would spoil the somber sincerity of the piece, and a lack of firmness in attacking the chords would take away that strength which is essential.

II. Four Northern Dances — *From Opus 17*

WHEN, as a young man, Grieg was first becoming interested in the folk-music of his native land, he arranged for the piano twenty-five 'Northern Dances and Folk-songs,' from which the two songs and the two dances here reproduced are taken. Their especial interest is that they reveal not only the melodic freshness derived from their popular origin, but an artistic finish which they owe to Grieg himself. The delicate artistic skill expended on them will be evident to any one who will compare Grieg's version of 'Ich weiss ein kleines Mädchen' ('I know a little maiden') with the crude form of

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the melody given in Gade's collection of Scandinavian Songs in the Peters Edition. Grieg has wrought from the simple tune a finished work of art, with short introduction and coda, and contrasting entries of the theme, first in the soprano and later in the tenor, where it must be made to stand out clearly.

The other song, 'Brautlied' ('Bridal Hymn'), needs no special comment, except that it must be played delicately and with clear marking of the persistent rhythmical figure—a dotted eighth-note, a sixteenth, and an eighth.

The other two numbers, 'Springtanz' and 'Halling,' are examples of the Norwegian peasant dances thus named. Their rhythmic vigor is remarkable. They must be played with dash and with marked accentuation. Note the piquant effects obtained in the 'Springtanz' by means of secondary accents on beat two of the measure, and the syncopations near the end of the 'Halling.'

III. Three Lyric Pieces — *From Opus 12*

THESE three pieces are studies in delicate, intimately expressive playing. The first requires especially the power to individualize the fingers; the fourth and fifth fingers of the right hand must firmly transmit the pressure of the arm to the keys, so that the melody shall ring out clear, while the other fingers of the right hand and all those of the left provide a quiet unobtrusive background. Note the charmingly fanciful ending, in which what at first seems a new beginning dies away into silence.

The Waltz demands careful attention to time values; the curious alternations of triplets and duplets must be accurately rendered. In the middle section, in A-major, the left hand takes the melody, playing very legato; the right accompanies in a half-staccato.

The 'Elfentanz' affords an opportunity for staccato, well-accented playing. It should be most crisp and incisive. Use always the so-called "flexion-staccato," obtained by flexing or drawing in the fingers toward the palm of the hand as in the act of grasping, briefly striking or wiping the keys in passing. This touch,[1] which involves but one motion instead of two, gives a much crisper staccato than can be obtained by "dabbing" at the keys. Observe the rests strictly, especially in places like the fourth measure of the last system on page 29; they are fully as important as the notes.

IV. Berceuse — *From the Lyric Pieces, Opus 38*

THE delightfully kaleidoscopic effects of tone in this 'Berceuse' or cradle song come largely from the "appoggiaturas," or dissonant notes struck on accented beats and passing on the following beats into harmonious ones. The device is especially striking in measures thirteen to sixteen. In all such cases the dissonant chords must be attacked boldly, but the resolution must follow

[1] The "flexion-staccato" touch is fully described in Dr. William Mason's 'Touch and Technique' (Philadelphia, 189-).

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with perfect legato, in order that the dissonances be justified. Grieg has indicated his intention by means of the slurs which in each case bind the dissonance to its resolution. In the middle part, marked *con moto*, phrasing is the important matter. Thus in the fifteenth measure on page 32 the first F must be clipped off short, the second taken firmly and held. A good deal of liberty with the tempo is permissible in this part.

V. Four Songs

GRIEG'S volume of songs will perhaps prove the most lasting monument of his genius. In it his delicate fancy, his lyrical feeling, his artistic skill, and his curious and fascinating musical idiom, all find full expression. His songs are often as spontaneous as Schubert's, as impassioned as Schumann's, and as finished in art as Robert Franz's. And they are admirably adapted to the voice. In the songs here given, of which the first is the most delicate, the second and third the most emotional, and the last the broadest and most impressive, the composer is revealed in his various characteristic moods. Performers may perhaps be warned that both in singing and in accompanying Grieg's songs, which never sacrifice musical beauty to dramatic expressiveness, liberties of interpretation such as *tempo rubato*, exaggeration of climaxes, long holds on high notes, and the like, always objectionable, are peculiarly out of place. The English versions of the words, which unfortunately do them scant justice, are by F. Corder, with the exception of that of 'I love thee,' which is by E. M. Smyth. All are reprinted from the Peters Edition.

VI. Two Album Leaves *From Opus 28*

THE Album Leaves, opus 28, like all his sets of Lyric Pieces, are examples of the graceful *salon* piano music of Grieg which entitle him to be named with such masters of the piano as Schumann and Chopin. What they lack in virility and profundity they make up in freshness of melodic fancy, in rhythmic animation, and in charm of harmonic treatment. Very delightful is the first Album Leaf, in A-flat, with its straightforward, spontaneous melody, graced everywhere with delicate triplets. The pedal point on E-flat at the middle of page 43 is thorough Grieg.

The Album Leaf in A (it is the third in the set) is, if anything, even more sprightly. Care must be taken to make the rhythmic figures perfectly definite, as, for instance, in the part in A-minor at the bottom of page 46, and particularly in the rather difficult passage at the top of the next page, where the tendency of the fingers is to accent the second half of the third beat (the D) instead of the first half (the E). The least ambiguity of accent, however, will ruin the whole effect. The repeated notes throughout this piece may be made clear by changing fingers on them.

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THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF GRIEG

I. CHORAL. Several small dramatic works for chorus, solo voices, and orchestra. 'Bergliot,' opus 42, a melodrama for declamation with orchestra. Album for Men's Voices, opus 30, containing twelve Norwegian folk-songs.

II. VOCAL. Sixty songs, published in the Peters Edition. Various others, of which 'From Field and Fjord,' opus 44, are especially interesting.

III. ORCHESTRAL. Norwegian songs and dances, paraphrased, opus 34, 35, 53, and 63. 'In Autumn,' concert overture, opus 11. 'Holberg' Suite, opus 40. Two 'Peer Gynt' Suites, opus 46 and 55. 'Sigurd Jorsalfar,' three orchestral pieces, opus 56.

IV. CONCERTOS. Piano concerto in A-minor, opus 16.

V. CHAMBER-MUSIC. String quartet, opus 27. Sonatas for violin and piano, opus 8, 13, and 45. Sonatas for violoncello and piano, opus 36. For two pianos, Romance with Variations, opus 51. Second piano part for four Mozart Sonatas. For four hands: two symphonic pieces, opus 14; two Waltz-caprices, opus 37; Symphonic dances, opus 64.

VI. PIANO WORKS. The bulk of Grieg's compositions are for piano. The most important are the Poetic Tone-pictures, opus 3, the Humoreskes, opus 6, the Sonata, opus 7, the Northern Dances, opus 17, the Lyric Pieces, opus 12, 38, 43, and 47 (opus 54, 57, 62, 65, and 68 are inferior), the Ballade, opus 24, and the Albumblätter, opus 28.

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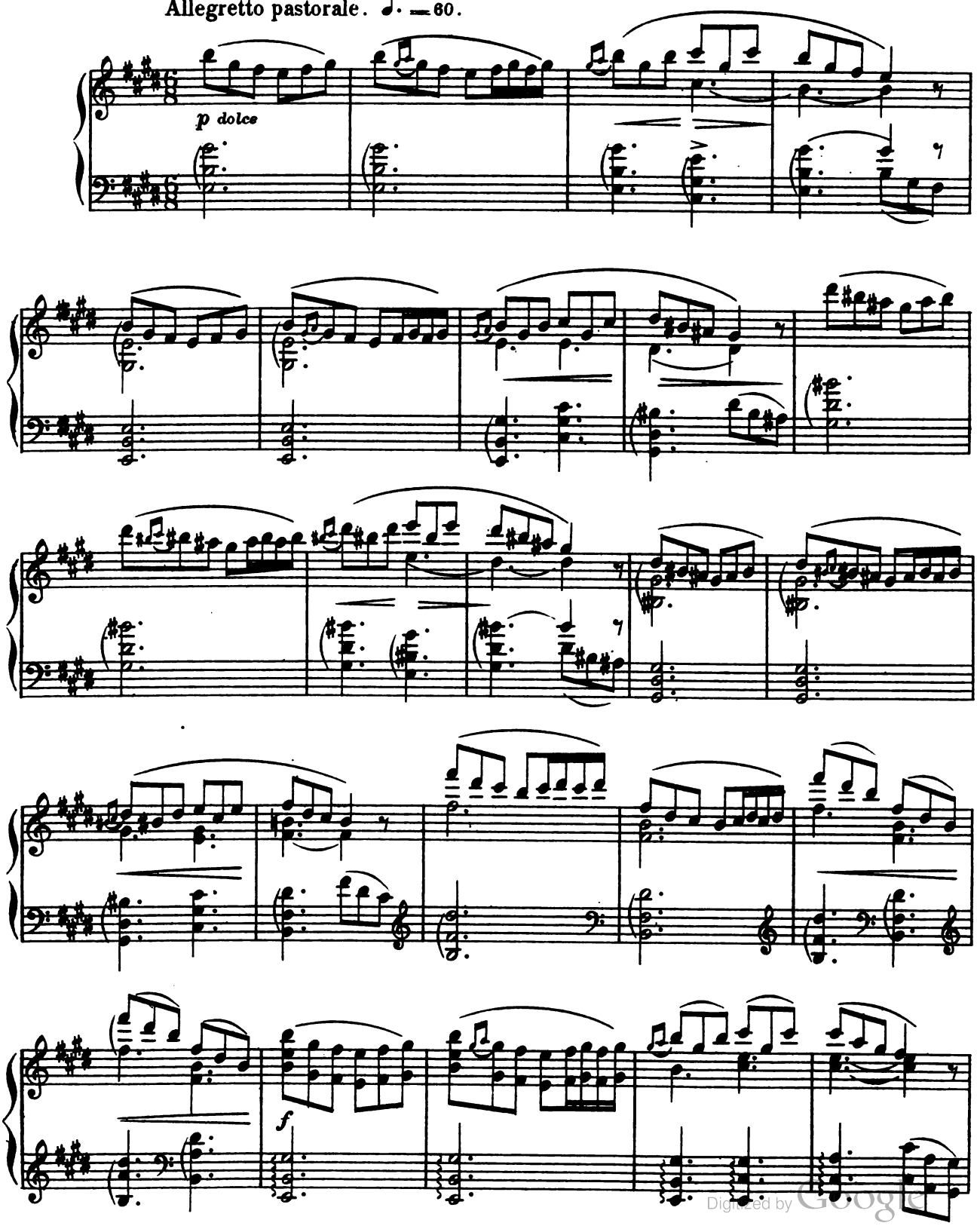
I. 'PEER GYNT' SUITE NO. 1

1—MORNING

Allegretto pastorale. ♩. = 60.

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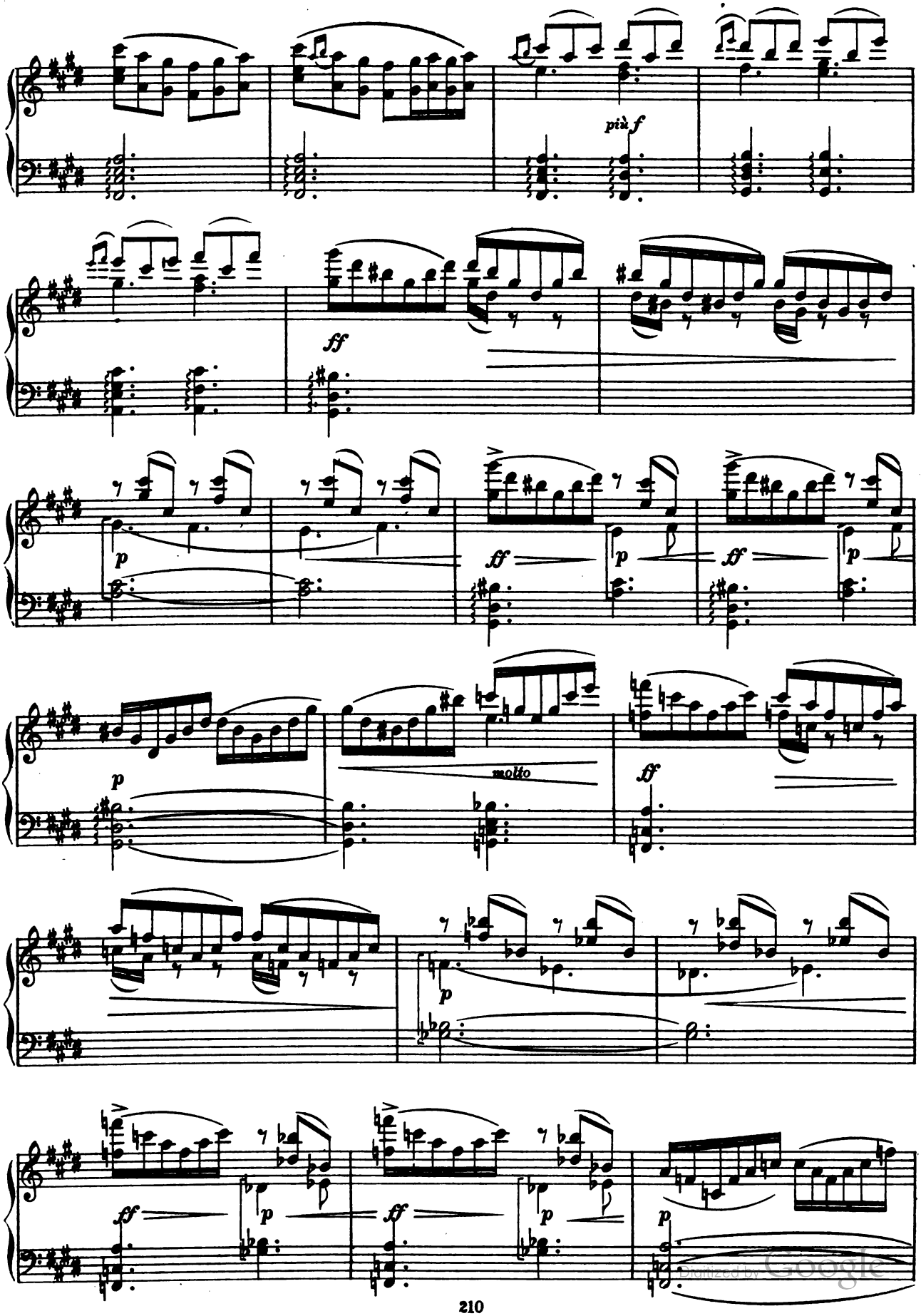
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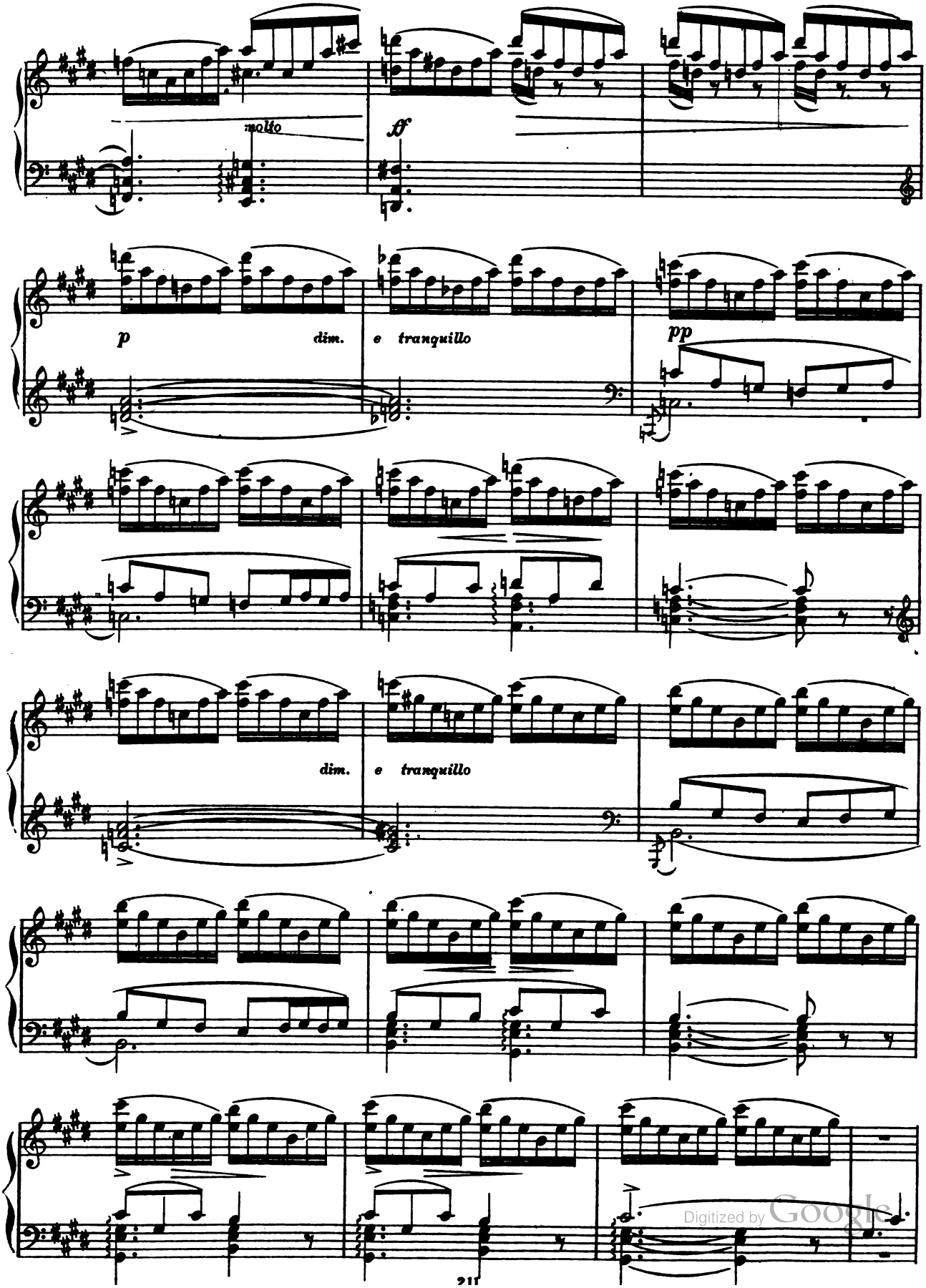

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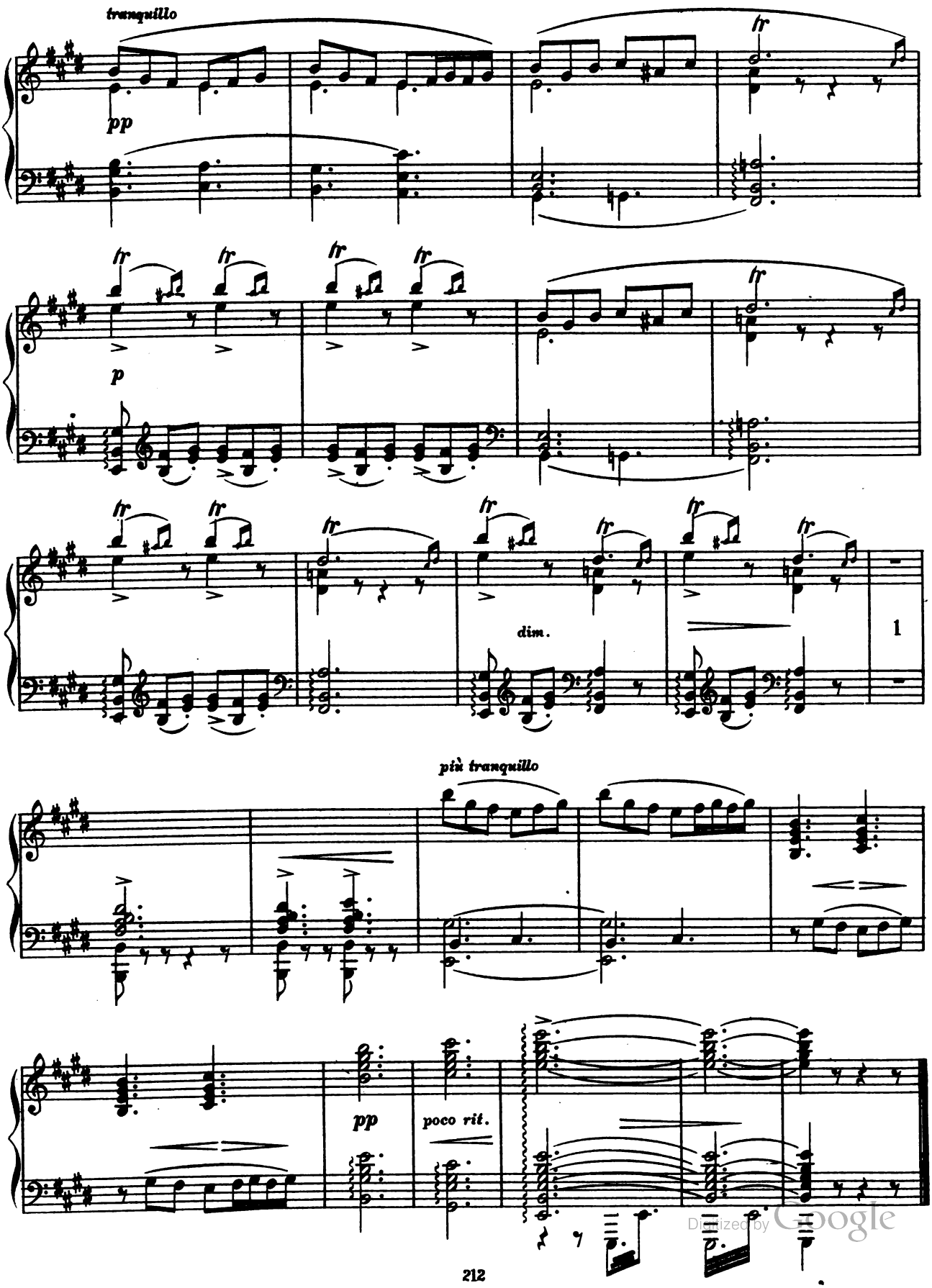
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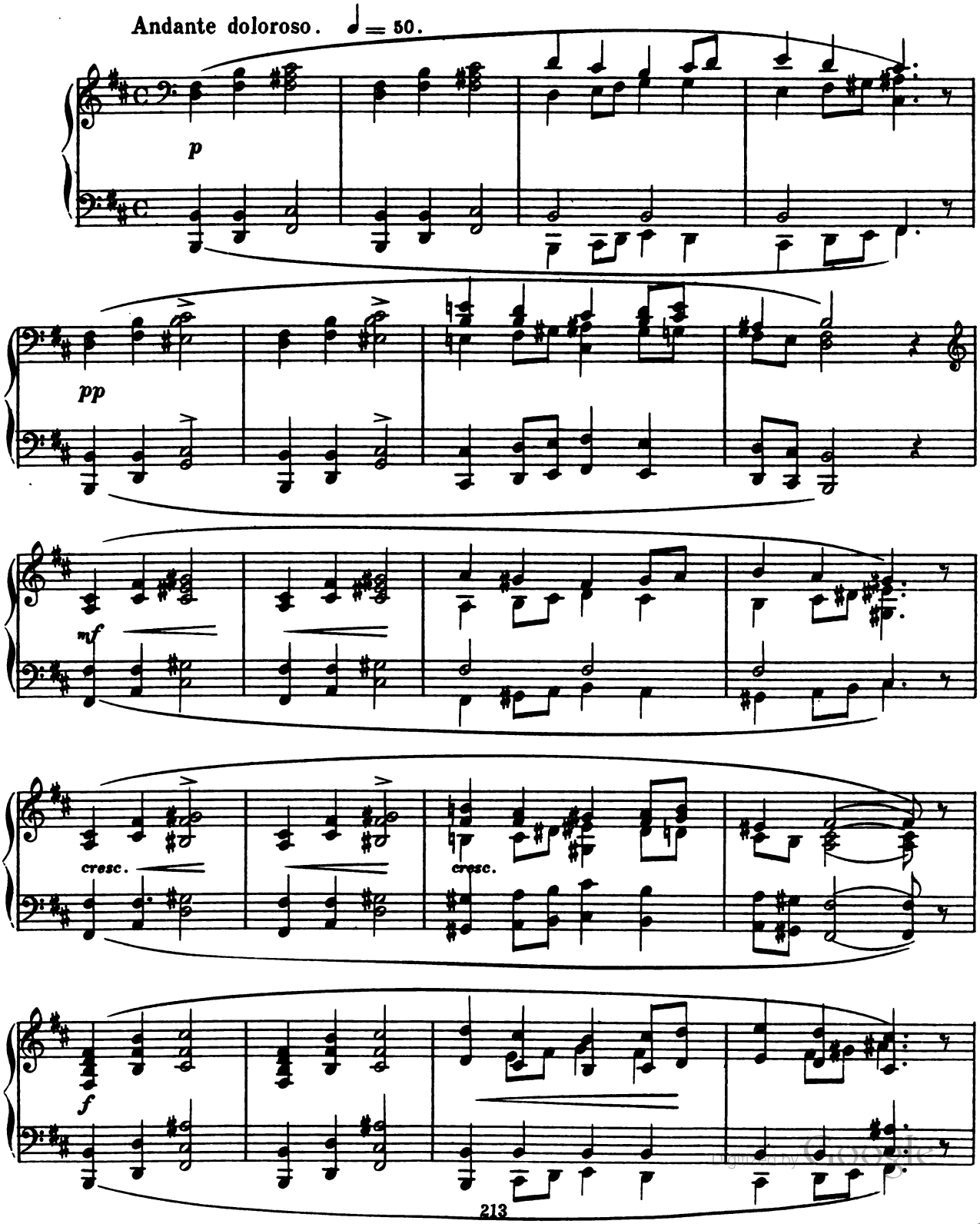
2—THE DEATH OF ASE

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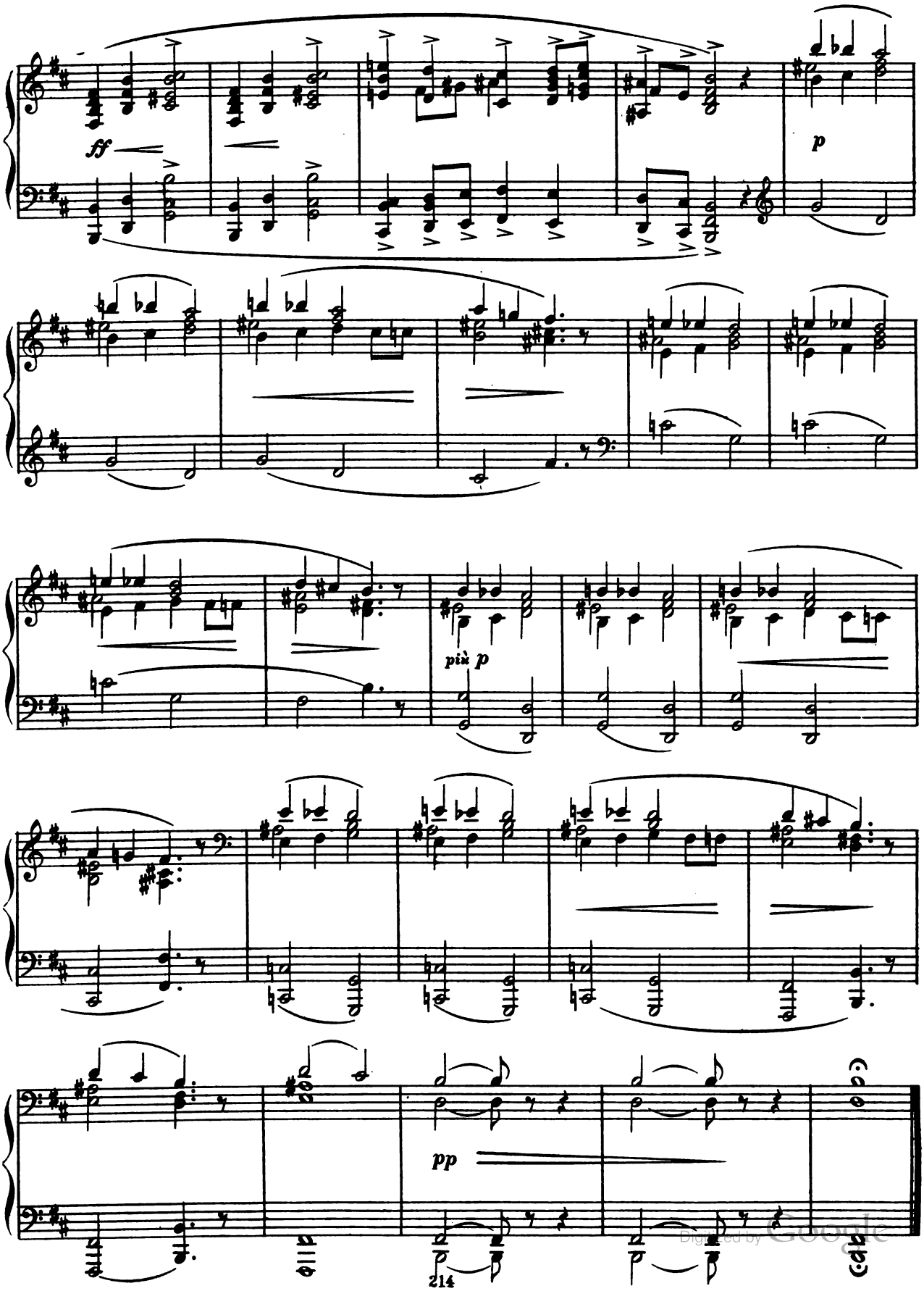

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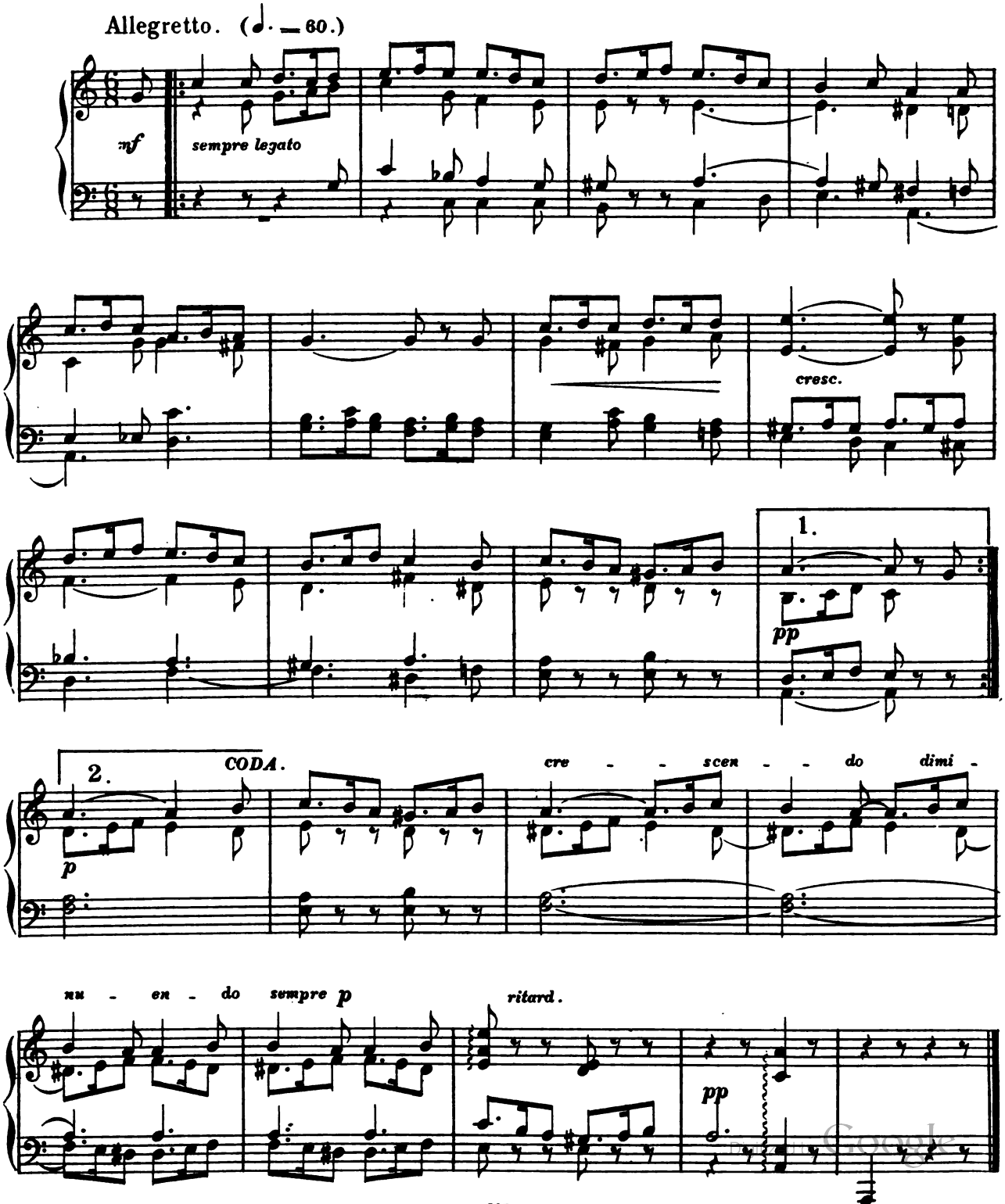
II. FOUR NORTHERN DANCES

1—BRAUTLIED

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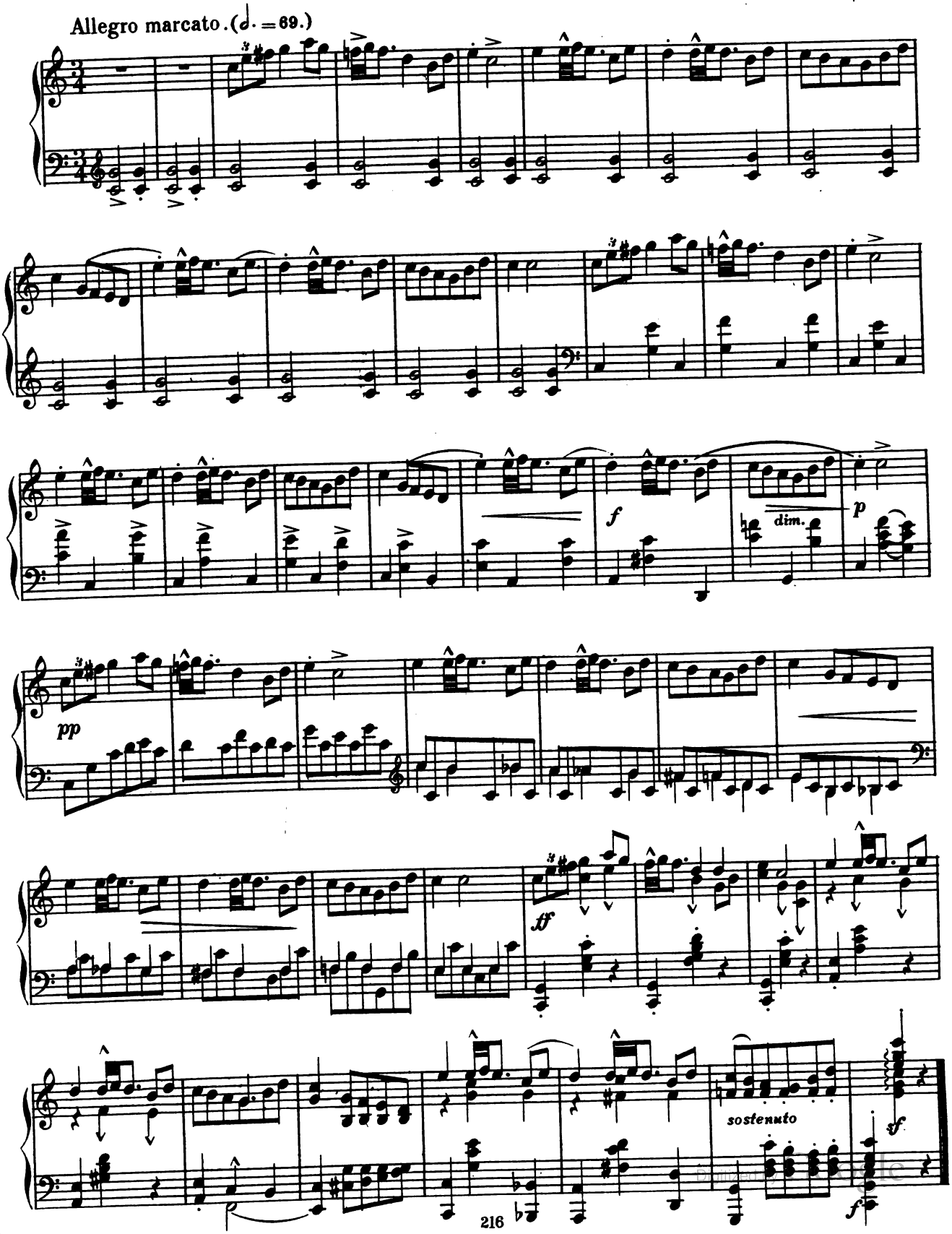
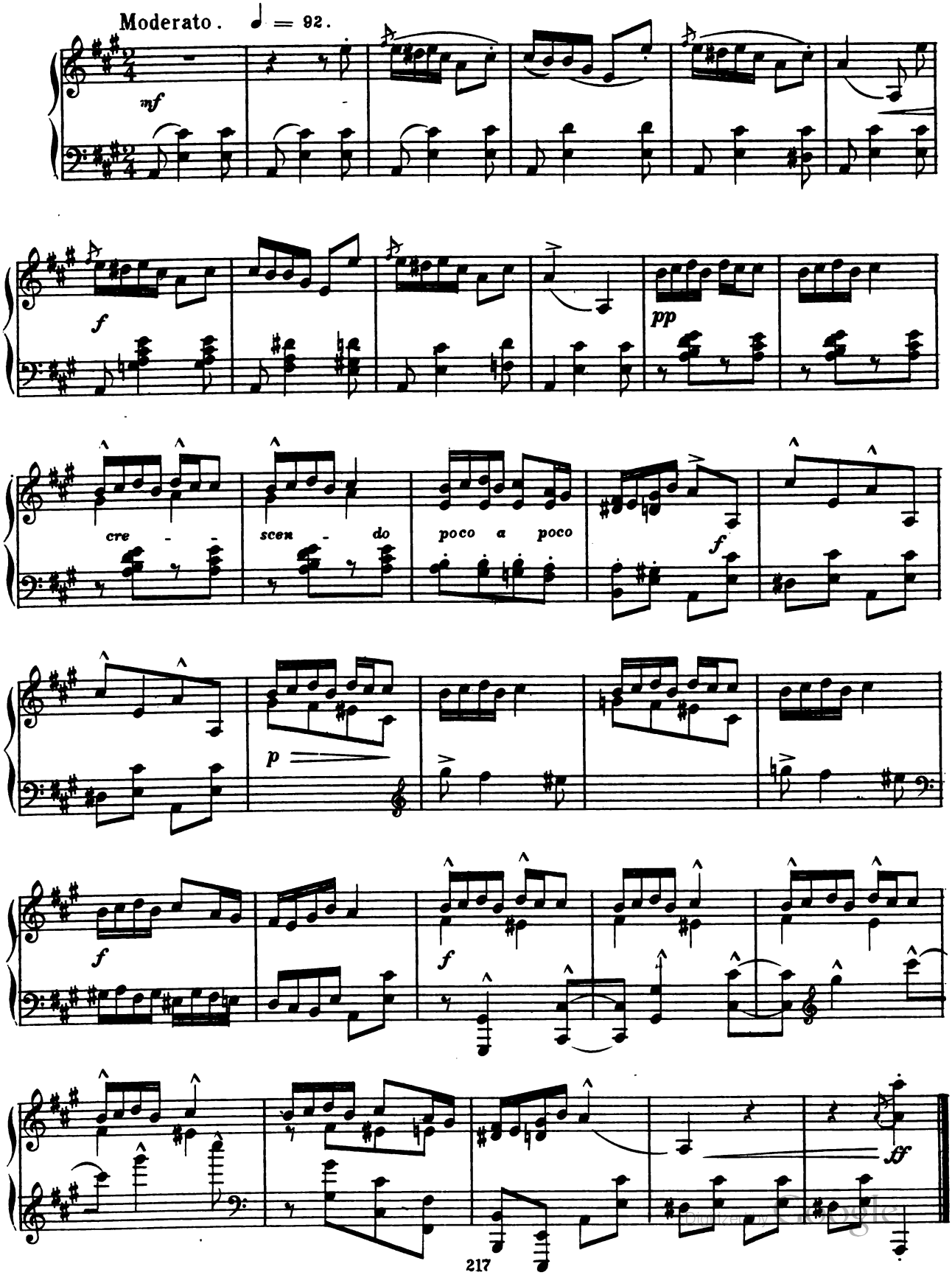
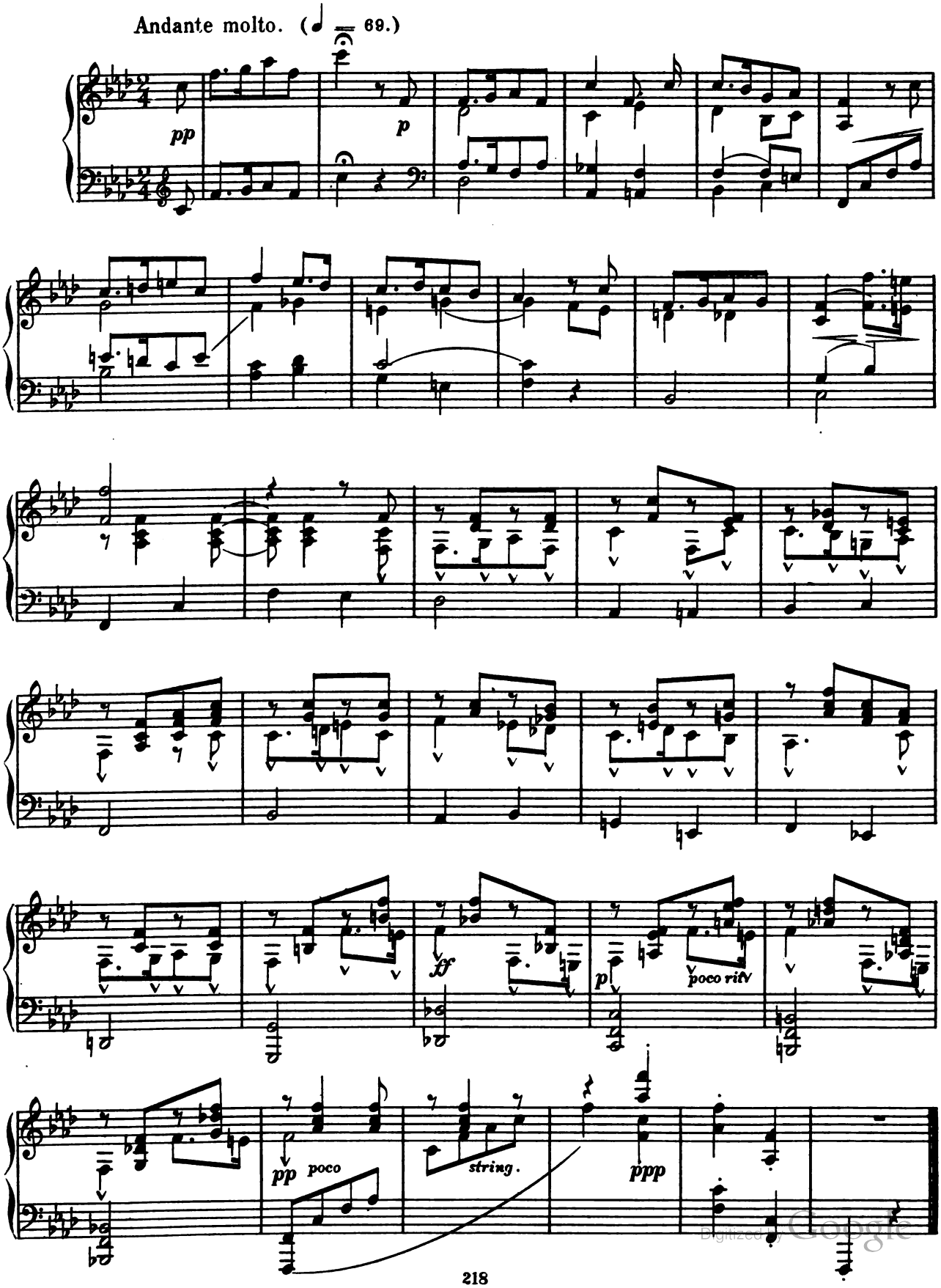
2—SPRINGTANZ

3—HALLING

4—"ICH WEISS EIN KLEINES MADCHEN"

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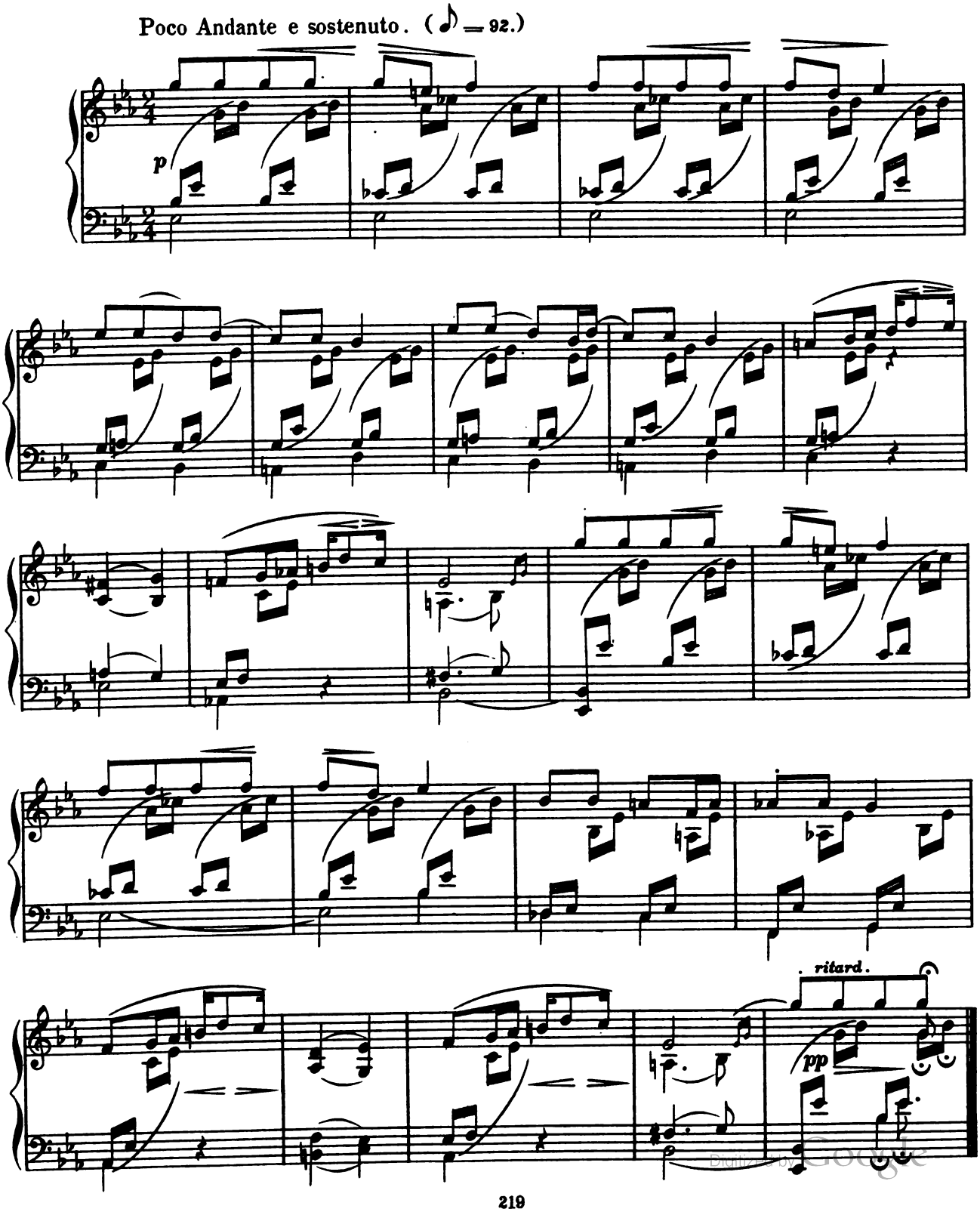
III. THREE LYRIC PIECES

1—ARIETTA



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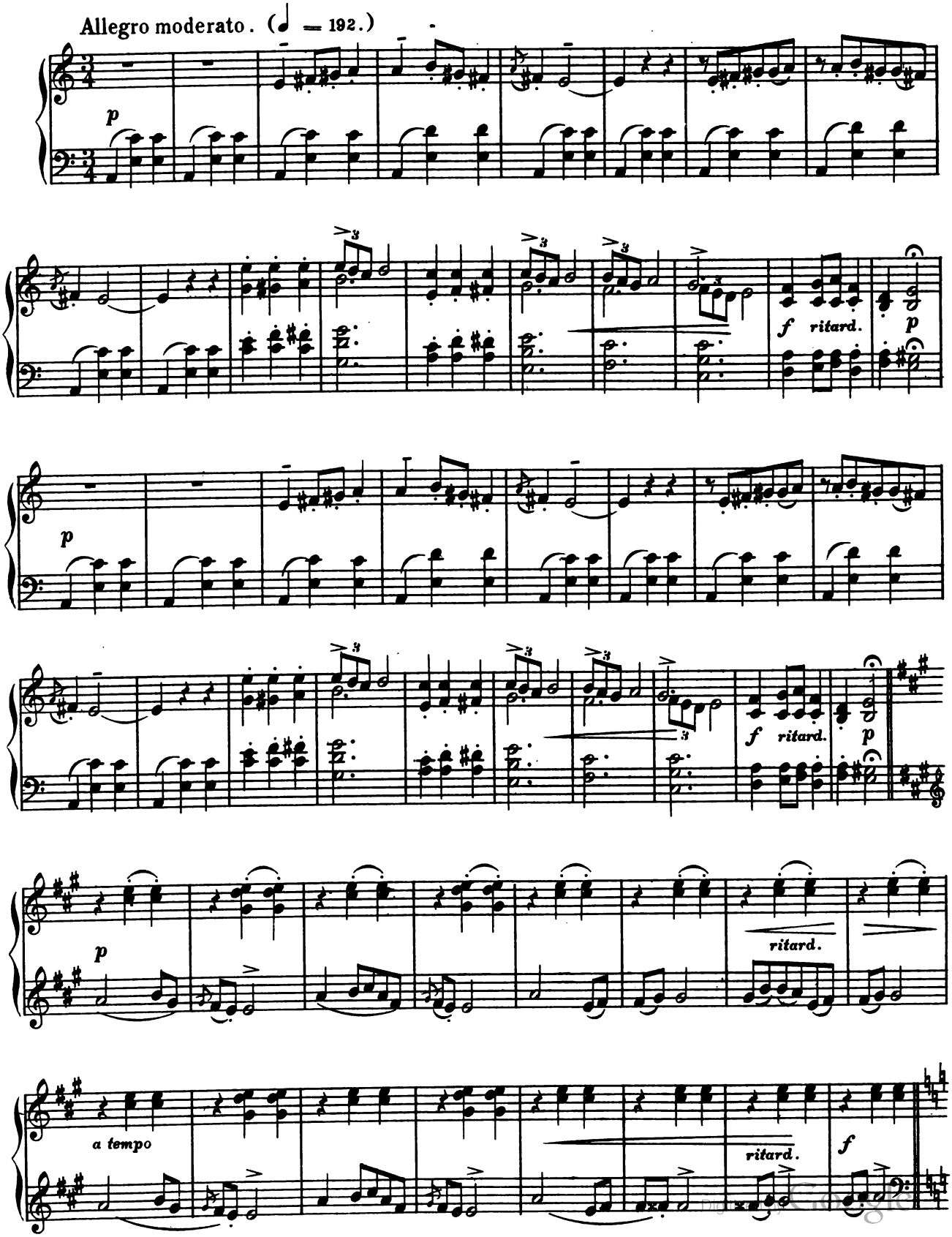
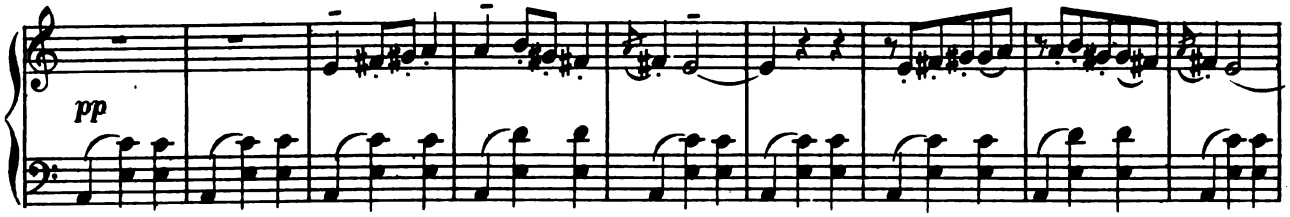
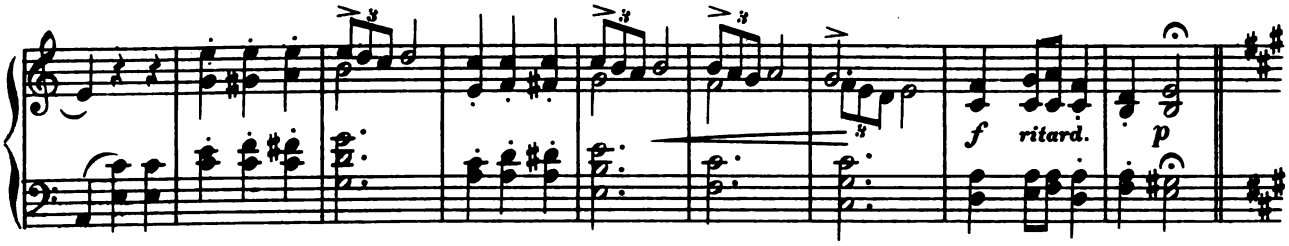
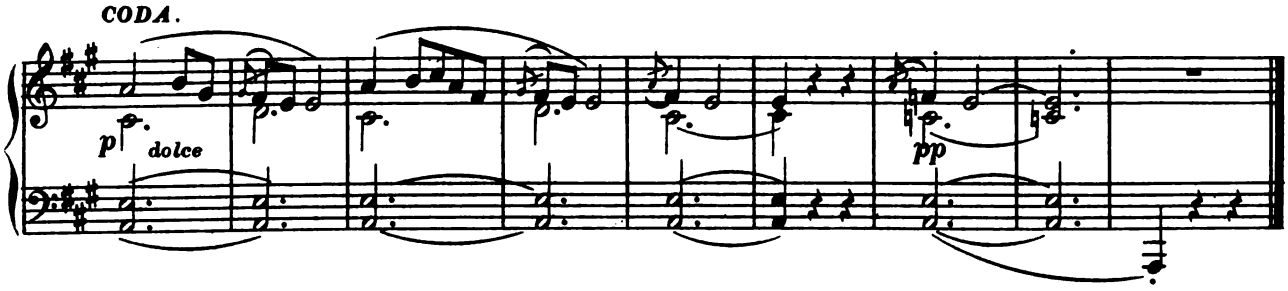
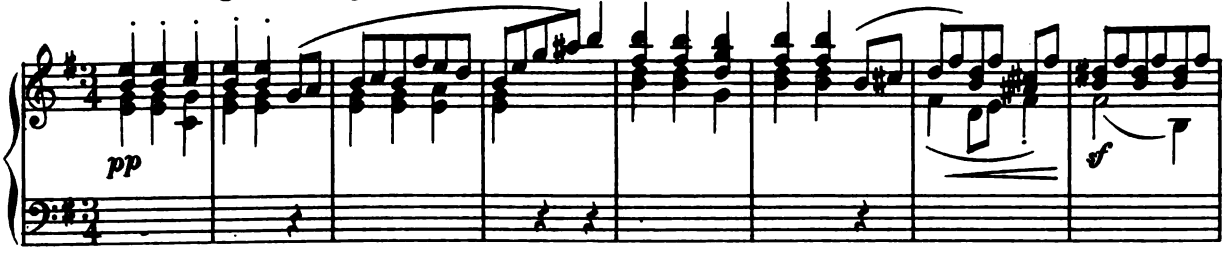
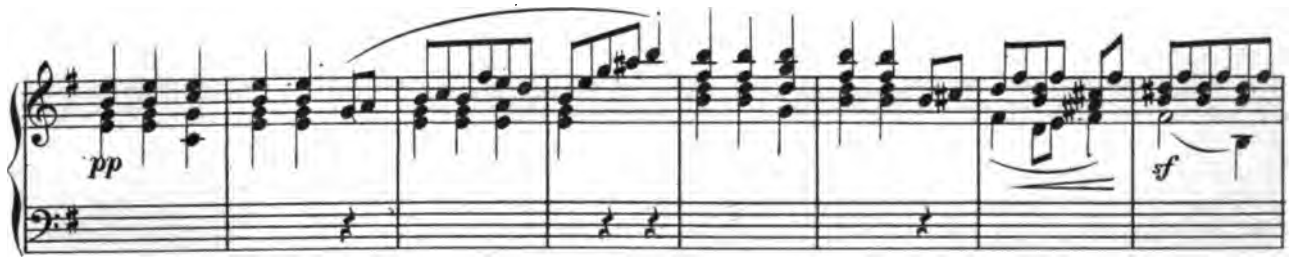
2—WALTZ

Allegro moderato. (♩ = 192.)
p
f ritard.
p
p
f ritard.
p
ritard.
a tempo
ritard.
f



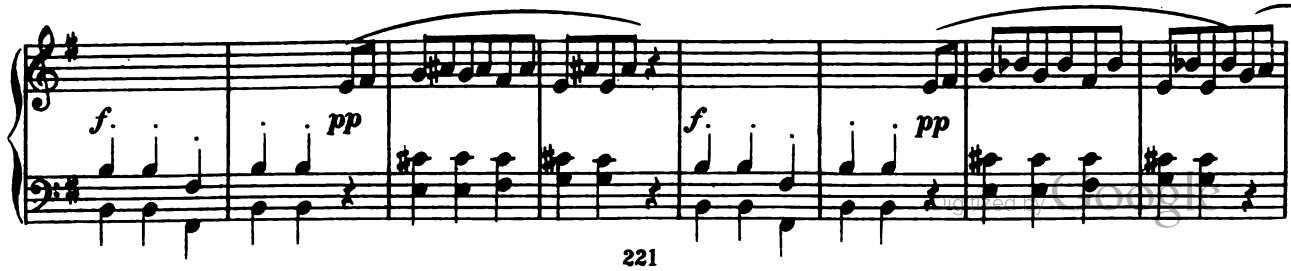


3—ELFENTANZ

Molto Allegro e sempre staccato. ♩ = 88.







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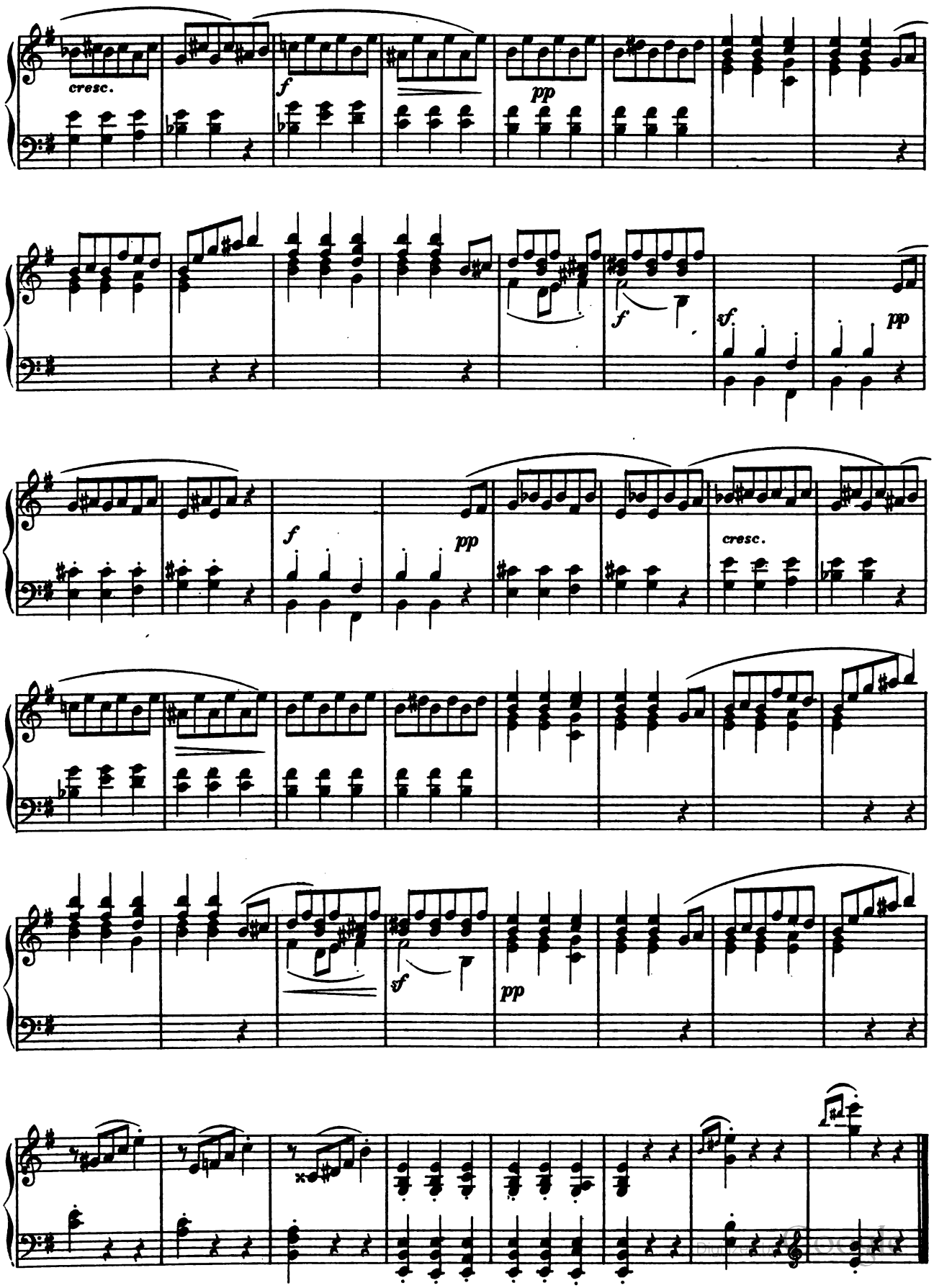
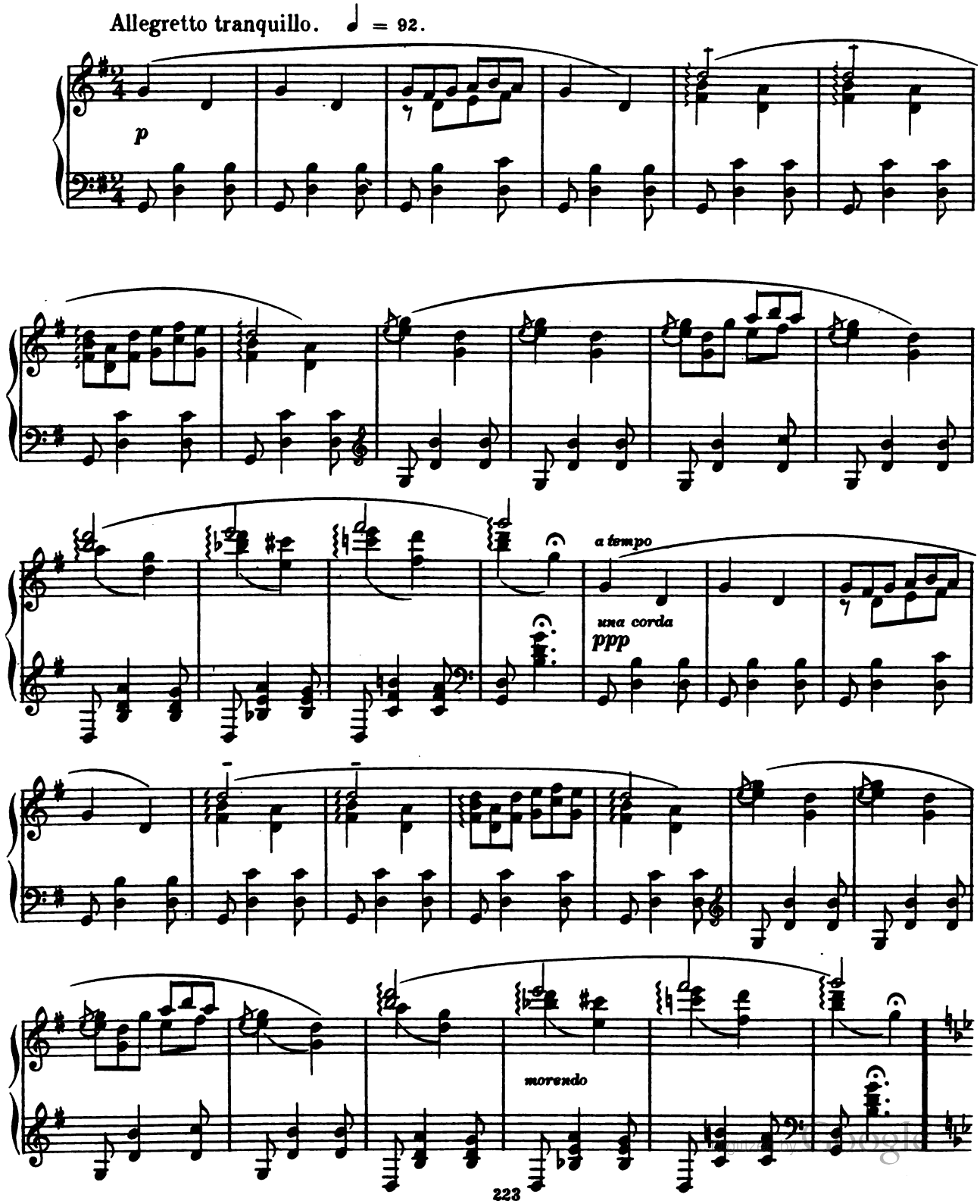

cresc.
f
pp
f
sf.
pp
f
pp
cresc.
sf
pp

IV. BERCEUSE

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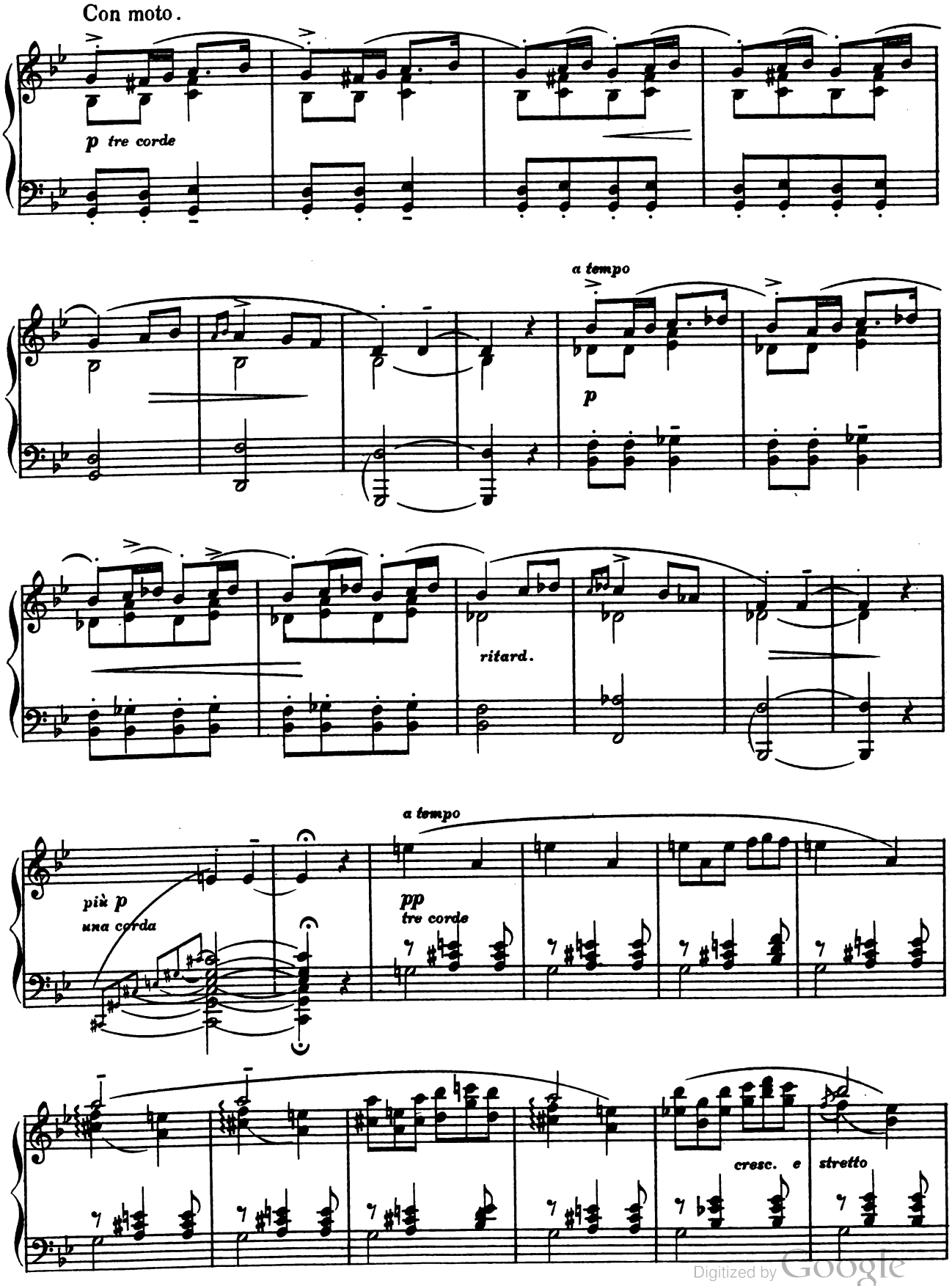
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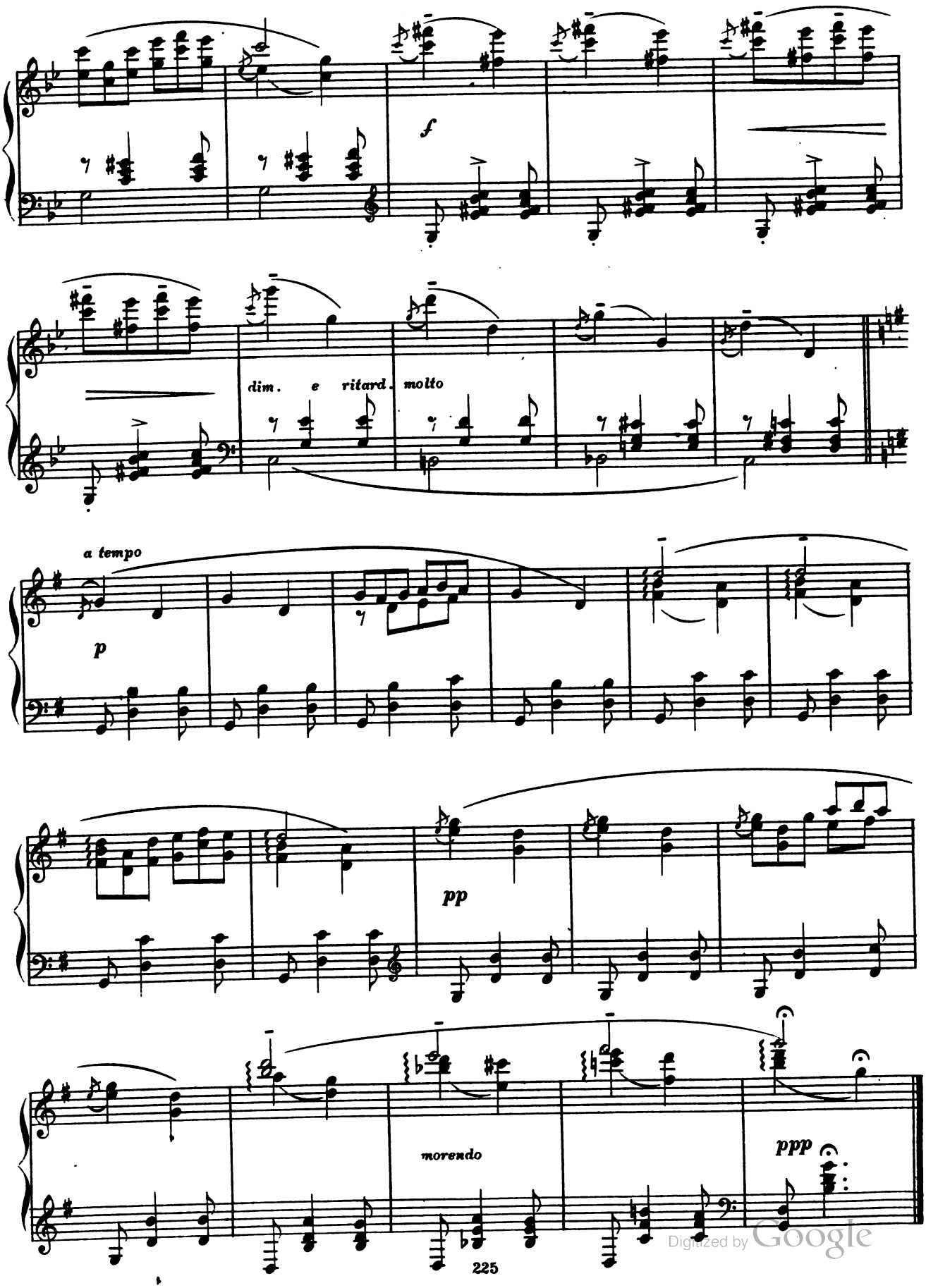
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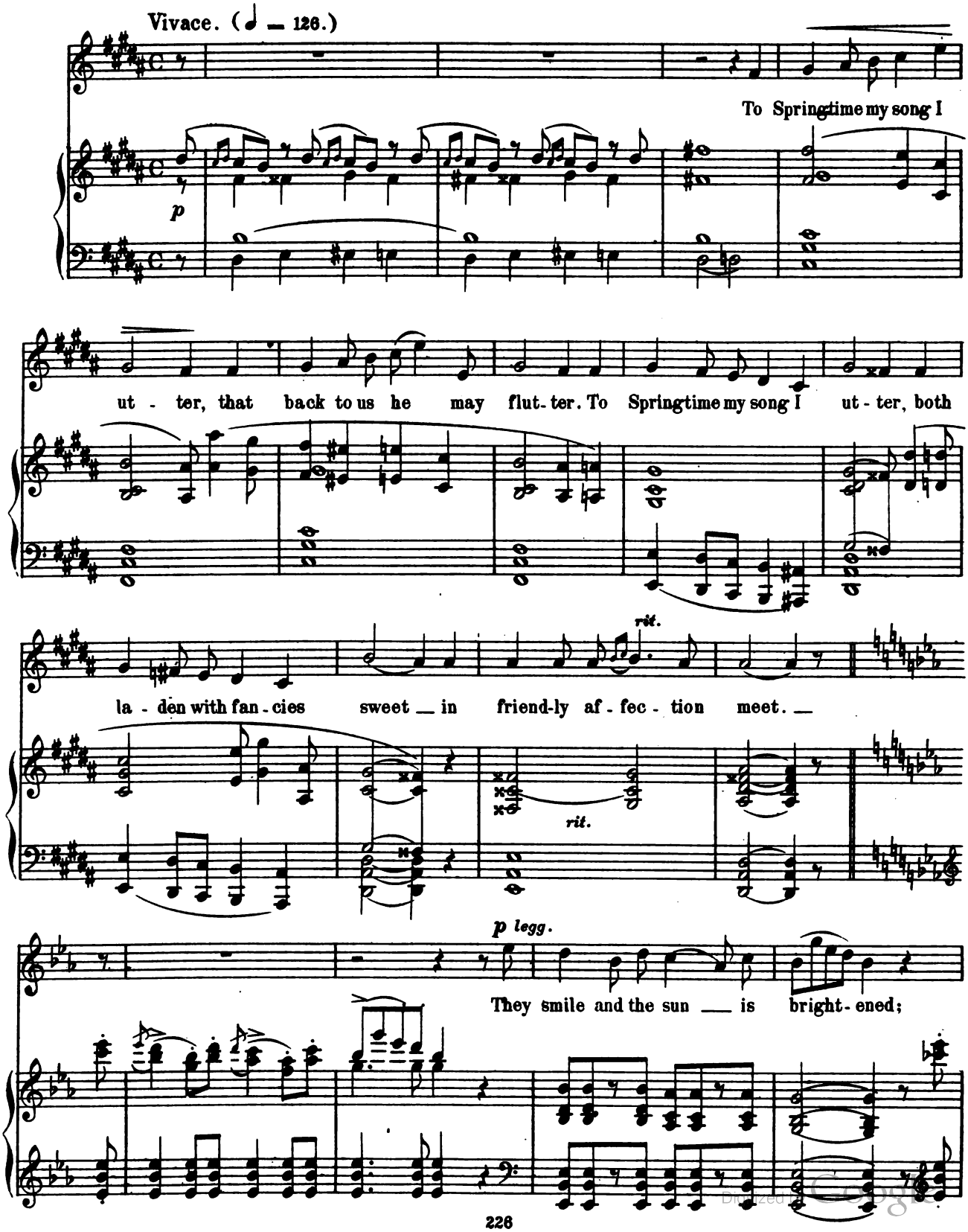
V. FOUR SONGS

1—"TO SPRINGTIME MY SONG I UTTER"

(BJÖRNSON)

Vivace. (♩ = 126.)
To Springtime my song I
p
ut - ter, that back to us he may flut - ter. To Springtime my song I ut - ter, both
rit.
la - den with fan - cies sweet in friend-ly af - fec - tion meet.
rit.
p legg.
They smile and the sun is bright - ened;

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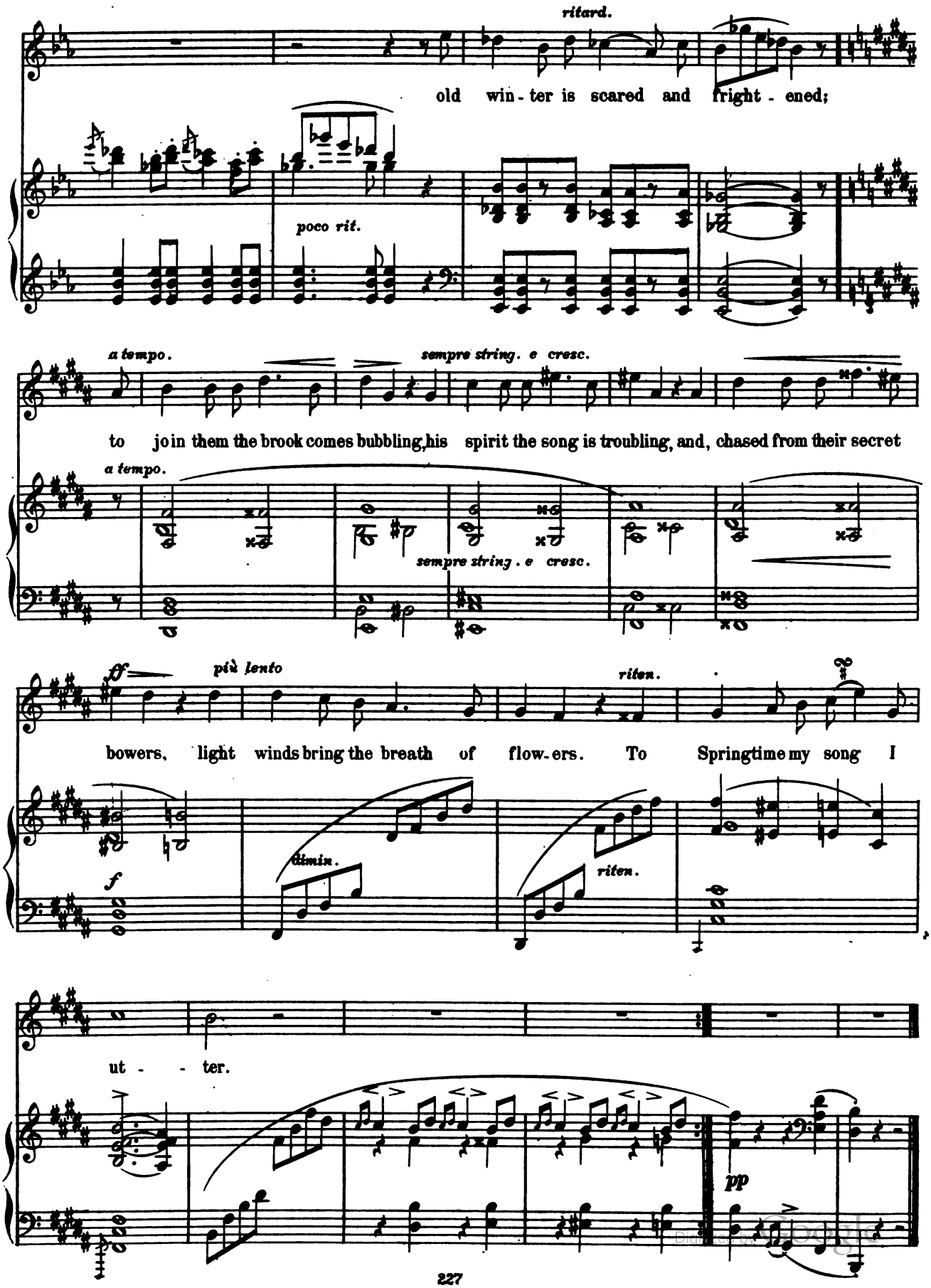
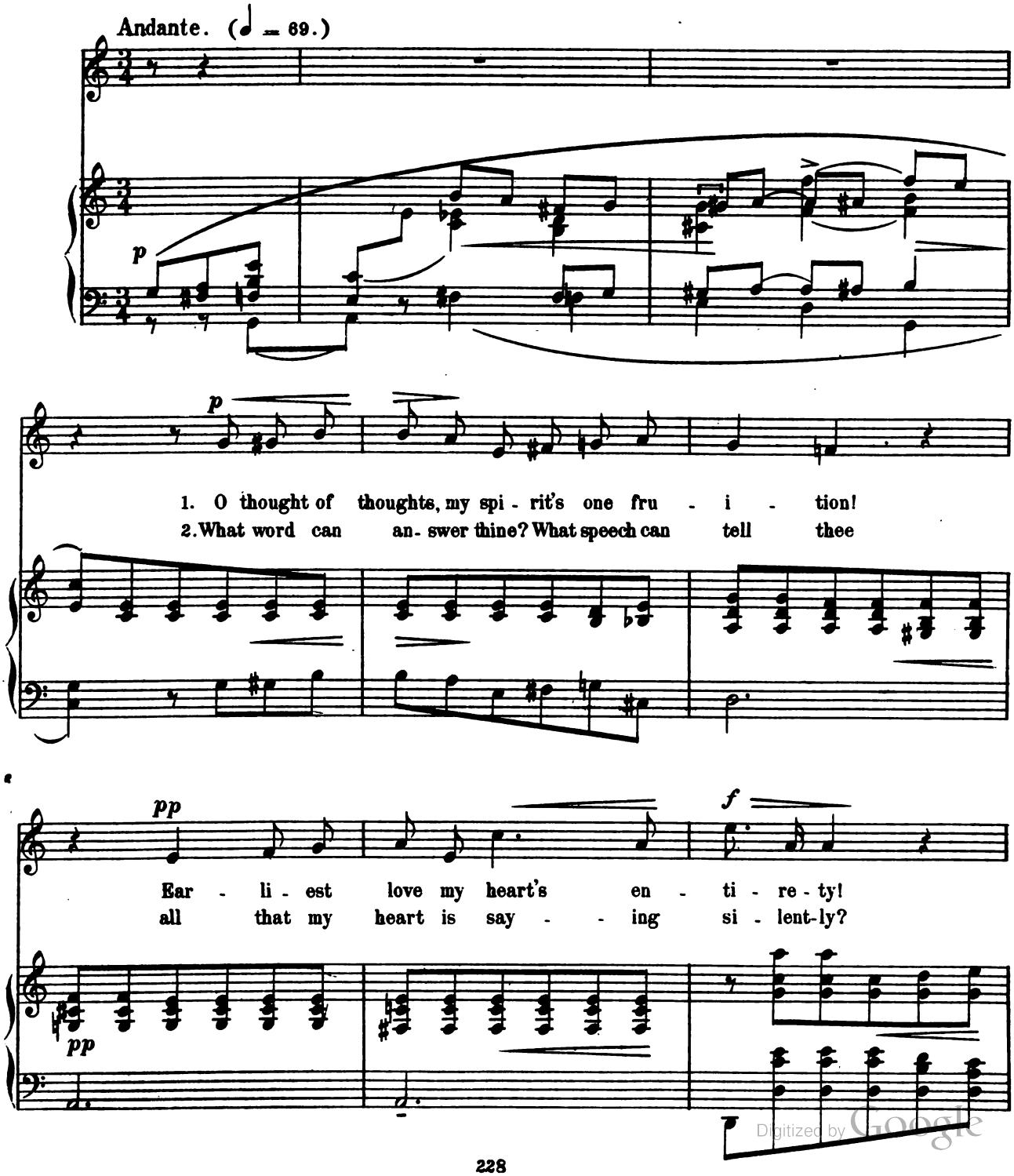

ritard.
old win - ter is scared and fright - ened;
poco rit.
a tempo.
sempre string. e cresc.
to join them the brook comes bubbling, his spirit the song is troubling, and, chased from their secret
a tempo.
sempre string. e cresc.
più lento
riten.
bowers, light winds bring the breath of flow - ers. To Springtime my song I
dimin.
riten.
ut - - ter.
pp

2—"I LOVE THEE"

(H. C. ANDERSEN)

Andante. (♩ = 69.)
p
p
1. O thought of thoughts, my spi - rit's one fru - i - tion!
2. What word can an- swer thine? What speech can tell thee
pp
f
Ear - li - est love my heart's en - ti - re - ty!
all that my heart is say - - ing si - lent-ly?
pp

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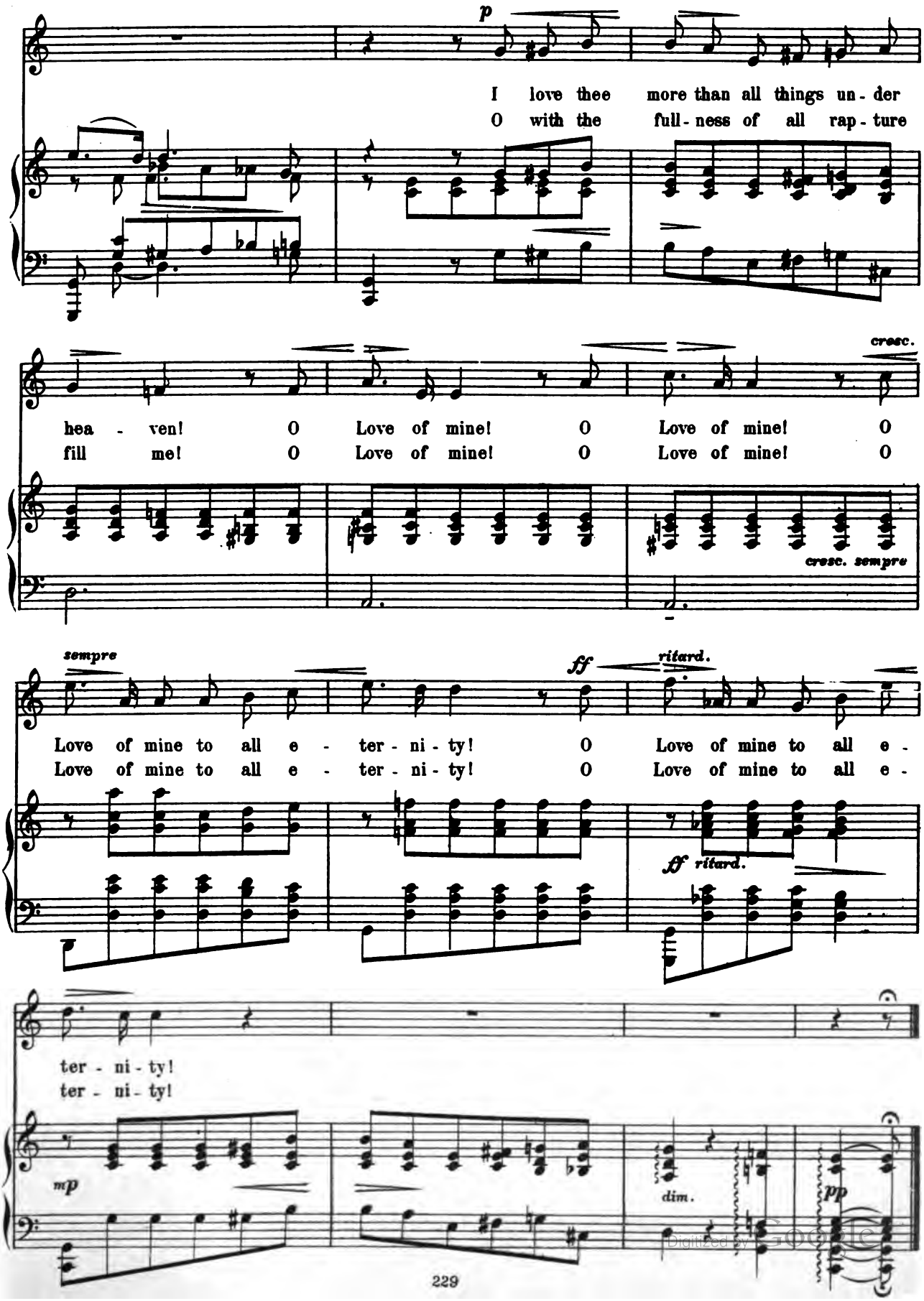
p
I love thee more than all things un - der
O with the full - ness of all rap - ture
cresc.
hea - ven! O Love of mine! O Love of mine! O
fill me! O Love of mine! O Love of mine! O
cresc. sempre
sempre
ff
ritard.
Love of mine to all e - ter - ni - ty! O Love of mine to all e -
Love of mine to all e - ter - ni - ty! O Love of mine to all e -
ff ritard.
ter - ni - ty!
ter - ni - ty!
mp
dim.
pp

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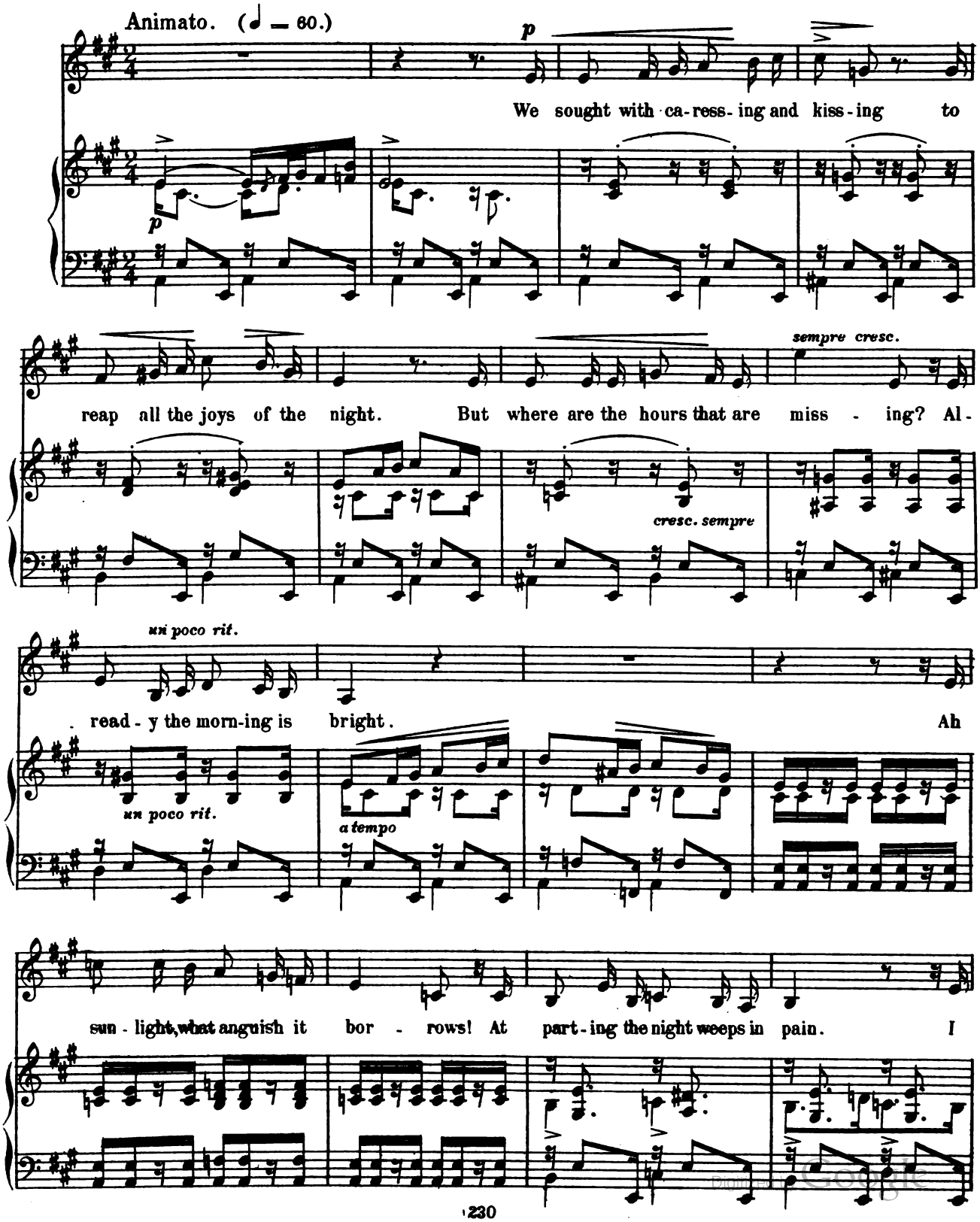
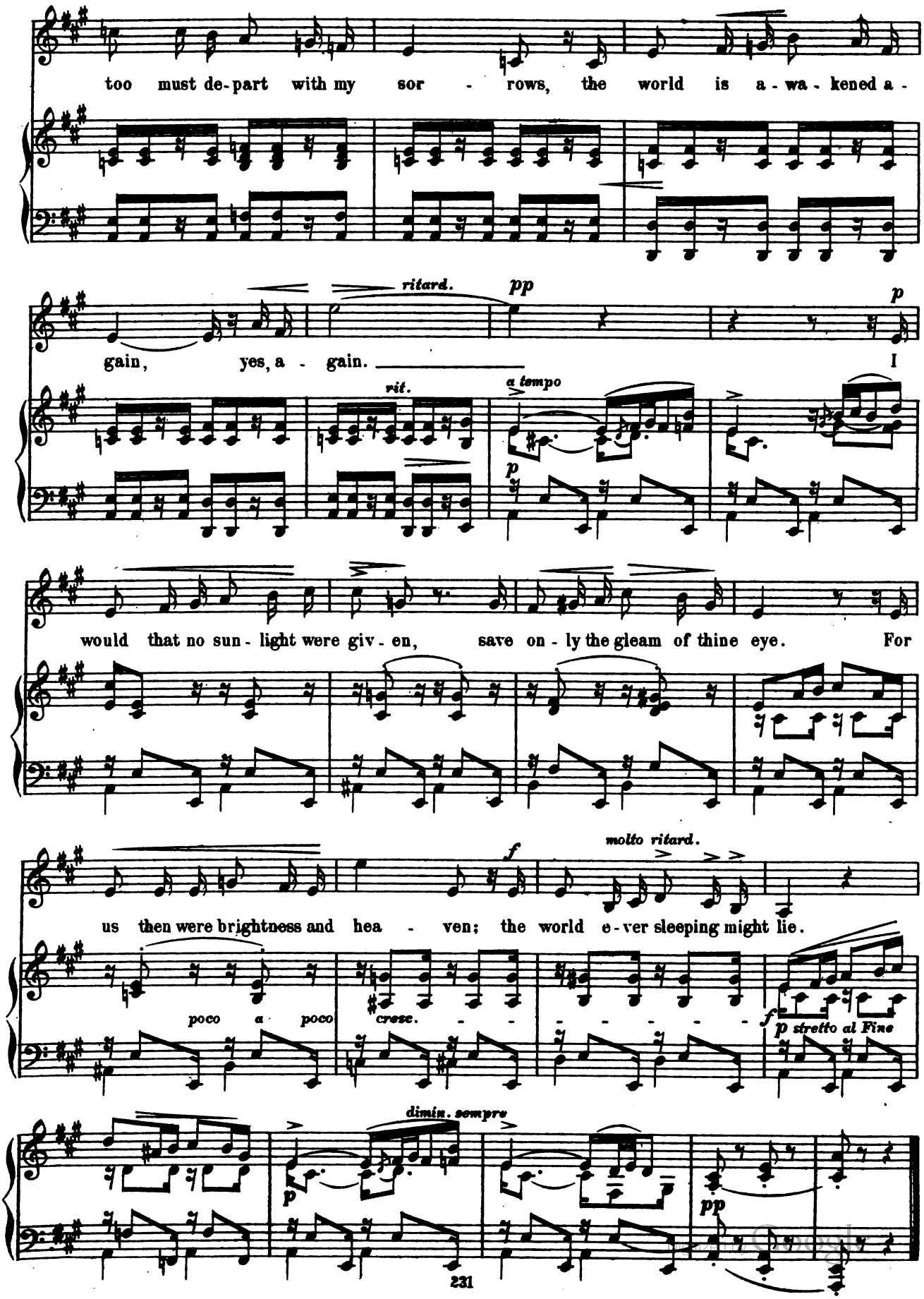
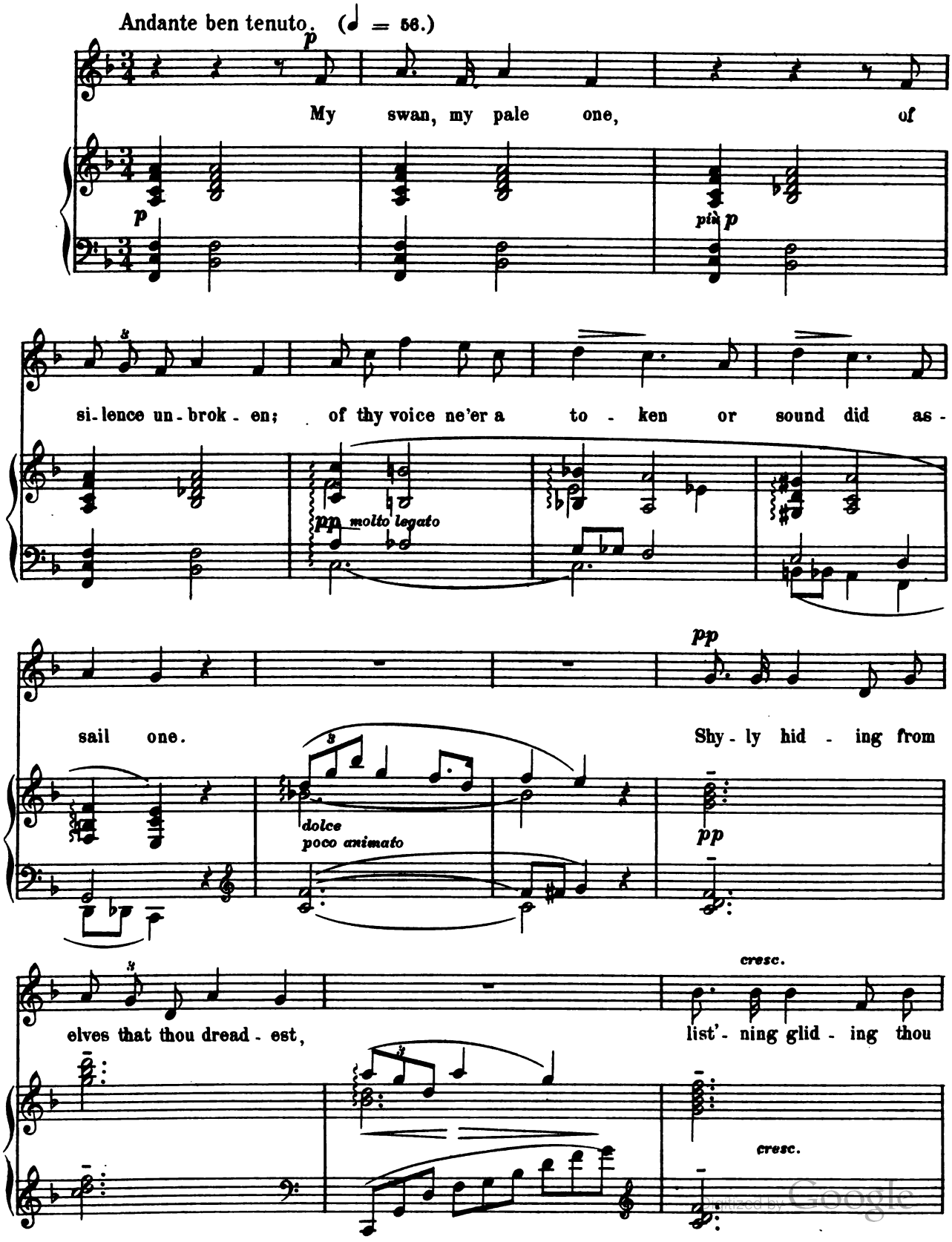
3—"MORNING DEW"

(A. VON CHAMISSO)

Animato. (♩ = 60.)
p
We sought with ca-ress-ing and kiss-ing to
p
sempre cresc.
reap all the joys of the night. But where are the hours that are miss - ing? Al-
cresc. sempre
un poco rit.
. read - y the morn-ing is bright. Ah
un poco rit.
a tempo
sun - light, what anguish it bor - rows! At part-ing the night weeps in pain. I

too must de-part with my sor - rows, the world is a-wa-kened a-
ritard.
pp
p
gain, yes, a - gain. I
rit.
a tempo
p
would that no sun-light were giv-en, save on-ly the gleam of thine eye. For
f
molto ritard.
us then were brightness and hea - ven; the world e-ver sleeping might lie.
poco a poco
cresc.
f
p stretto al Fine
dimin. sempre
p
pp

4—A SWAN

(IBSEN)

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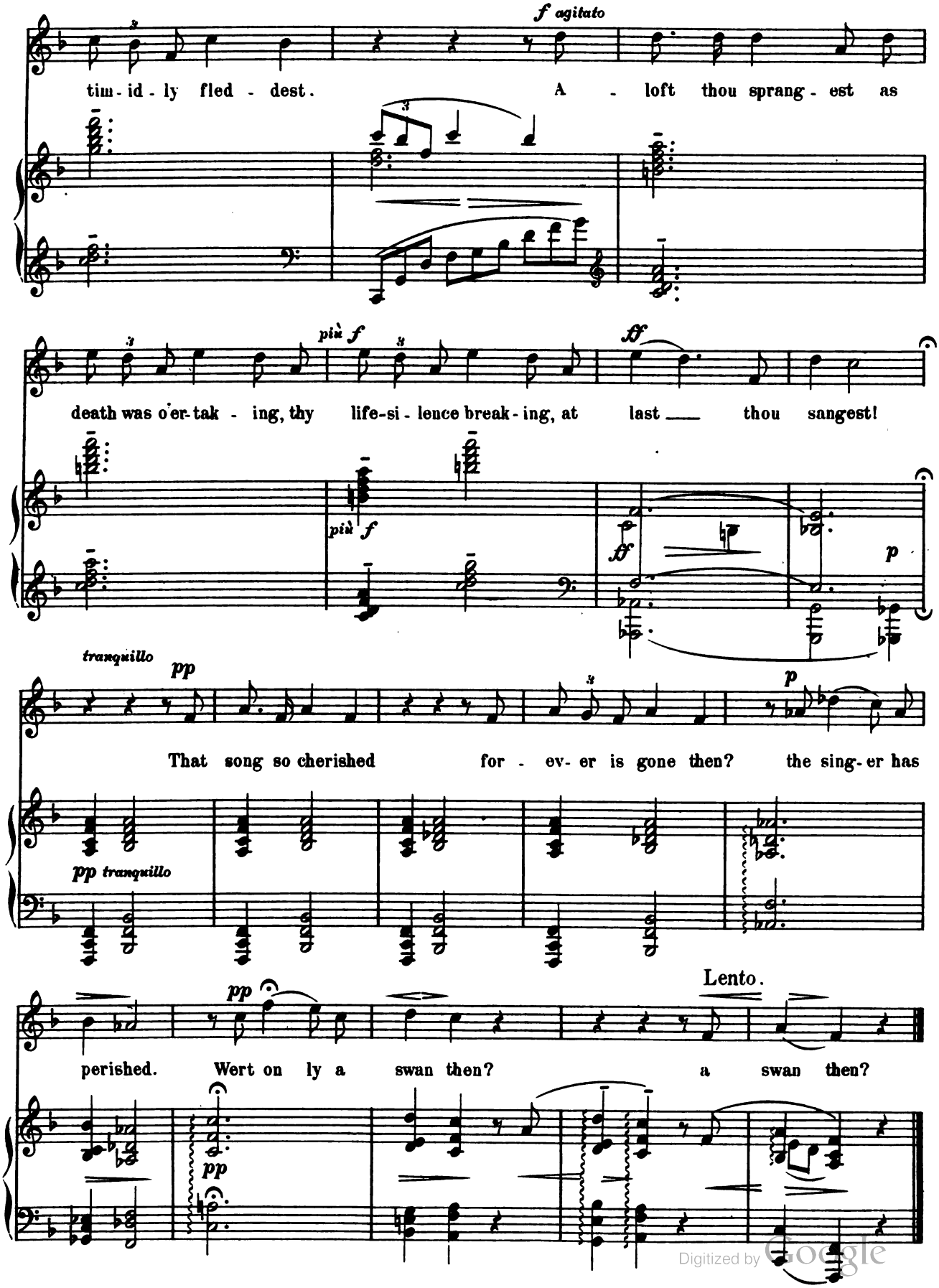
f agitato
tim - id - ly fled - dest. A - loft thou sprang - est as
più f
ff
death was o'er-tak - ing, thy life-si - lence break - ing, at last thou sangest!
più f
ff
p
tranquillo
pp
That song so cherished for - ev- er is gone then? the sing-er has
pp tranquillo
p
Lento.
pp
perished. Wert on ly a swan then? a swan then?
pp

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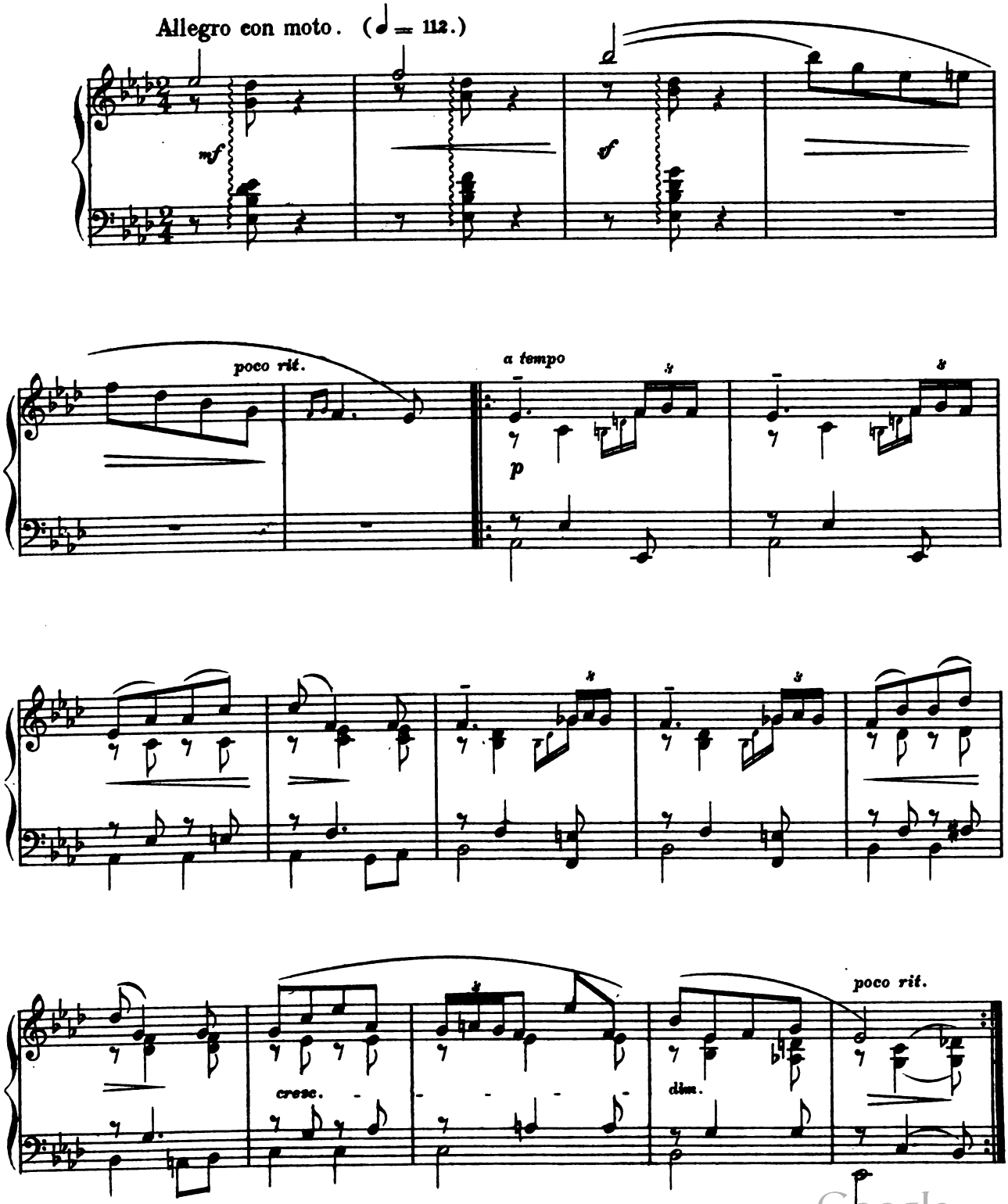
VI. TWO ALBUM LEAVES

I

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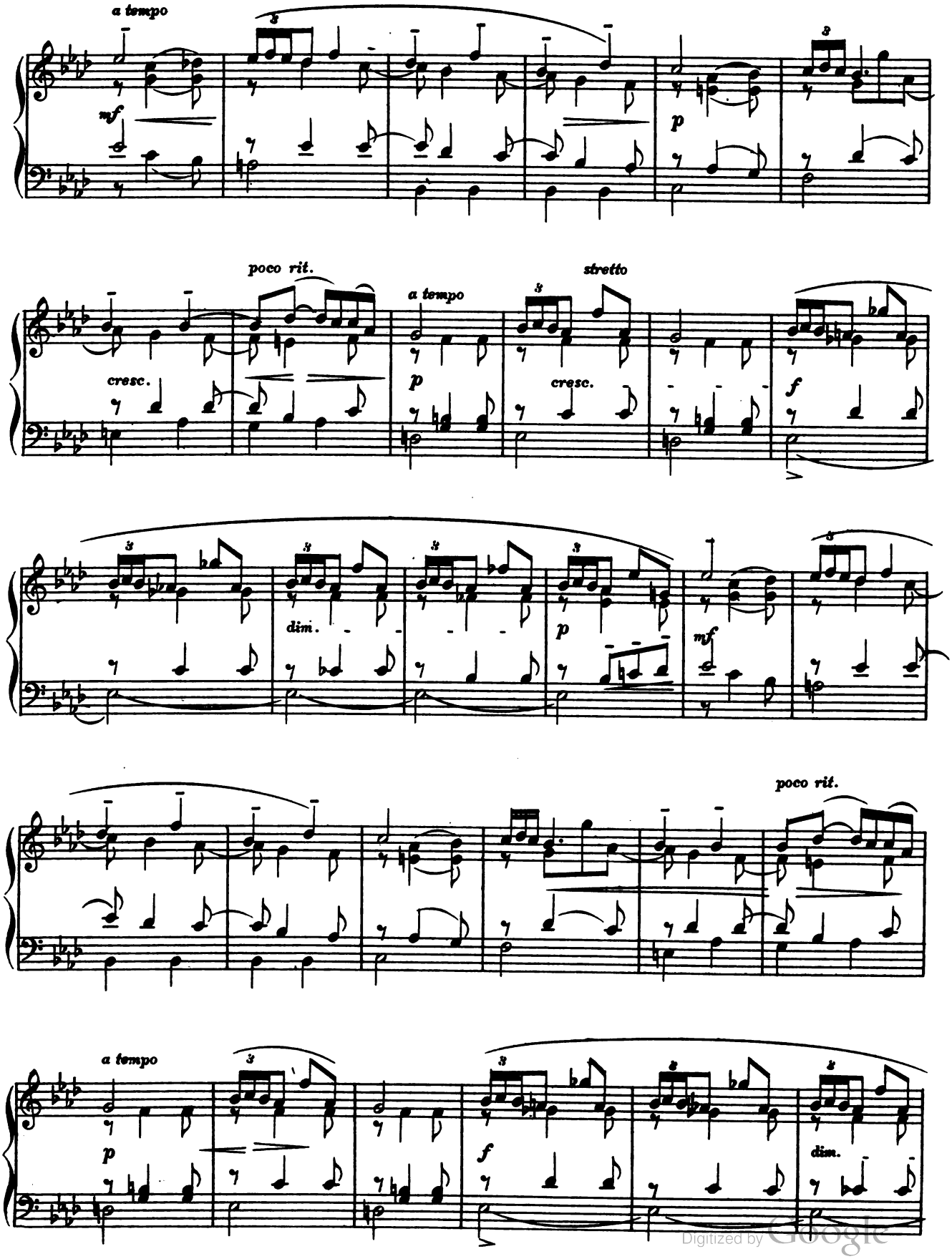
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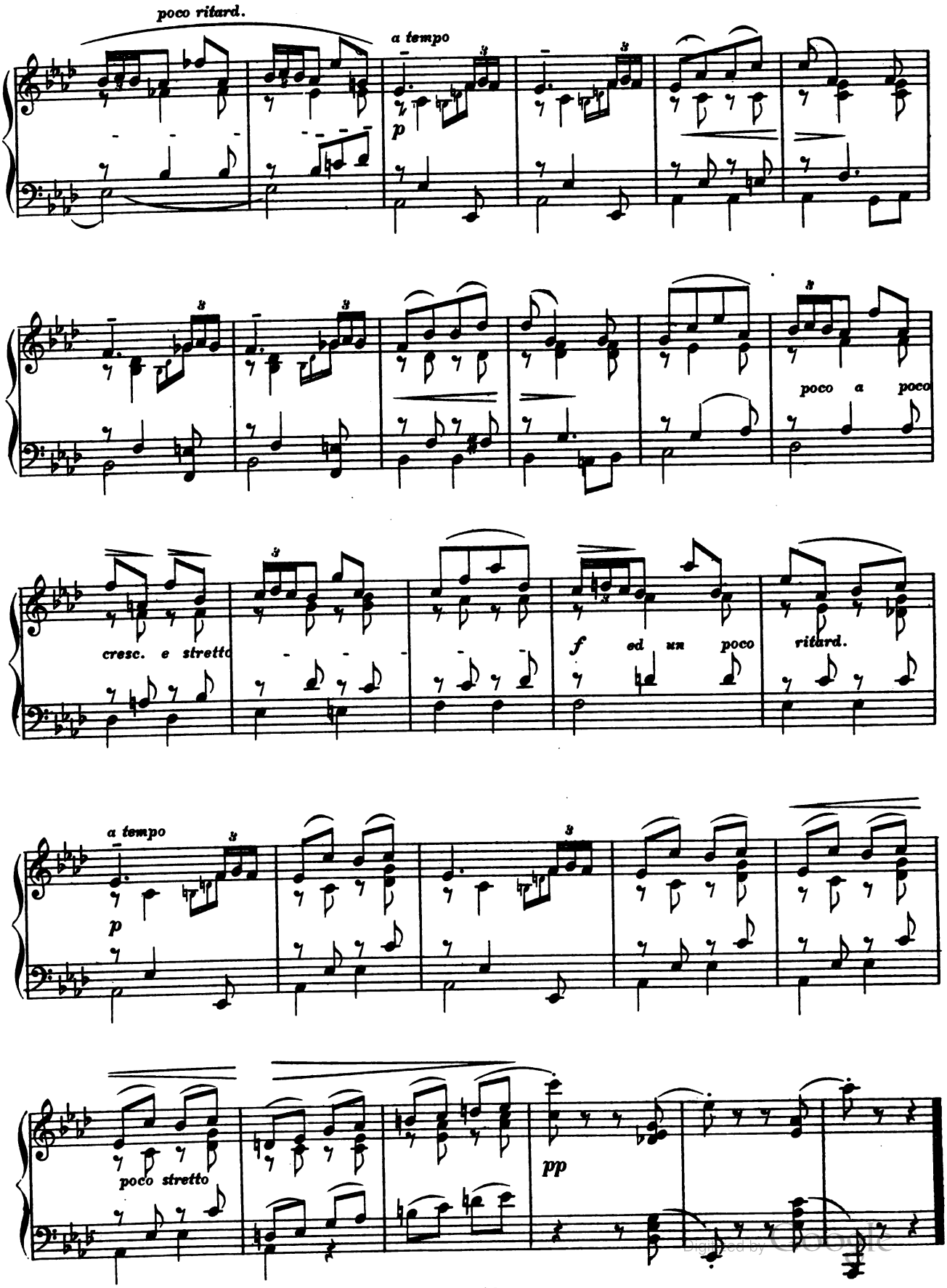
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MASTERS IN MUSIC

RAFF

BORN 1822: DIED 1882

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JOSEPH JOACHIM RAFF

With his spectacles, closely clipped hair, mustache, and imperial, Raff looked more like a man of science or affairs than an artist. His eyes, however, somewhat wide apart, revealed imagination, and his general expression was acute and intelligent. This portrait is reproduced from a photograph taken in 1878, kindly loaned by Dr. William Mason.

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JOSEPH JOACHIM

R A F F

BORN 1822: DIED 1882

JOSEPH JOACHIM RAFF, the son of an organist and music-teacher of some ability, was born May 27, 1822, at Lachen, on the Lake of Zurich, in Switzerland. He early showed himself precocious and possessed of great intellectual curiosity and energy. It is said that he could translate Homer when he was seven, and that from his earliest childhood his spare hours were devoted to books or music rather than to more childish pursuits. His education, begun at the Würtemberg Institute, was continued at the Jesuit Lyceum of Schwyz, where he eventually graduated with distinction, taking prizes in Latin and mathematics. The influence of the Jesuits was one especially suited to develop his keen intellectual qualities, and to intensify his natural fondness for subtleties and finesse. So alert was his mind that his musical talents were at first regarded by his parents as merely a phase of his general cleverness, and he was expected to devote himself to a scholarly rather than to an artistic career. Poverty, to be sure, interfered with his taking the university course, but after graduating from the Lyceum he easily obtained a post as tutor in Latin, and taught for several years. Meanwhile he followed up his musical studies with ardor, practising the piano and the violin, and making many attempts at composition.

He was twenty years old before he received any very definite encouragement in his musical career, to which his parents were opposed. It was in 1842 that he took the opportunity of Mendelssohn's presence on a tour in Switzerland to submit to him some compositions. At that time Mendelssohn was dictator of all German musical affairs, and a few kind words from him easily secured the publication of some of Raff's pieces by the great firm of Breitkopf & Härtel. These pieces in due time fell under the friendly critical eye of Schumann, who, in his paper, the 'Neue Zeitscrift für Musik,' reviewed the young composer's Opus 2, finding in it "something which points to a future for the composer." With the two greatest musicians of the day thus acting as his sponsors, Raff took fresh courage, gave up teaching, and threw himself with enthusiasm into music.

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For some years he worked steadily on, suffering great privations, but showing the indefatigable energy and endurance of which he had early given promise. At length he met Liszt, and receiving from him the interest and kindness which he always showed towards young, struggling artists, was taken by him on a concert tour through the principal cities of Germany. The influence of Liszt's dominating personality was later to be an important one in his life; but for the present they parted in Cologne, where Raff settled for a number of years.

In 1846 Mendelssohn, visiting Cologne, renewed his acquaintance with Raff and invited him to become his pupil in Leipsic. Eager to grasp so rare an opportunity, Raff was about to leave Cologne when he heard the news of Mendelssohn's sudden death. He was obliged, therefore, to continue studying by himself, meanwhile eking out his meager income by writing learned critiques for a musical paper, 'The Cäcilia,' published in Berlin. To this period also belongs his pamphlet on 'The Wagner Question,' which excited much notice and controversy. It was the first of many articles written by him as an enthusiastic champion of Wagner.

In order to gratify his desire to live in one of the larger German cities, Liszt now endeavored to secure him the patronage of Mechetti, the Viennese publisher; and Raff was actually on his way to visit the latter when, pursued by his usual ill luck, he learned of his death. Undismayed by all these adverse happenings, he returned to Würtemberg, his old home, and studied indefatigably there and in Stuttgart. It was at Stuttgart that he met Hans von Bülow, then a young law student of barely twenty, and a talented amateur pianist, who did him great service by playing in public his Concertstück for pianoforte and orchestra, performing the remarkable feat of playing it by heart two days after his first sight of the work. Bülow became a devoted admirer of Raff's compositions, and in later years seldom played a program in which his name did not appear.

By 1850 Raff was able to move to Weimar and to join the colony of Liszt's pupils and admirers who had surrounded him since his retirement from his career as a virtuoso. "Here at last," writes Mr. W. J. Henderson, "it seemed as if Raff had found the atmosphere for which his spirit hungered. Music, literature, and art permeated the air; and the foreign artists who came to lay their tributes of flattery before the throne of the musical idol of the hour had smiles of approval for Raff, who basked in the sunlight and let the essence of the new German ideas in music saturate his soul." Raff became in Weimar, if anything, more industrious than ever. He remodeled his opera, 'King Alfred,' written three years before, and had it performed at the Court Theatre, where it is still sometimes heard. He wrote also his first String Quartet, in D-minor, his Violin and Piano Sonata, in E-minor, some of his best piano suites and smaller pieces, and other works.

Dr. William Mason, who was a fellow student of Raff's under Liszt, has given us an interesting glimpse of this period of his life. "Of my Weimar comrades," he says, "Joachim Raff, it is hardly necessary to say, be-

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came the most distinguished. My first impression of him was not wholly favorable. He was hard to become acquainted with, and not disposed to meet one half-way. He was fond of argument, and if one side was taken he was very apt to take the other. He liked nothing better than to get one to commit himself to a proposition, and then to attack him with all his resources, which were many. Upon better acquaintance, however, one found a kind heart and faithful friend, whose constancy was to be relied on. He was very poor, and there were times when he seemed hardly able to keep body and soul together. Once he was arrested for debt. The room in which he was confined, however, was more comfortable, if anything, than his own. He had a piano, a table, music-paper, and pen and ink sent there. How this was accomplished I do not know, but I think Liszt must have had a hand in it. Raff enjoyed himself composing and playing, and we saw to it that he had good fare. The episode made little impression on him: so long as he could compose he was happy. However, the matter was compromised, and in a short time he returned to his own lodgings. He was a hard worker and composed incessantly, with only brief intervals for food and exercise. We habitually sat together, and afterwards usually took a short walk. I enjoyed his conversation exceedingly and derived much profit from it.

"At about five o'clock in the afternoon, looking out from my window, I would frequently see Raff coming over the path leading through the park, with a bundle of manuscript under his arm. He liked to come and play to me what he had composed. His playing was not artistic, because he paid little attention to it, and he did not attempt to elaborate or finish his style.

"He composed very rapidly, and many of his compositions do not amount to much. He could not get decent remuneration for good music, and he had to live; therefore he wrote many pieces that were of the jingling sort, because his publishers paid well for them. . . . At times he was much dejected, and there was a dash of bitterness in his disposition. I think he felt that, being obliged to turn out music for a living, he would never attain the rank to which his talents entitled him."

It was during his stay in Weimar that Raff met and fell very deeply in love with the actress, Doris Genast, daughter of an actor-manager, and granddaughter of Goethe's favorite actor. With his usual enthusiastic devotion to the matter in hand, he followed her to Wiesbaden in 1856, and married her there in 1859. In Wiesbaden he became a popular piano teacher, but nevertheless devoted his spare hours unceasingly to composition. Though a large part of his writing still consisted of those trivial salon pieces which poverty compelled him to produce, his sincere ambition to do better work gradually had its effect; and by his first symphony, 'In the Fatherland,' which won him in 1863 a prize competed for by thirty-two other works, he securely established his fame. Other important compositions followed, notably the 'Im Walde' Symphony, his masterpiece, in 1869, and the 'Lenore' Symphony in 1872.

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In 1877 Raff undertook the directorship of a Conservatory of Music just founded in Frankfort. In addition to teaching the composition classes, arranging the library, and performing with marked ability all the executive duties of his office, he continued to compose with his wonted copiousness. A weakness of the heart, however, had developed, and in the midst of his labors he died suddenly, on June 24, 1882, at Frankfort, leaving behind him nearly three hundred compositions, of which eleven were symphonies.

In character, Raff was a rather peculiar combination of intelligence and unreason. He had a subtle, analytical mind, sharpened by his early training as a Jesuit, and yet he did not always use it very effectively as a guiding influence in his life. For one so intelligent, he was singularly uncertain of himself, and unable to stamp his life and work with any one definite quality. His music, which of course reveals his character more fully and clearly than anything else, is full of cleverness, of intellectual finesse, of personal feeling and color even; and yet exceedingly indefinite in purpose and miscellaneous in style. Despite all its skill in counterpoint, harmony, and orchestration,—in all those processes, that is, which depend on mere mental ability and industry,—it is lacking in sureness of purpose, largeness of conception, and clear individuality. It is the work of a man whose equipment is greater than his impulse. It is too facile, too fluent and unstudied, to give the impression of power and self-control. Raff speaks generally like a garrulous master of rhetoric rather than like a man whose words are few and weighty.

The impression of keen but uncritical intelligence which we thus gather from his music is reinforced when we turn to his life. All his cleverness seemed to evaporate in conversation and impulsive action rather than to condense into common sense and wise self-guidance. He must have been a fascinating companion, with his whimsical fancy and his ingenuity in argument; but he was unable to manage the simplest business affairs, and was constantly in difficulties.

One who knew him tells an amusing story of a morning spent by Raff and his friends in sampling wines in Weimar. Raff, under the stimulating influence of the wine, put forth all his powers of logic, all his ingenious and fine-spun sophistries, to convince a traveling wine-merchant that his work was mere play, that it profited society nothing, and that, in a word, he was an idler. He pointed out to him that he should adopt some worthy occupation (like composing music, for example) in which one used one's mind, one's intelligence, one's higher powers. Fired by his own eloquence, he quite worried out the wine-merchant's good nature, and might have been involved in a quarrel if his friends had not diverted his intellectual energy into other channels.

Raff had thought much more deeply than most musicians on the fundamental facts and laws of his art; he was a thorough master of musical science. Consulted once by Dr. William Mason about certain questions of harmony, as they were taking a morning walk in the park, he quickly

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drew on the path with his stick a simple diagram, in which, he declared, "the whole of harmony" was exhibited. His mind was like that of a scientist in its power to dissect, and to grasp the relations of countless details.

It was his great misfortune, however, that, cleverly as he could pull apart, he was unable to build up. He had little constructive power, either in art or in life. In his works, as we shall see in more detail later, in spite of all their incidental beauty and interest, he never achieved a clear, well-fused, individual style. And similarly, his really unusual intellectual power did not save him from drifting rather helplessly on the tide of events. He was not able to stamp his career with one purpose, one direction, one dominant trend, as much less brilliant men are often able to do. He accomplished a great deal, in spite of many adverse circumstances, but he never developed a clearly pronounced, fully rounded individuality. It is easy to make the mistake of blaming his poverty too much for the indefinite results of his life. No doubt poverty was a severe handicap to him; no doubt he would have done better work, more painstaking, serious work, if he had not had to depend more or less on popular favor for his bread and butter. But the difficulty was deeper than mere circumstance; it lay in a sort of facility of nature that kept him from concentrating all his energies on one predetermined line of action. He scattered and squandered his abilities; and as a consequence the enormous quantity of the work he did is more striking than any special quality in it.

Emerson once wrote in a letter, "I have a fancy that talent, which is so imperative in the passing hour, is deleterious to duration; what a pity we cannot have genius without talent. Even in Goethe, the culture and varied, busy talent mar the simple grandeur of the impression, and he called himself a layman beside Beethoven." If these words are true of Goethe, how much more true are they of Raff, who was too versatile to have any one dominant characteristic, and all of whose talents together did not amount to genius.—THE EDITOR

THE ART OF RAFF

W. J. Henderson — *'Famous Composers and Their Works*

IT is probable, although we in America know far less about the music of Raff than the Germans do, that the estimate of his abilities generally accepted on this side of the Atlantic is a wise one. He is regarded as a composer who, possessing exceptional fecundity of melodic invention and rare mastery of orchestral tone-color, sought to impose upon music a definiteness of expression somewhat beyond its power. This eagerness to delineate in detail a chain of feelings or impressions led Raff into diffuseness of style

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and to frequent sacrifices of those formal elaborations which are regarded as essential to the construction of artistic music. He has been generally thought to lack self-criticism and the restraint resulting therefrom; but it has always seemed to the present writer that Raff's errors were not in the direction of criticism, but of fundamental belief. In other words, he let the beautiful vision of a genus of pictorial program music which is to be more expressive than speech run away with his reason.

Now it is neither necessary nor expedient to repeat here any of the familiar discussion as to the expressive power of music. The most serious thinkers about the art, even when they disagree in details, are generally of the opinion that music can express only the broader emotions, and requires text to make clear the cause of the feelings. We are able to get great pleasure, and at times genuine exaltation, from the music of Raff, provided we are willing to approach it in the only fair spirit in which program music can be approached—that of willingness to accept the composer's premises. The first movement of the 'Fatherland' Symphony has strength and aspiration, and we have only to accept Raff's explanation that he is singing of Germany to enter into the heart of his composition. In the same way we are obliged to approach the 'Lenore,' the 'Im Walde,' and his other symphonies. The grisly story of Bürger's 'Lenore' is told in detail in the finale of the symphony, but in order to follow the music we need the poem. Having that, we perceive the aptness and peculiar fitness of the composer's rhythmic and melodic fancies. . . . He has achieved a greater fidelity of feeling and a subtler realism of tones, however, in his 'Im Walde,' which is generally looked upon as his masterpiece. The first movement is intended to bring to the hearer's mind the woods in the sunlit beauty of noon. The second reveals them to us in the suggestive shadow of twilight. In the third movement the composer entertains us with an airy and delicate dance of dryads, a woodland scherzo in deed and in truth. In the fourth and last movement we have a musical embodiment of the familiar German legend of the Wild Huntsman. This symphony makes less demands in the way of preparation than many of Raff's other works. The single suggestion that he is painting the forest and that there is a wild hunt is all that the imagination needs to give it complete enjoyment of this work.

Freedom of form is a natural result of the kind of composition in which Raff excelled, and his ability to write quickly and with little effort prevented his feeling the necessity of working out his compositions with the care and science of the classical school. One gets much less intellectual satisfaction, therefore, out of Raff's work than out of Schumann's, who was his precursor, and still less than out of Mozart's. But the ear and the imagination are delighted with the clear intelligibility of his melodic ideas, their unfailing poetic sentiment and musical grace. It is these qualities of his themes, together with the splendid colors in which his orchestral palette is so rich, that have given to his symphonic works their wide popularity, and have made the name of Raff recognized as that of one of the really

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gifted followers of the romantic school founded by Schumann and Schubert. In the general outline his symphonies follow the laws of the earliest masters, notably in the distribution of the movements. His separate movements, however, are not always built according to the old rules, his finales being notably free and irregular.

It can only be said, then, in concluding this brief estimate of his symphonic writing, that his works in the large orchestral form are admirable examples of that class of modern composition in which structural skill and scientific development are sacrificed to warmth of sentiment and opulence of color. In a word, they belong to what may be called the impressionistic school of music.

Raff may not deserve a seat among the Titans of music. Yet his originality, his grace of thought, and his oriental gorgeousness of utterance lift him above the level of mediocrity and stamp him as a man possessed of rare and valuable gifts. His larger works show every evidence of artistic earnestness, and had he been less imbued with impressionistic ideas, and more free from the burdens of poverty, he might have attained perfection of art.

J. S. Shedlock *'The Academy' 1882*

AS regards number of symphonies, Raff has surpassed his great predecessors Beethoven and Schubert, and his illustrious contemporaries Mendelssohn, Schumann, Berlioz, and Brahms. But quantity is nothing and quality everything. Raff's writing is unequal; his career as a composer was not, like that of Beethoven, one of gradual development and constant progress; some of the movements of his symphonies are very fine indeed, while others are either labored or commonplace. His powers of thematic treatment are great, his contrapuntal skill wonderful, and his knowledge of orchestration thoroughly sound; but he was unfortunately often tempted to waste these gifts on subject-matter of little or no importance. His music, therefore, though attractive and interesting to students and musicians, often fails to create a really satisfactory and lasting impression.

Franz Gehring *'Raff,' in Grove's 'Dictionary of Music'*

FROM Raff's first six symphonies a very good idea of the composer's style may be gathered. Remembering his struggles and hard life, it is only a matter for wonder that he should have striven so earnestly and so long in a path that was not his natural walk. A glance at the list of his works will explain our meaning. The enormous mass of "drawing-room music" tells its own tale; Raff had to live, and having by nature a remarkable gift of melody and perhaps not much artistic refinement, he wrote what would pay. But on looking at his works in the higher branch of music—his symphonies, con-

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certos, and chamber music—one cannot but be struck by the conscientious striving toward a very high ideal. In the whole of his nine published symphonies the slow movements, without a single exception, are of extreme melodic beauty, although weak from a symphonic point of view; the first movements are invariably worked out with surprising technical skill, the subjects appearing frequently in double counterpoint and in every kind of canon. And however modern and common his themes may appear, they have often been built up with the greatest care, note by note, to this end, showing that he did not, as has often been said, put down the first thing that came into his mind. . . . His versatility need not be enlarged upon. In all the forms of musical composition he has shown the same brilliant qualities and the same regrettable shortcomings. His gift of melody, his technical skill, his inexhaustible fertility, and above all, his power of never repeating himself—all these are beyond praise, but his very fertility is a misfortune, since it renders him careless in the choice of his subjects; writing "pot-boilers" has injured the development of a delicate feeling for what is lofty and refined: in short, he stands far above all second-rate composers, yet the conscientious critic hesitates to allow him a place in the front rank of all.

Philip Hale *In Schirmer's 'Library of Musical Classics'*

RAFF was a singularly productive composer. He wrote six operas, two of which saw the footlights; an oratorio, cantatas, music for the church; eleven symphonies, four suites and nine overtures for orchestra; chamber music, songs, 'cello pieces; two concertos, and five sonatas for the violin. His first forty-six opus numbers—there are over two hundred in all—are exclusively solo pieces for the piano; and for the piano with orchestra he wrote an 'Ode to Spring,' opus 76; a Concerto in C-minor, opus 185, and a Suite in E-flat, opus 200. And of all his works, the one that will finally keep his name alive is the symphony 'Im Walde,' which was composed in 1869.

Raff was a romanticist with a purpose; this purpose was to use music as a definite expression of the concrete as well as the abstract. His belief was antipodal to that of Walt Whitman: "All music is what awakens from you when you are reminded by the instruments." His theories and beliefs are to be found in the preface to the 'In the Fatherland' Symphony, and that symphony, regarded from the standpoint of the preface, is an "Inquire Within" for all you wish to know of German character; a Baedeker for German emotions; a musical stereopticon; a pantomime with curtain falling on the apotheosis of Germania. And yet, can symphonic music be thus topographical, historical, political, ethnological, and anthropological? Is the finale of the 'Lenore' Symphony a moving panorama to any one who does not know Bürger's poem? If the hearer of such program music has the printed explanation he can then, if he is so inclined, dilate with the proper, and the only suitable, emotion. In the

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'Im Walde' Symphony Raff does not so particularize in his demands on the attention. Forest scenes and even the thought of the forest may easily suggest the music that you are afterward not surprised to hear in concert. 'T is largely association of ideas. Given October and a forest, and you very likely think of the winded horn and men in suits of Lincoln-green; or when you hear a merry flourish of horns you may possibly say, "October."

Intense romantic feeling, spontaneous melody, unusual contrapuntal ease, a vivid sense of color,—these are the characteristics of Raff's best music. Alas, it was so easy and so necessary for him to write much! Poverty spurred him over leagues of commonplace. There are often genteel platitudes, pinchbeck brilliancy. Or the composer is like unto a man who, having exhausted his stock of conventional compliments, hat in hand shifts in his chair and will not see the door. Nor is that which is cheap and common in his music to be found only in the pile of paraphrases for the piano. In more serious works triviality is often found side by side with cunning contrapuntal devices. It is true that he embellished and revised some of his earlier piano pieces, but much that is intrinsically unworthy of him survives him.

For these slips and errors, for his remarkable fecundity, Raff has been abused roundly by those who realized the genuine talent of the man and did not know the disheartening obstacles against which he struggled. Thus Pougin, usually a sane, acute, sympathetic critic, cannot understand why Raff should show such inequality, or why he did not obey the Horatian maxim. It would have been more heroic if Raff had starved for Art's sake; but in this case we should not have been able to enjoy some of his finest work.

No pianist can afford to ignore a judicious selection of Raff's piano pieces. While eminent virtuosos have not disdained them, the great majority of the pieces are within the reach of every well-grounded pianist. In elegance and suave melody this music is attractive. There are often passages of romantic feeling, and even in unexpected places are there proofs of the technical skill of the composer.

WE have already seen, in dealing with Mendelssohn (see MASTERS IN MUSIC, Part IV.), how the composers who followed Beethoven differed from him in their ideals and methods. The classical attitude, we saw, the attitude of Bach and Beethoven, is that which finds the supreme value of music in its pure musical beauty, its loveliness of sound and symmetry of form, and which is willing to sacrifice none of these "absolute" qualities for particular shades or details of expression. The attitude of the classicist may perhaps be compared to that of the sculptor of such a work as the Venus of Milo, who seeks not so much to express a feeling or tell a story as to incarnate a vision of absolute beauty.

The romantic attitude, on the contrary, the attitude of most modern composers, is more like that of those painters who are so in love with

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color effects and with poignant expression that they think little of the composition of their pictures, and are willing to surrender the harmony and symmetry of the whole to certain telling effects in detail. A picture, to them, is not primarily a thing of beauty, but a mood, a passion, a blaze of color, or a story.

This attitude, though characteristic of most composers of our day, exists in very various degrees. Some carry it only so far as to make their works primarily expressive of moods and feelings, rather than incarnative of beauty. They are the romanticists, properly speaking, and Schumann is their prophet. Others, such as Berlioz, Liszt, and Rubinstein, go farther, and try to describe actual objects,—to catalogue, to depict, and to narrate. They are the makers of "program music," as it is called, music which depends for effect on a "program" of ideas entirely independent of itself and extraneous to it. The primary tenet of their creed is that music should not merely arouse a mood or general emotional state, but should actually imitate, or otherwise call to mind, objects and events that exist in the world outside of music. Berlioz is a programmist when in his 'Fantastic Symphony' he depicts a march to the guillotine. Tschaïkowsky is a programmist when, in his 'Romeo and Juliet' Overture, he describes not only the passion of the lovers, but the brawl between the Montagues and the Capulets. Richard Strauss is a programmist when, in his 'Heldenleben,' he makes the wood-wind instruments imitate the laughter of the hero's enemies. Finally, Raff is a maker of program music in all of his symphonies, and in many of his smaller works. The mere titles are indicative of his aims and methods. In addition to the three best known symphonies, entitled 'In the Fatherland,' 'In the Forest' ('Im Walde'), and 'Lenore' (after Bürger's poem of that name), there are 'In the Alps,' 'Sounds of Spring,' 'In Summer,' 'In Autumn,' and 'Winter.'

Now, whatever may be in general the justification of program music, it seems fairly certain that Raff's extreme devotion to it was largely the result of a weakness or limitation in his genius. He created many interesting and beautiful themes, but so great were his facility and lack of self-criticism that they are almost lost in the mass of trivial and insignificant stuff which he produced with distressing industry. He subjected his themes to very learned processes of development, but too often these developments were labored and pedantic, not prompted by really musical impulse. And always, both in the creation of his themes and in their working-out, he seems to have been actuated by dramatic and pictorial imagination rather than by the musician's instinct for tone-combination. In fact, music was to him so much more a means than an end that we may fairly ask, Might he not, with the necessary training, have been a poet or a painter? Would he not have been perhaps even more successful, since description is more proper to poetry and painting than it is to music?

These questions, however, pertinent as they are, must not lead us away from considering what Raff actually did accomplish as a composer. No matter how his themes occurred to him, or what his motives as a con-

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scious artist may have been in writing them, the best of them are fresh, interesting, and individual enough to win our admiration. There is about them a peculiar warmth, a sensuous richness, not to be found elsewhere. Mr. Henderson well insists on their "poetic sentiment and musical grace." Such a theme as the central melody of the 'Twilight' movement of the 'Im Walde' Symphony, for example, is enough to prove conclusively the breadth and warmth of Raff's melodic expression, as well as its individuality. Moreover, his skill in building up a stout musical fabric out of his primary strands is generally sufficient, and sometimes remarkable. Though he cannot bear comparison with great constructive artists like Beethoven, whose fine logic and economy are beyond him, he has enough contrapuntal skill and enough command of the varieties of orchestral color to build up satisfactory whole movements. His instinct for the orchestra is remarkable. He combines all its varied resources harmoniously and piquantly, getting effects as novel as they are rich and clear. The development of the movement from 'Im Walde' consists largely of various settings of the original theme, in each of which it is enhanced by some new embroidery. Such treatment is not, to be sure, of a very high order of art. It seems cheap when we compare it with the wonderful thematic development of Beethoven. We are reminded of those modern plays which depend for their effect, not on a dramatic idea gradually and logically worked out, but on the well-stocked wardrobe of the fair heroine. But if Raff in the last analysis lacks genius, with its stern simplicity and its perfect coherence, he nevertheless has so many talents, he writes with so much spontaneity and sensuous beauty, and decks out his ideas in so attractive a garment, that he must be admitted to an honorable place among those composers who fall just short of the highest rank.—THE EDITOR

THE WORKS OF RAFF

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

I. Nocturne in A-flat. *Opus 17, No. 2*

CAPABLE of very beautiful effects, this nocturne will yield them only to the player who has gained, by long practice, independence of the fingers and the power to combine different sorts of touch. It is a study in the free and telling delivery of a melody, supported by a well-contrasted accompaniment; each must be as distinct as if one were sung by a violin and the other plucked on a harp. The technical means for obtaining this effect are as follows:

(1) The melody, which begins in the third measure, and which frequently crosses from one hand to the other, and for clearness is printed in larger

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notes than the accompaniment, must be given in the "clinging legato" touch. Dr. William Mason (in 'Touch and Technic,' vol. 1, p. 8) thus describes this touch: "The finger falls upon the key with decision, but free from rigidity—settles firmly down upon it with a sense of having come to stay. This steady, continued, though never rigid pressure is transferred at exactly the proper time to another key through the agency of another finger. In this way the tones are bound together, and, as it were, melt into each other, as expressed by the word *legato*, signifying to bind. Each key must be held with moderate pressure and without rigidity throughout the full time-value of the tone as indicated by the note, but not one instant longer." The essential character of this touch is a full, rich sonority and perfect sustainment of the sound throughout all changes of pitch—in a word, the clinging legato touch tries to imitate on the piano the effect of a bowed instrument or a voice in the delivery of emotional melody.

(2) In contrast with the melody thus played, the accompaniment must form a quiet mass of sustaining or supporting tone, in no way obtrusive or distracting. Put into terms of technic, this means simply that the player must be able to use two sorts of touch at once, the tune being given in a firm legato, and the remaining tones colorlessly and quietly. Thus in the first chord of measure 8, for example, the little finger of the right hand firmly transfers the arm-pressure to the melodic E-flat; but the fourth and second fingers and thumb at the same time produce their tones without especial emphasis. In the next chord the pressure goes into the left thumb; on the third beat the fourth and little fingers of the right hand take it again; and so on. Now this using two kinds of touch at once is by no means a simple matter, though absolutely essential to all really musical playing. It involves a great deal of independence of the fingers, and the power to transfer the arm pressure at will into any one of its ten channels. But it is hardly too much to say that this ability to make salient voices stand out while less important ones fall into the background is the first one to be striven for by those who would make their playing intelligible and expressive,—in a word, truly musical.

(3) Even the well-differentiated touches are not enough, unless they are combined with proper pedaling. The pedal both veils the baldness of the accompanying chords, merging them into a web of harmonious sound, and assists the legato of the melody in places like the fourth measure, where the hand cannot itself sustain the tone. Here the B-flat must be heard clearly above all the other tones, and until the E-flat of the next measure takes up the melody. Similarly the E-flat, in the eighth measure, must be bound to the D-flat on the third beat, which can only be done by means of the pedal.

The episode marked *poco piu moto*, on page 18, offers an interesting study in combining all these means of effect. At first the problem is comparatively simple; the upper fingers of the right hand sing the melody, the secondary part in the right hand and the arpeggios in the left supply the background, and the pedal merely softens and liquefies, so to speak,

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the whole. But in the third measure on page 19 the situation is complicated by the two high notes in octaves which echo the little phrase already familiar. These must be heard, yet they must not interfere with the more important phrase itself. The B-flat, C, B-flat, then, must be played in so firm a legato touch that with the help of the pedal the final B-flat will sound on above everything else through the measure. Meanwhile, the right hand, having commissioned part of its work to the pedal, can play the high F and E-flat just loud enough to be heard, but not loud enough to drown the still-resounding B-flat.

The reader may think all this pettily detailed, but only by a careful study of all these means of effect can the melodic luxuriance and the harmonic color of this nocturne, so highly characteristic of its composer, be fitly rendered.

II, 'Twilight'[1] *Slow Movement of the 'Im Walde' Symphony*

THE broad, noble, and yet intensely romantic melody which forms the nucleus of this movement, and which, as it progresses, is embroidered with the greatest ingenuity and orchestral beauty, is one of the most satisfyingly beautiful and memorable themes that Raff ever imagined. It is by contrast with such real music that much of his writing seems so pitiably thin and verbose. Preluded by some mysterious soft chords, preliminary flutings, and pastoral horn notes, it enters with impressive simplicity at the sixteenth measure of the secondo part. Its admirably sustained phraseology, its gradual climax and equally gradual subsiding, and the combined richness and strength of its harmonization, merit careful study. A movement founded on so lovely and so dignified a theme could not help being a success. At A enters a subsidiary theme, more pastoral in character, and flowering out as it progresses into graceful staccato triplets for the flute. The main theme now recurs, at B, played with magical effect by the horn, while the flute continues its delicate embroidery above. Of course this is essentially an orchestral conception, but it may be at least well suggested on the piano, if the secondo player will take care to make the theme sing, while the primo player as carefully subordinates the flute figures, making them, however, perfectly distinct for all their lightness. There follows a brief development or thematic "working-out" of the first two notes of the theme, beginning at the change of signature to four sharps. Each entrance of the little figure must be well marked. A good deal of modulation, such as we usually find in the "working-out" portion of the sonata form (see the quotation from Dr. Parry in Part I of MASTERS IN MUSIC), extends through pages 28 and 29, but finally leads back to the original key, in which, at C, the theme is again heard. This time it is accompanied by an undulating figure for the violins, the complex rhythm of which may give the player some trouble. Fortunately no great definiteness is desirable;

[1] The four-hand arrangement is Raff's own.

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the primo part is meant to form merely a vague nimbus of sound, playing over the theme as a will-o'-the-wisp plays above a marsh. If the primo player follows the main accents carefully enough to keep in time all will come out right. The theme enters but once more, at the bottom of page 32, in its original simplicity, but punctuated now by graceful phrases that have the character of an obligato or free improvisation. Then, after a few quaint closing passages given by the wood-wind instruments, the whole comes to a quiet close.

In this admirable movement Raff has produced not only a vivid transcript of the mood inspired by the forest at twilight, but a clear, logical, and beautiful piece of music.

III. Prelude and Fugue — *From the Suite for Piano, opus 72.*

THE foregoing selections give a good idea of that romanticism and richness of style, both in piano and orchestral music, which are Raff's salient characteristics. But most of Raff's critics, the reader will remember, have spoken not only of these qualities, but of his learning, his technical skill, his ability in the more severe styles of composition known as contrapuntal. He was, indeed, a rare master of counterpoint and the forms resulting from it, and we should have but a fragmentary idea of him if we were to neglect this aspect of his genius. "Counterpoint," literally the placing of one note against another, describes that mode of writing in which each part has a melody of its own, going on simultaneously or against the others, in opposition to the more familiar modern style in which a single melody is supported by an accompaniment of chords. The occurrence of melody in all the voices, throughout the whole fabric of tone, is the characteristic of counterpoint. When these melodies are rather freely combined we have such forms as the prelude. When they are made to imitate or repeat one another in certain fixed ways we have the canon, the invention, and the fugue. In all of these forms Bach was the supreme master, and since his day they have been little cultivated. But Raff, in such works as the present Prelude and Fugue, shows himself a skilled master of contrapuntal writing.

These pieces are both built on the same theme or "subject," or rather on the same two subjects. The first appears at once in the bass, at the beginning of the prelude. The second appears, also in the bass, at page 38, the second system, the first measure. They appear together, the first in the treble, the second in the bass, at page 40, the second system, the third measure. Wherever either theme enters in a new voice, as for instance in the fifth measure on page 37, the player must be careful to bring it out strongly, and to keep the accompanying voice soft.

The Fugue is more elaborate. It is a fugue with two subjects, or double fugue, and is worked out with all the resources of counterpoint. The essential principle of the fugue as a form is suggested by its name, which

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is from the Latin *fugo*, meaning "to flee." The different voices present the subject one after another, in various keys and under different guises, and with the constant effect of fleeing from or pursuing one another. The only entrances of the subject that are controlled by strict rules are those at the start. The subject must first enter and be carried through in the tonic key, in a single voice, without accompaniment. The second voice then enters with it in the dominant key, a fifth higher or a fourth lower than the first entry. A third voice gives it in the tonic again, and a fourth once more in the dominant. After this it is tossed about much according to the composer's fancy, modulating to distant keys, and undergoing various modifications, the chief of which are the following. (1) It may be "inverted," or turned upside down. (2) It may be "augmented,"—that is to say, put into notes twice or thrice as long as those of the original form. (3) It may be "diminished," the reverse of the former process. (4) It may be made to enter in one voice before it is done sounding in another; that is, its entrances may be made to succeed each other at shorter and shorter intervals. This process is called "Stretto," an Italian word meaning contraction or pulling together.

With these devices in mind, the player ought to have little difficulty in analyzing the fugue before him; but for his convenience a brief list of the main points of interest in its development may be made:

Subject I in Tenor voice, page 42, measure 1.
Subject I in Alto voice, page 42, measure 5.
Subject I in Soprano voice, page 42, measure 9.
Subject I in Bass voice, page 42, measure 14.
Subject I, *inverted*, in Soprano, page 43, measure 7.
Subject I, *inverted*, in Bass, page 43, measure 11.
Subject I, *inverted*, in Alto, page 43, measure 14.
Subject I, original form, in Bass, page 43, measure 19.
Subject I, original form, in Tenor, page 43, measure 22.

Here begins a long climax, formed of fragments of the subject, and leading back through various keys to the tonic, where enters

Subject II, Soprano, with I in Tenor, page 44, the fifth system, the fourth measure.
Subject II, in Bass, with I in Soprano, last measure on the page.

The whole of page 45 is devoted to another climax, in which both subjects figure, and which leads to a Stretto on Subject 1, at the bottom of the page.

Subject I, *inverted*, and in *stretto*, page 46, measure 6.
Subject I, *augmented*, page 46, measure 11. This is very impressive and fine.
Both subjects together, on a "pedal-point" or held tone, page 47, measure 9.
Subject II, in *stretto*, the pedal-point continuing, measure 13. This exciting climax culminates in two loud chords (page 48, measure 12), after which enters
Subject I, in both the original and the inverted forms at once, measure 13, and the fugue comes to a grandiloquent close.

This brilliant and impressive piece of writing in strict contrapuntal style cannot but increase one's respect for its surprisingly versatile author. Not only is it so interesting in itself as to justify the practice required to

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conquer its difficulties, but it is enough to establish Raff's reputation as a master of the sterner and more scientific side of music. In some of his works his "science" is rather obtrusive; he seems to delight in treating his themes with all the devices of the pedagogues, merely to show how clever he is. But in this Prelude and Fugue he is as interesting as he is learned, and they are not more noteworthy as artistic feats than they are attractive as music.

THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF RAFF

I. CHORAL. SECULAR. Seven operas, most of them never performed in public. SACRED. 'Wachet Auf,' for men's voices and orchestra; a festival cantata for the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Leipsic; an oratorio to words from the Apocalypse; several compositions for mixed chorus and orchestra. CHURCH MUSIC. A De Profundis, Paternoster, Cappella, Kyrie and Gloria, and four Antiphones of the Virgin.

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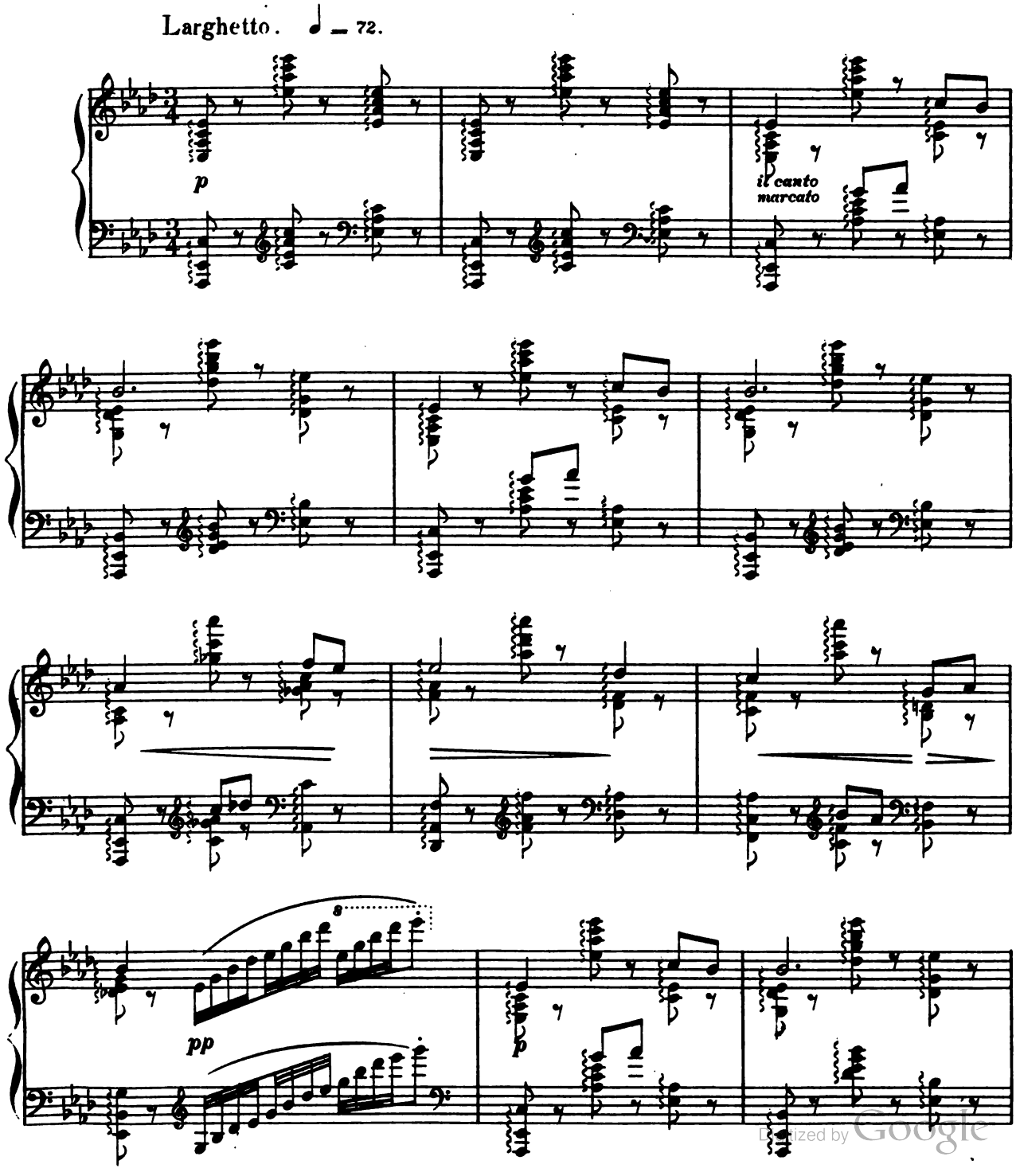
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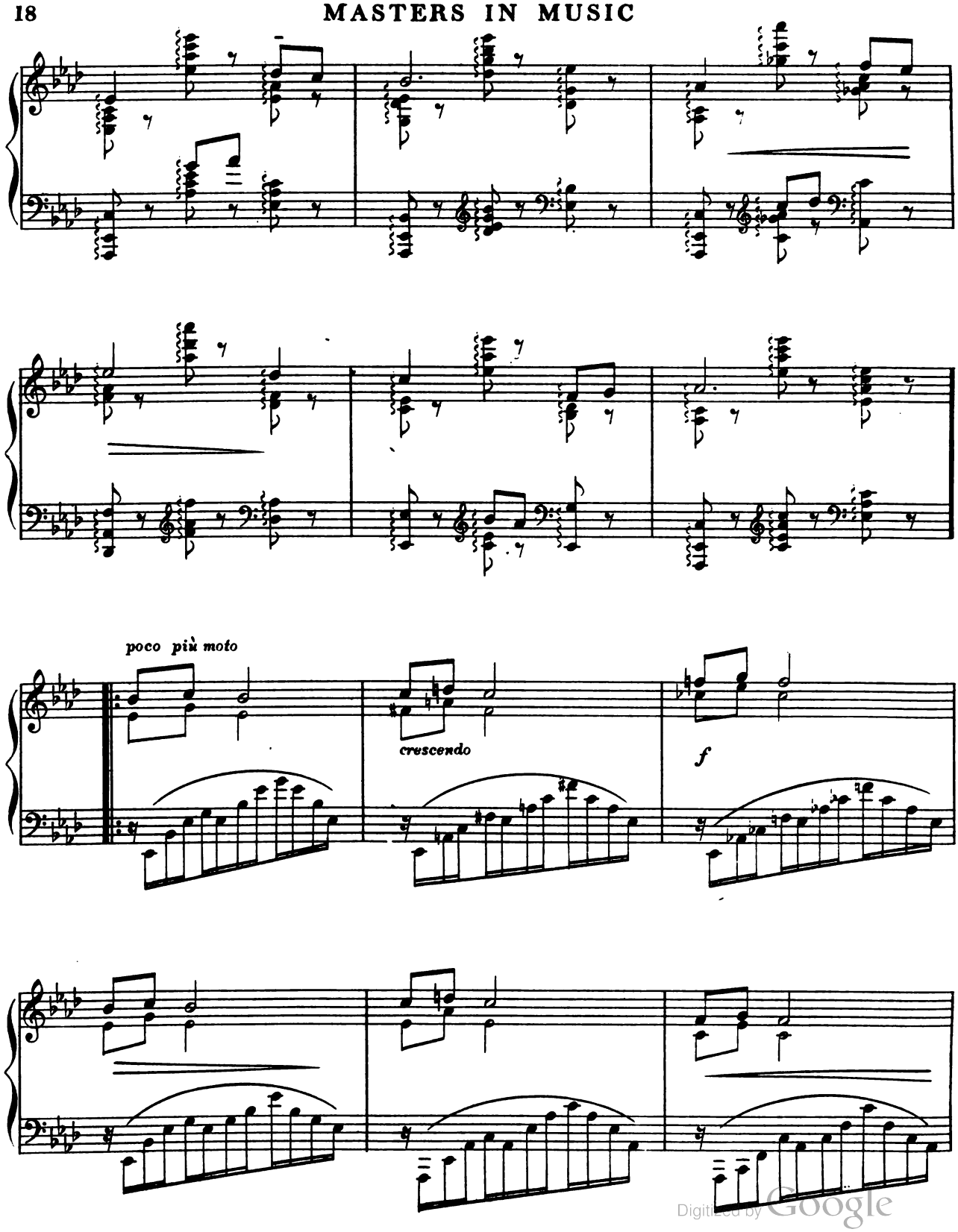
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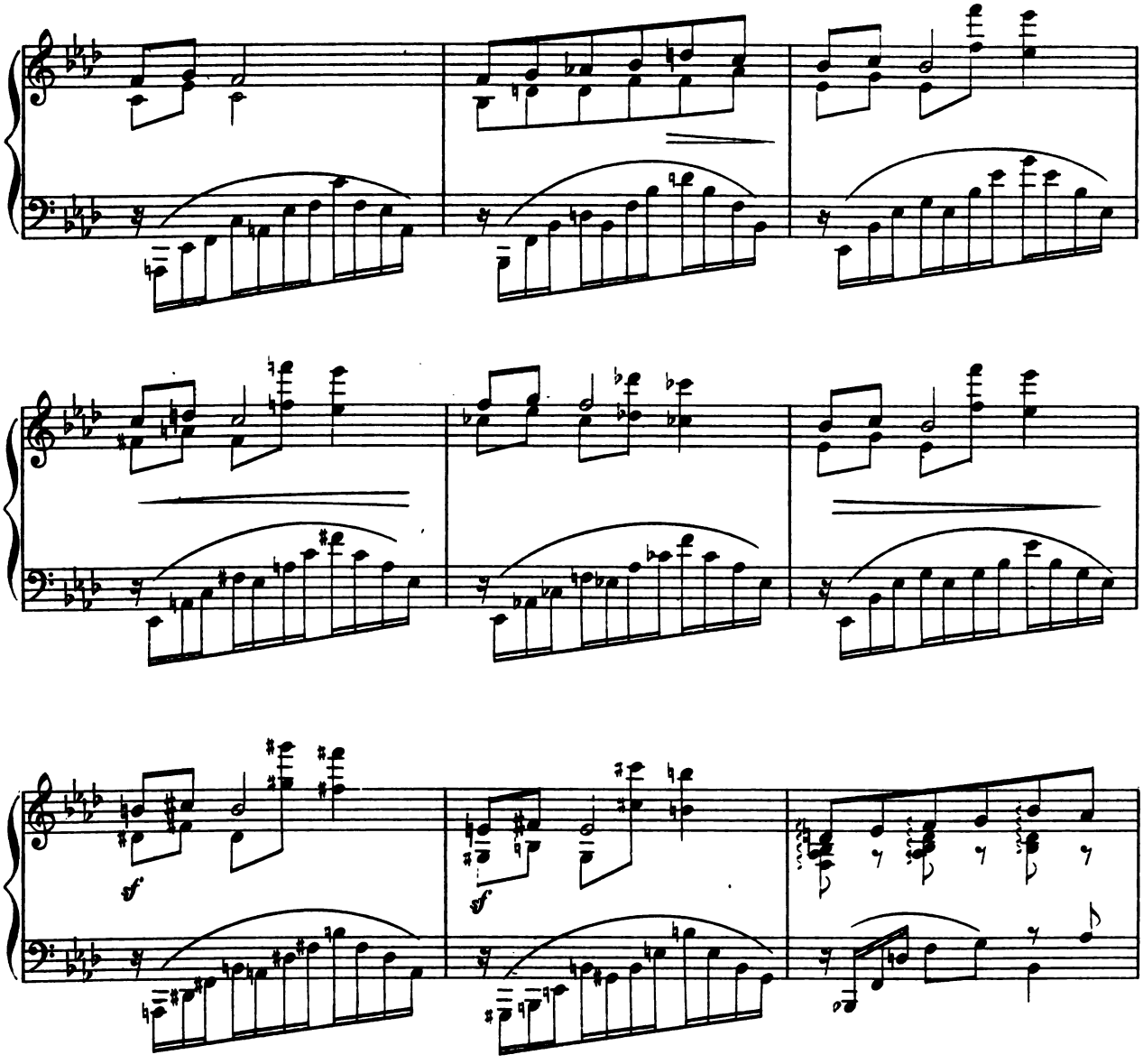
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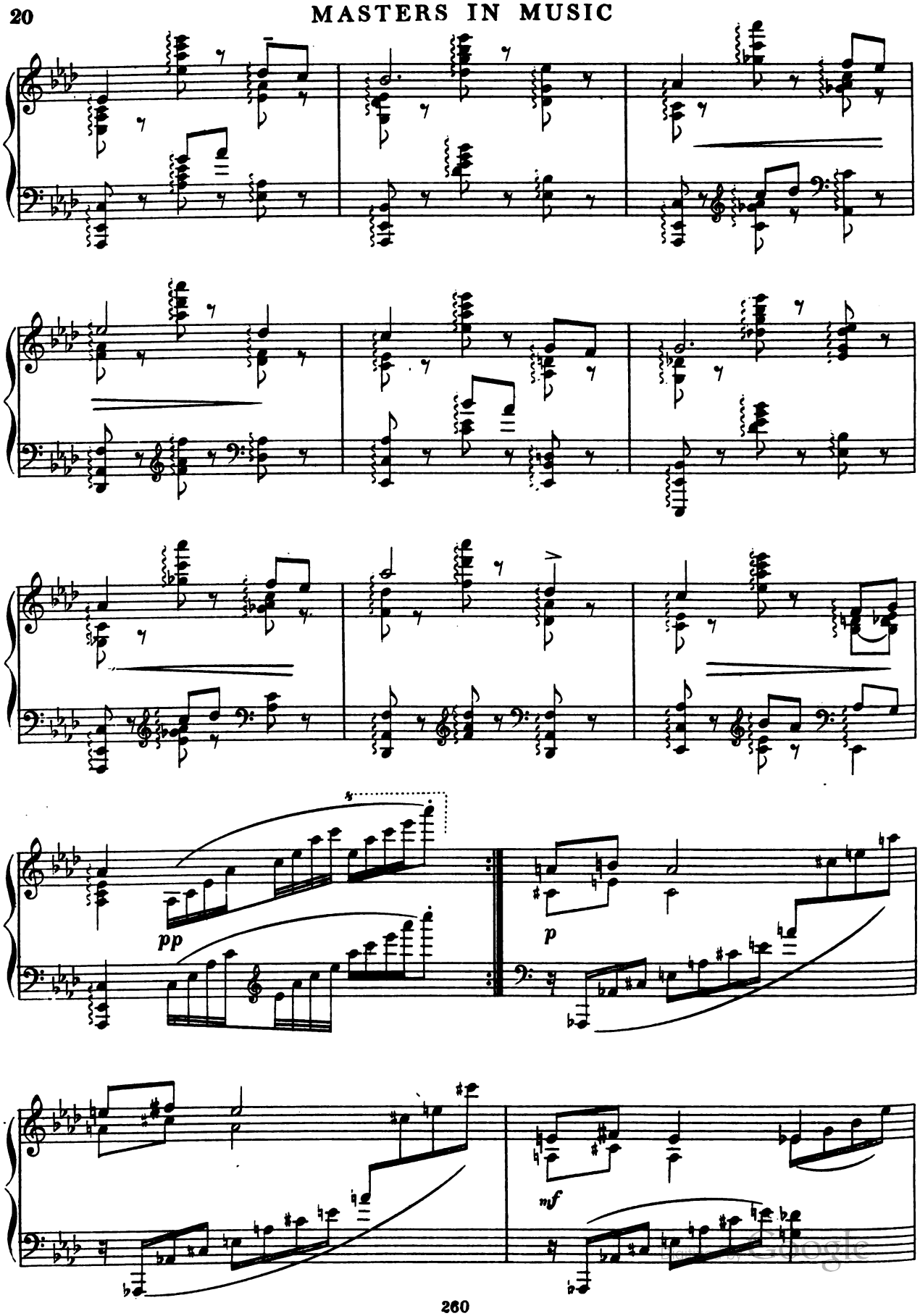
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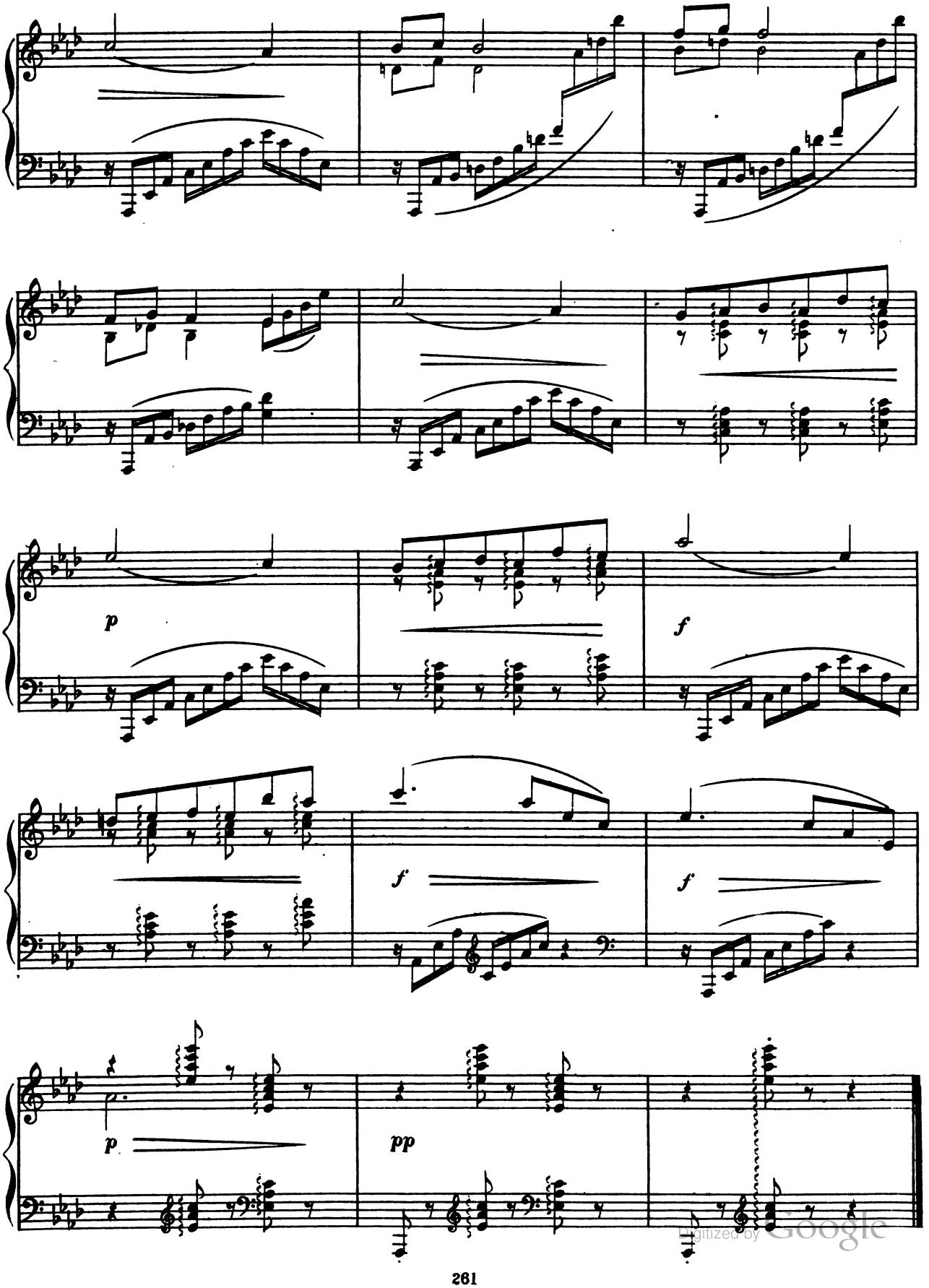
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II. 'TWILIGHT'

SLOW MOVEMENT OF THE 'IM WALDE' SYMPHONY

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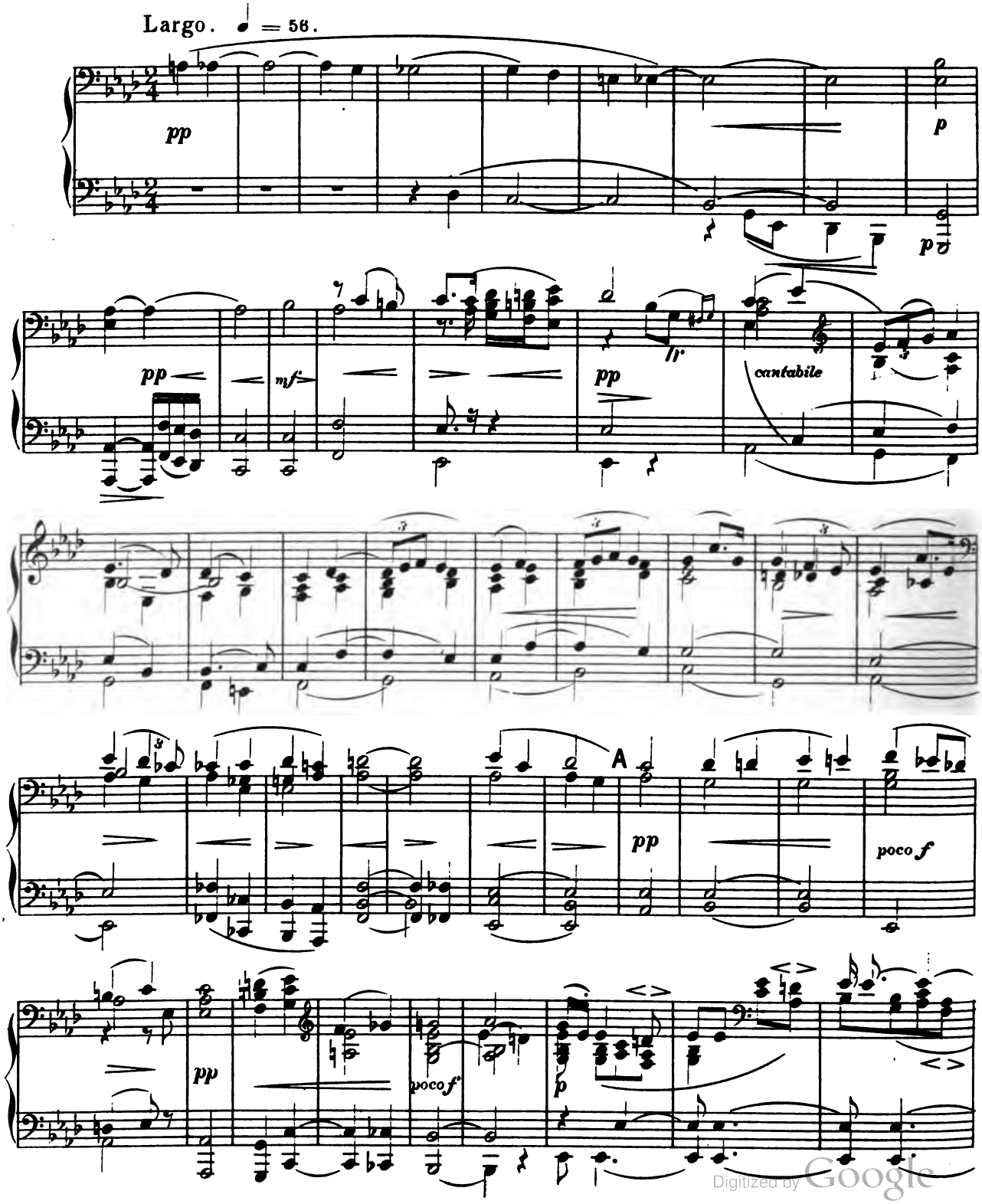
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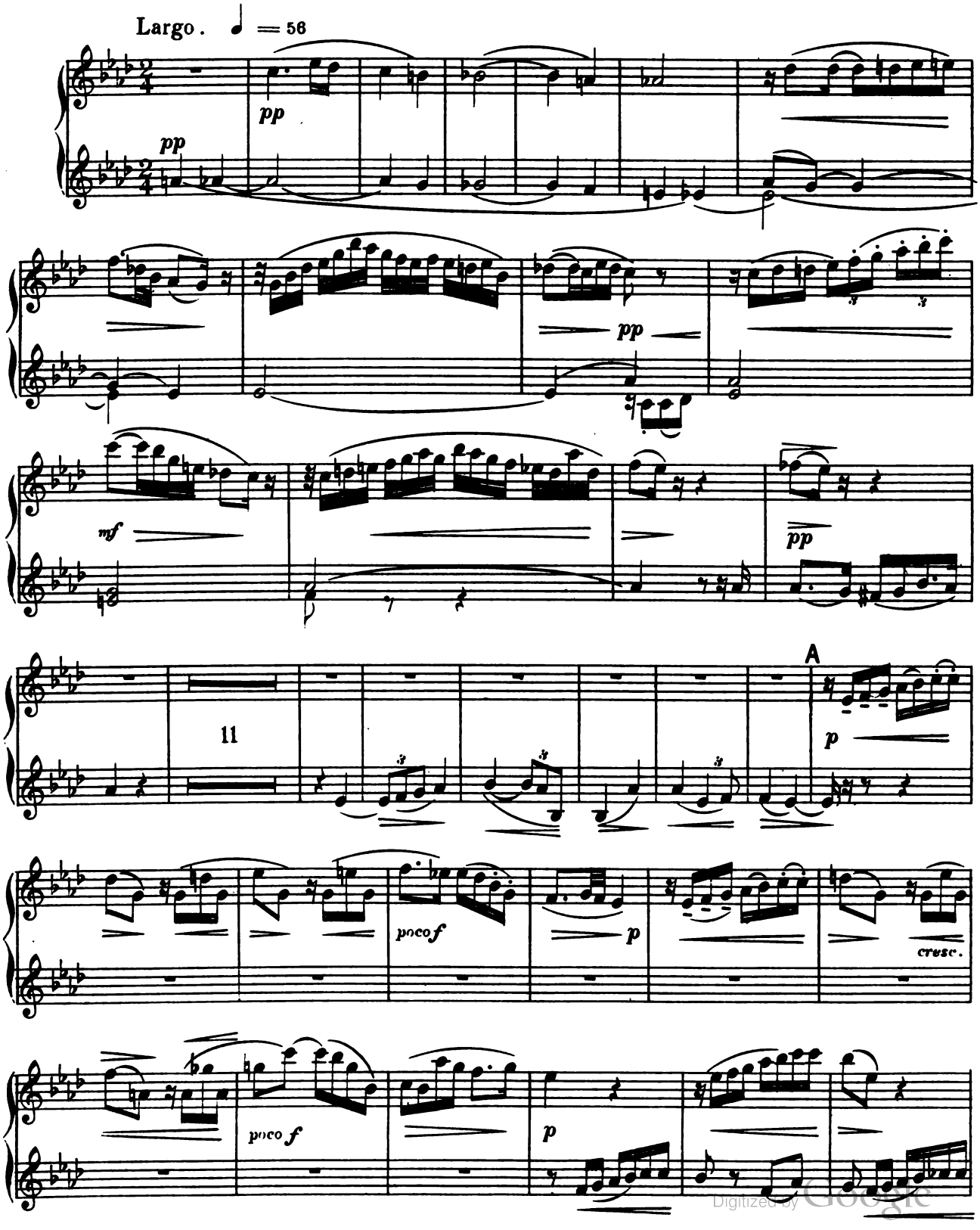
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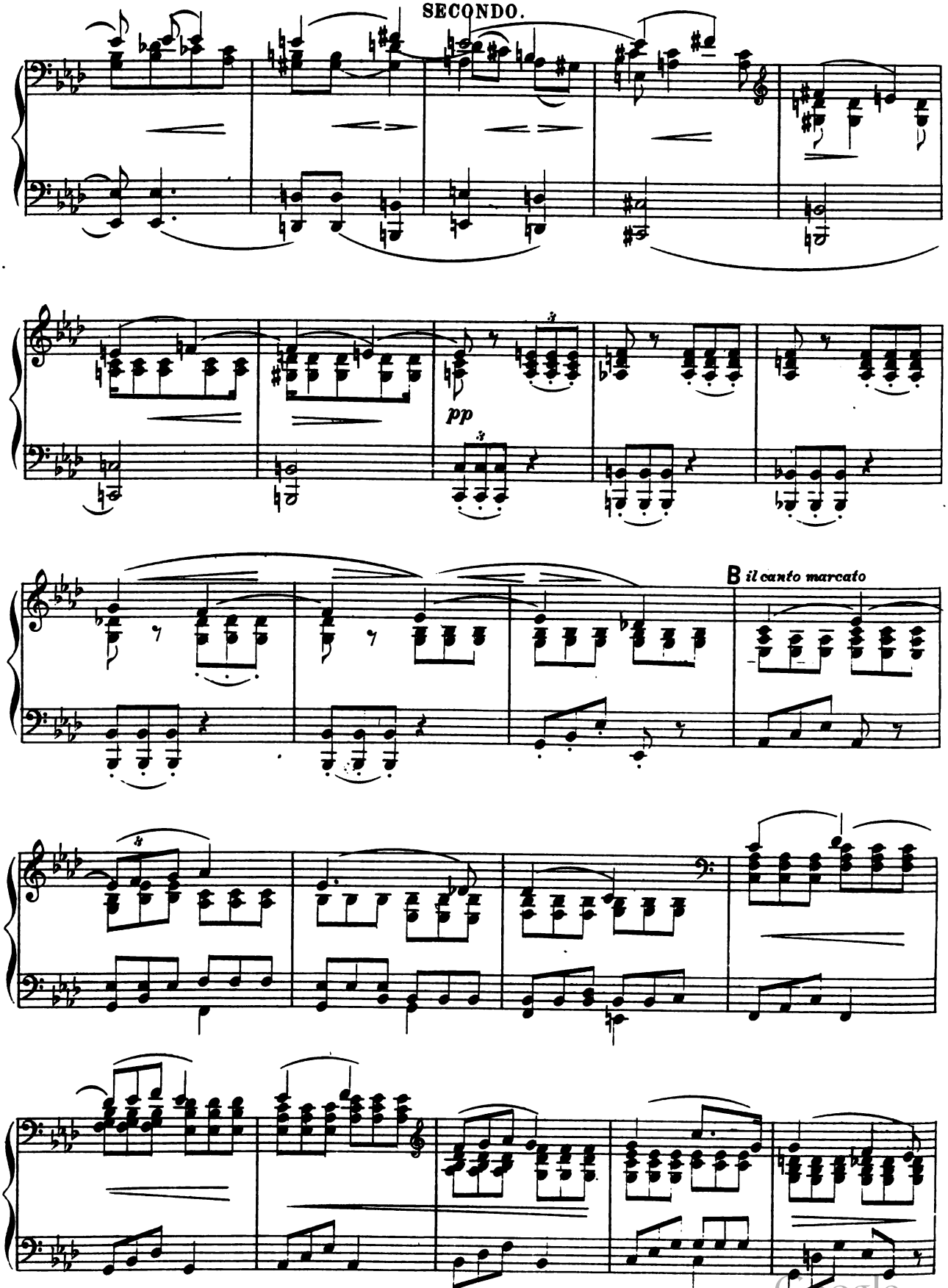
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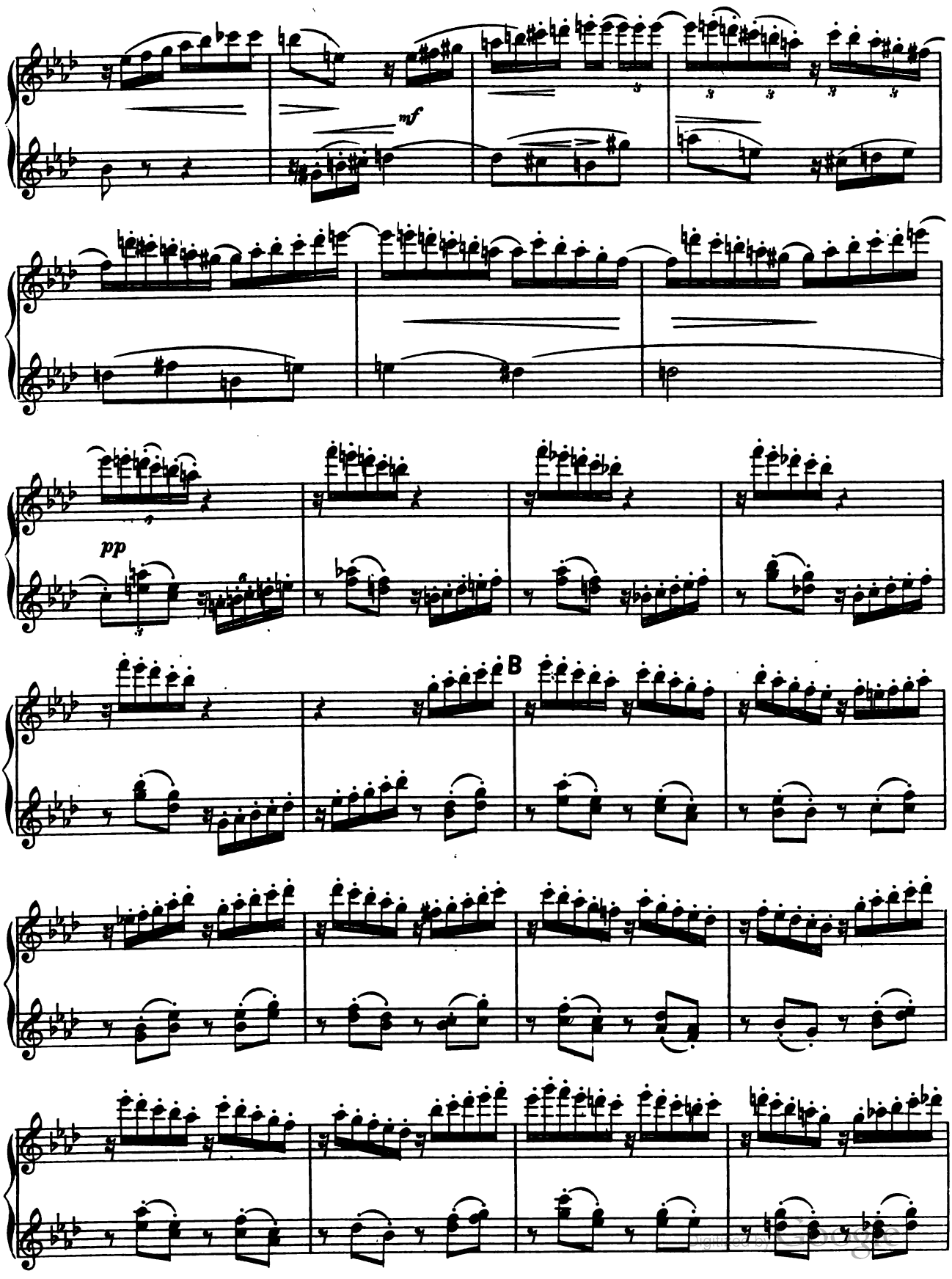
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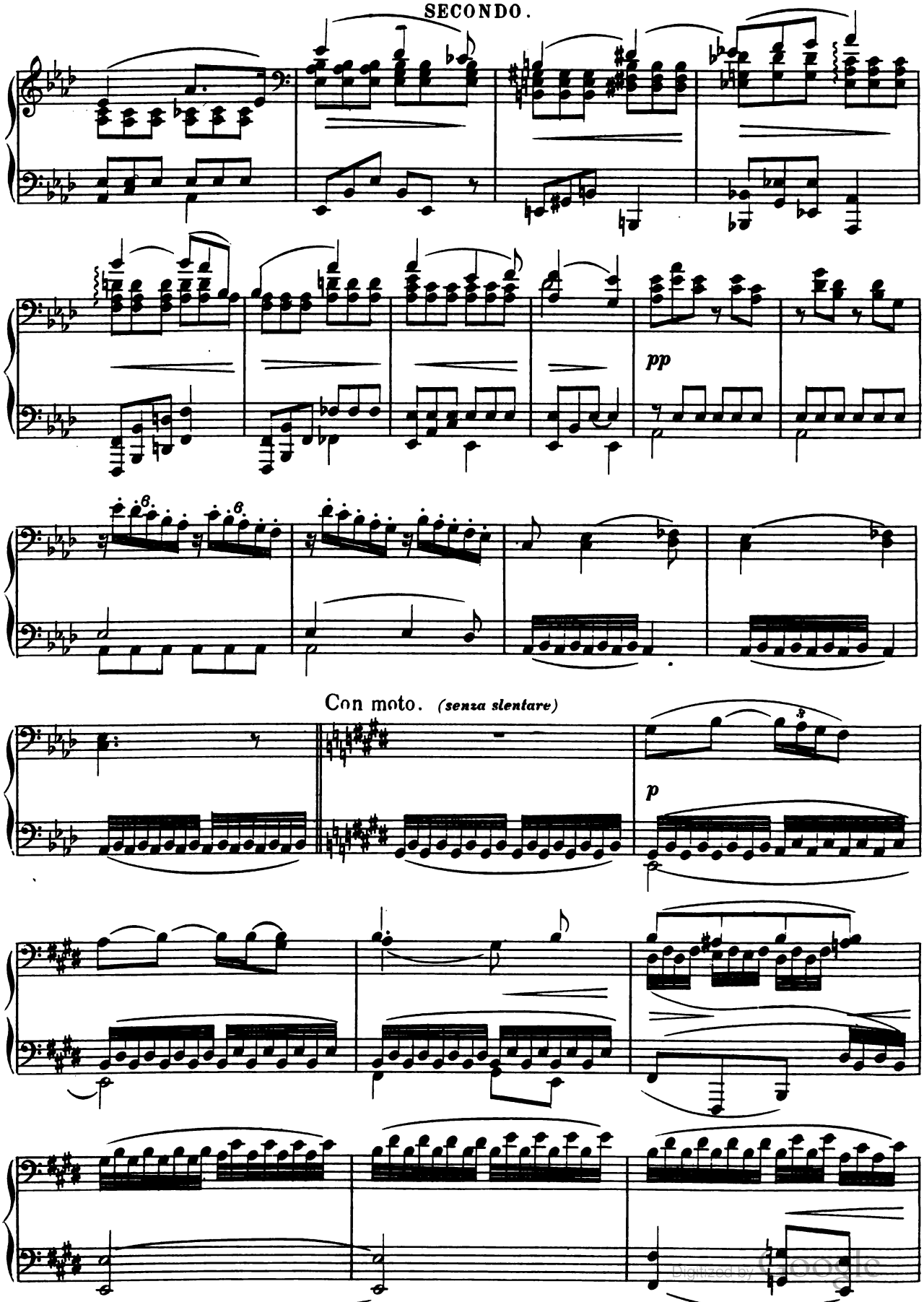
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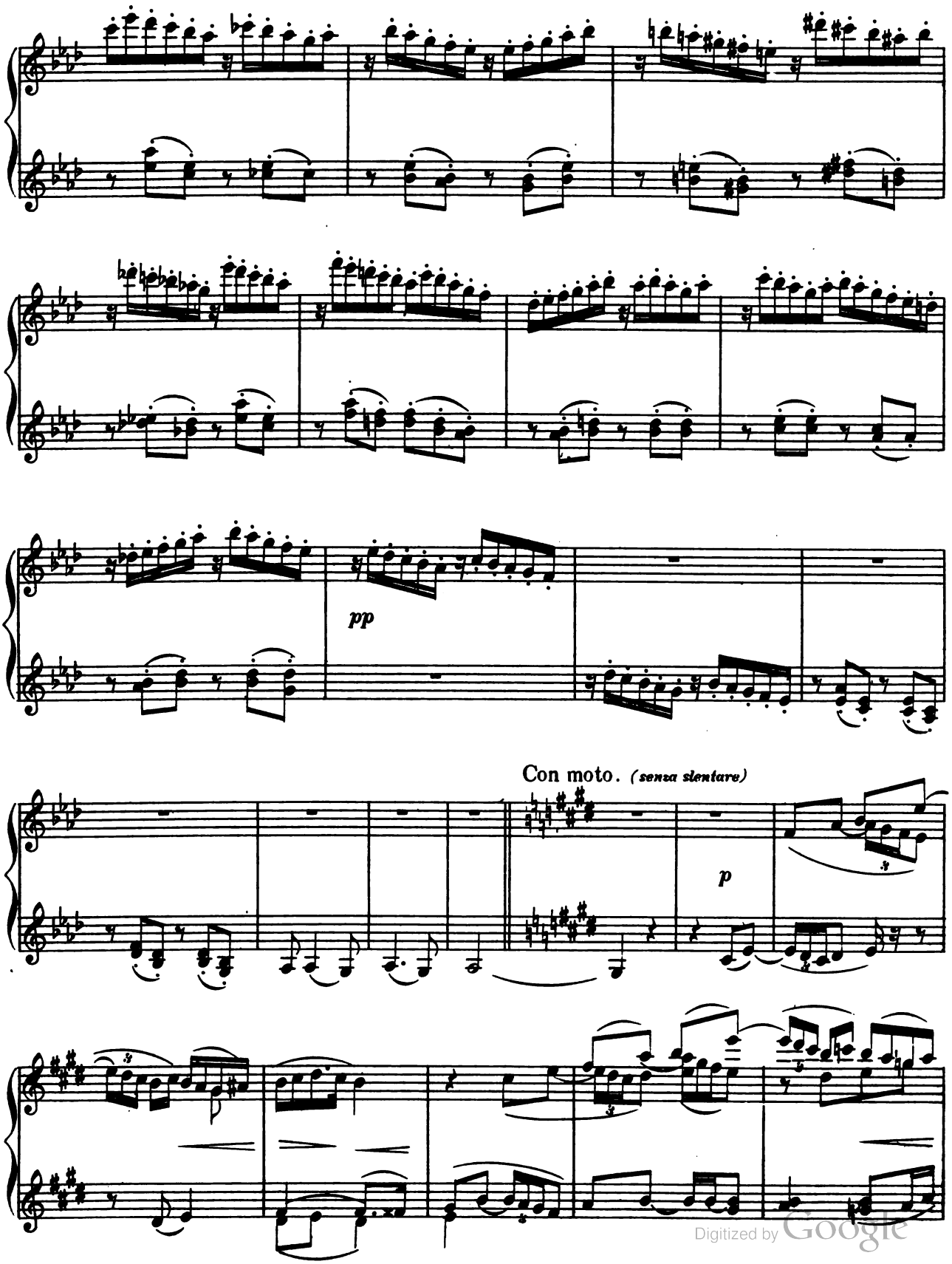
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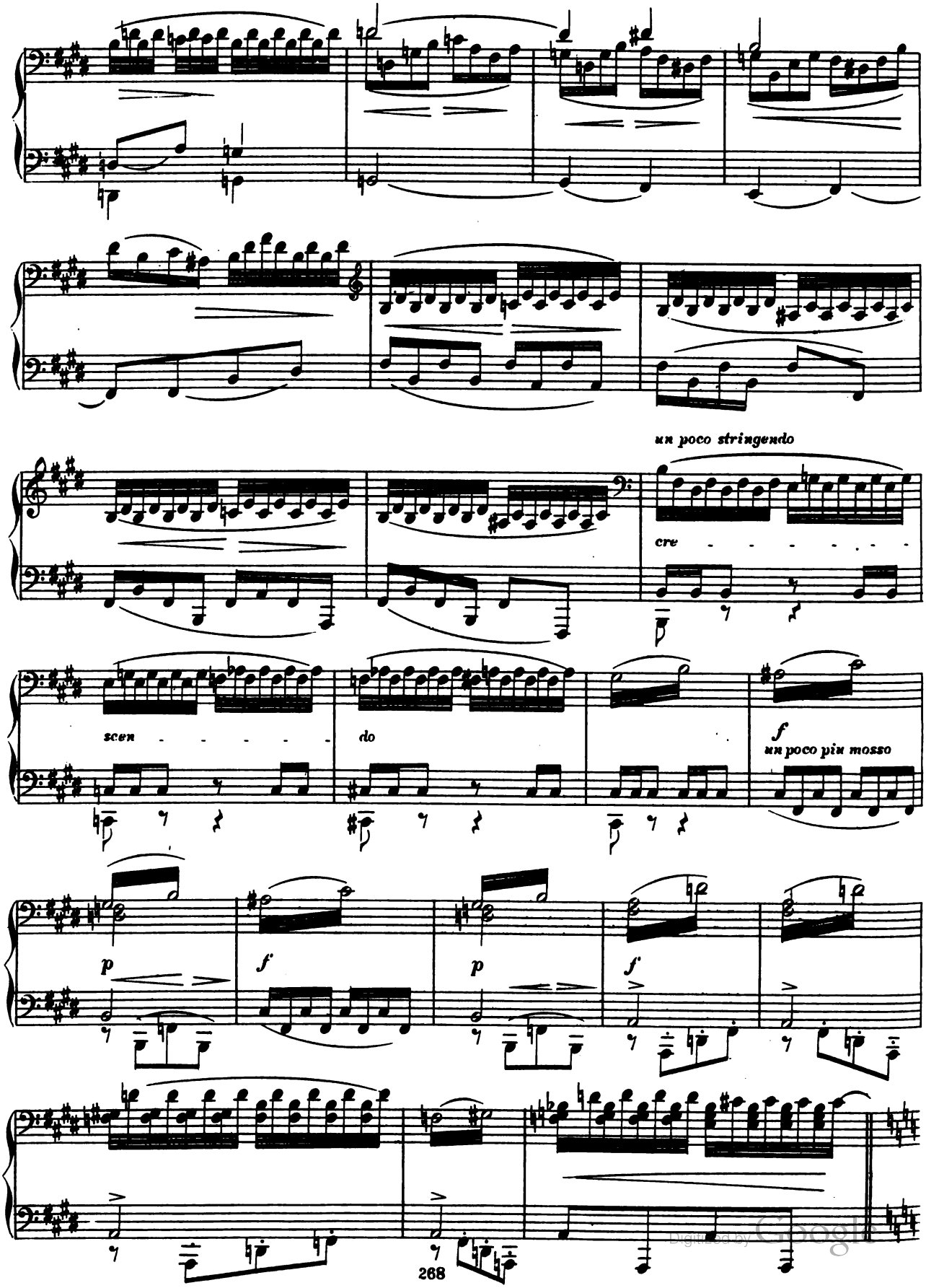
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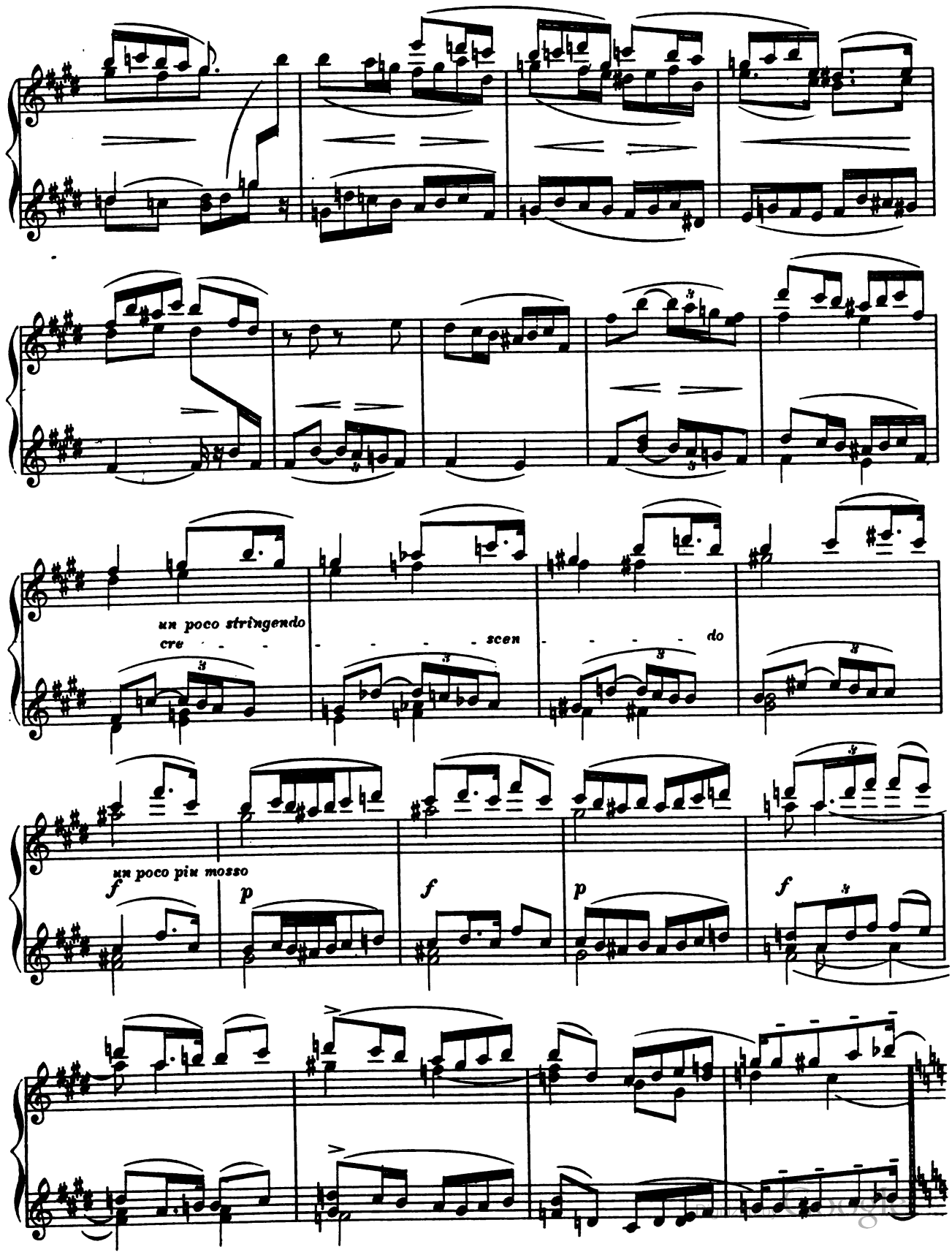
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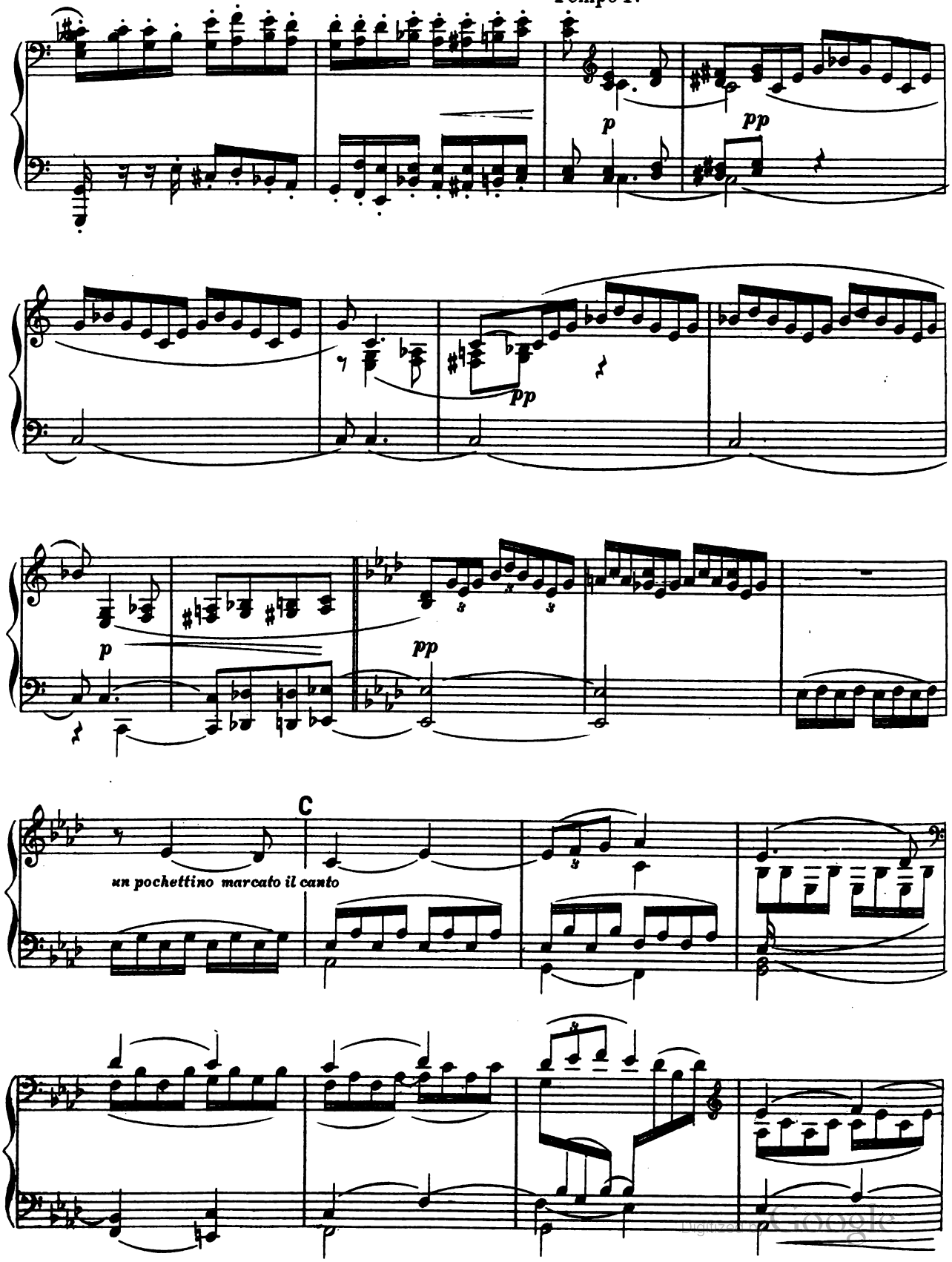
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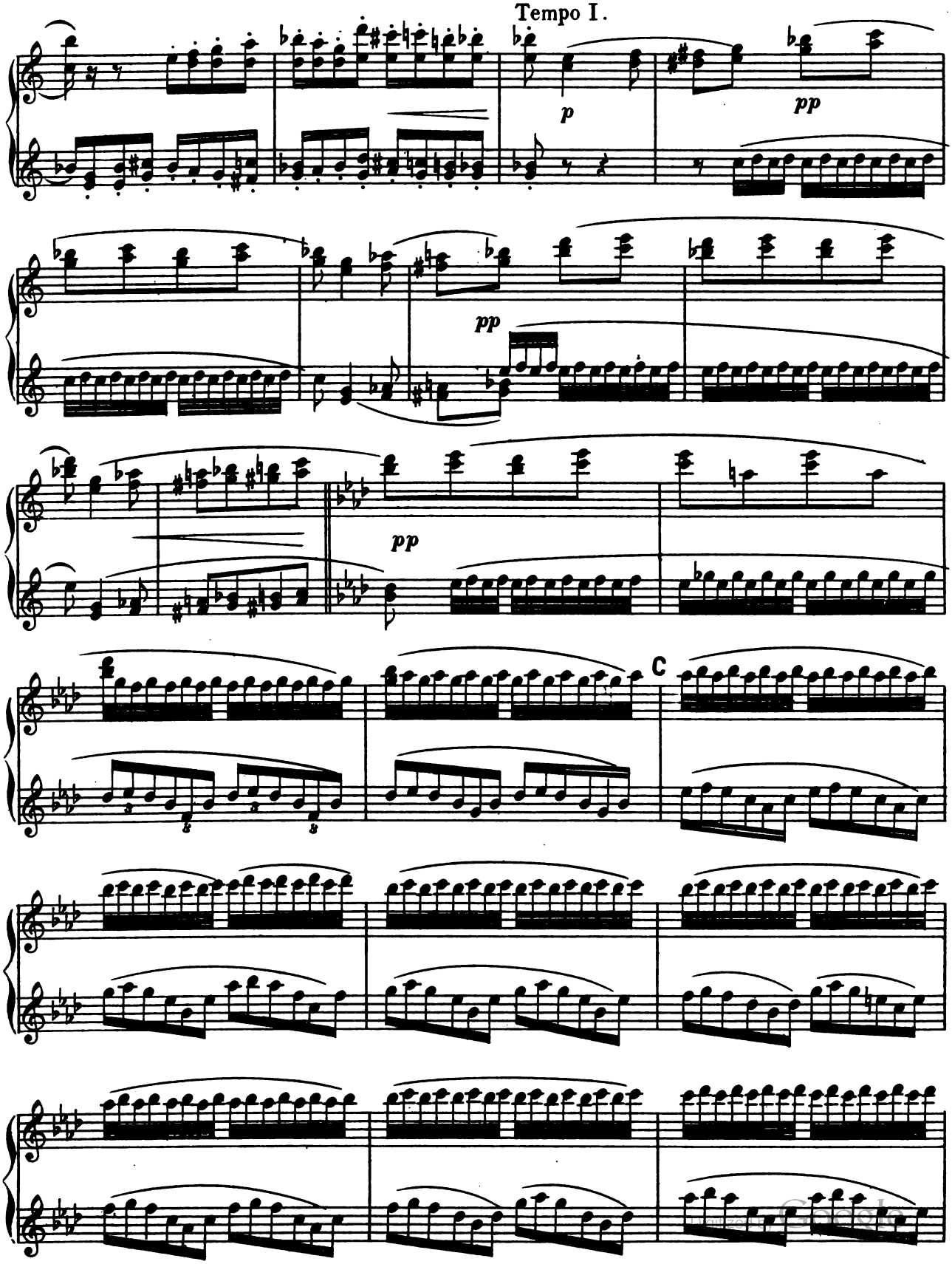
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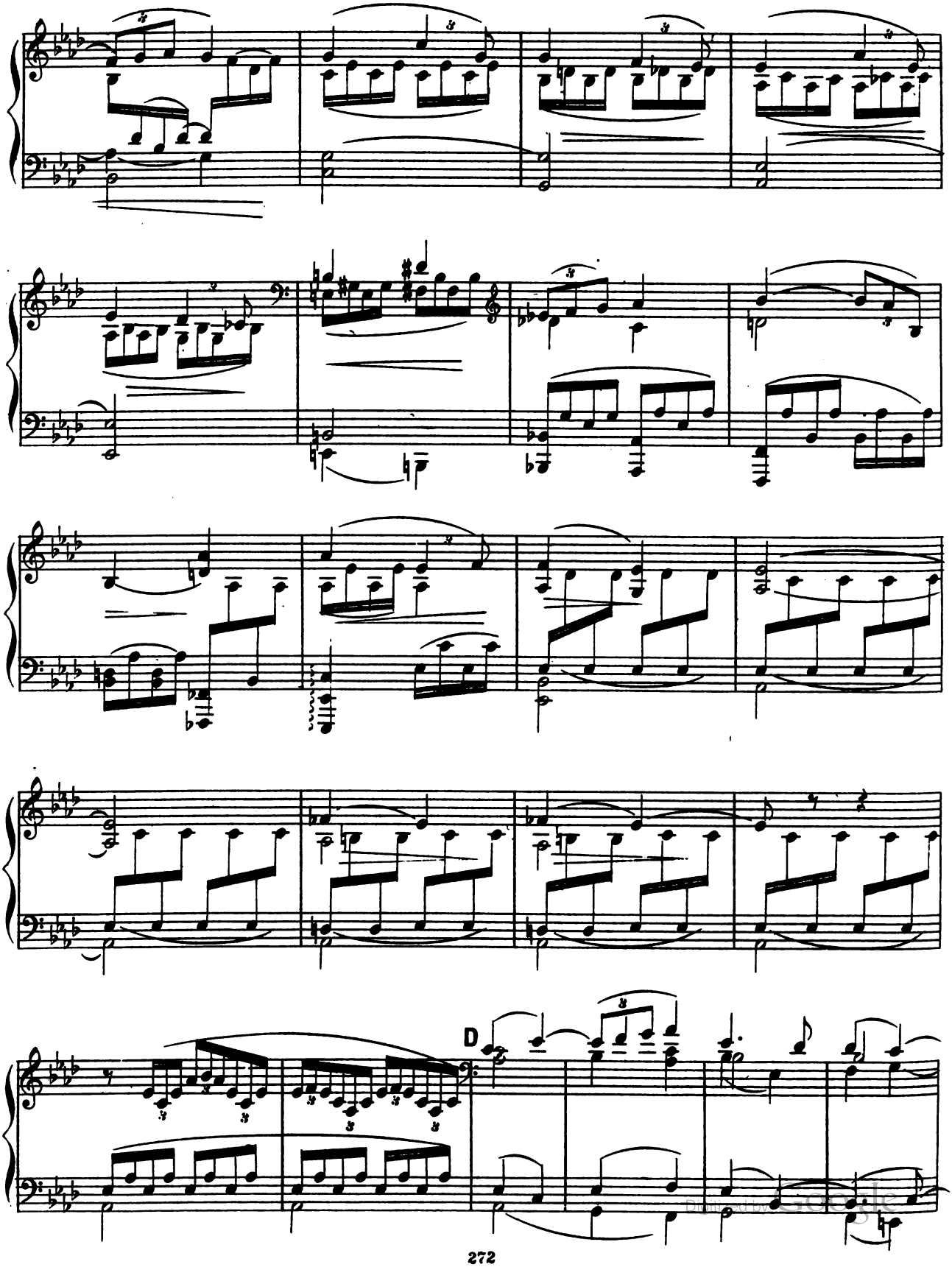
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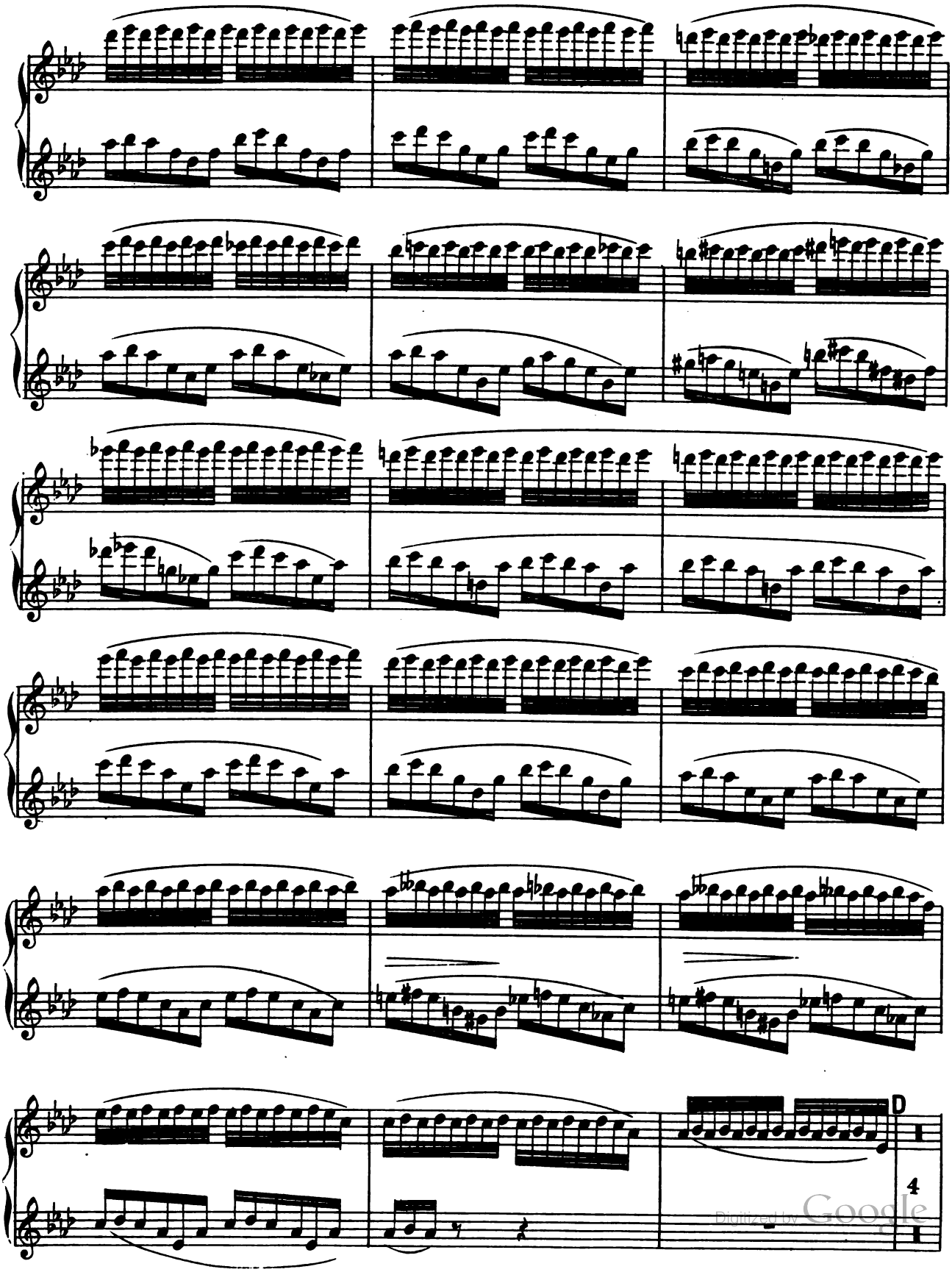

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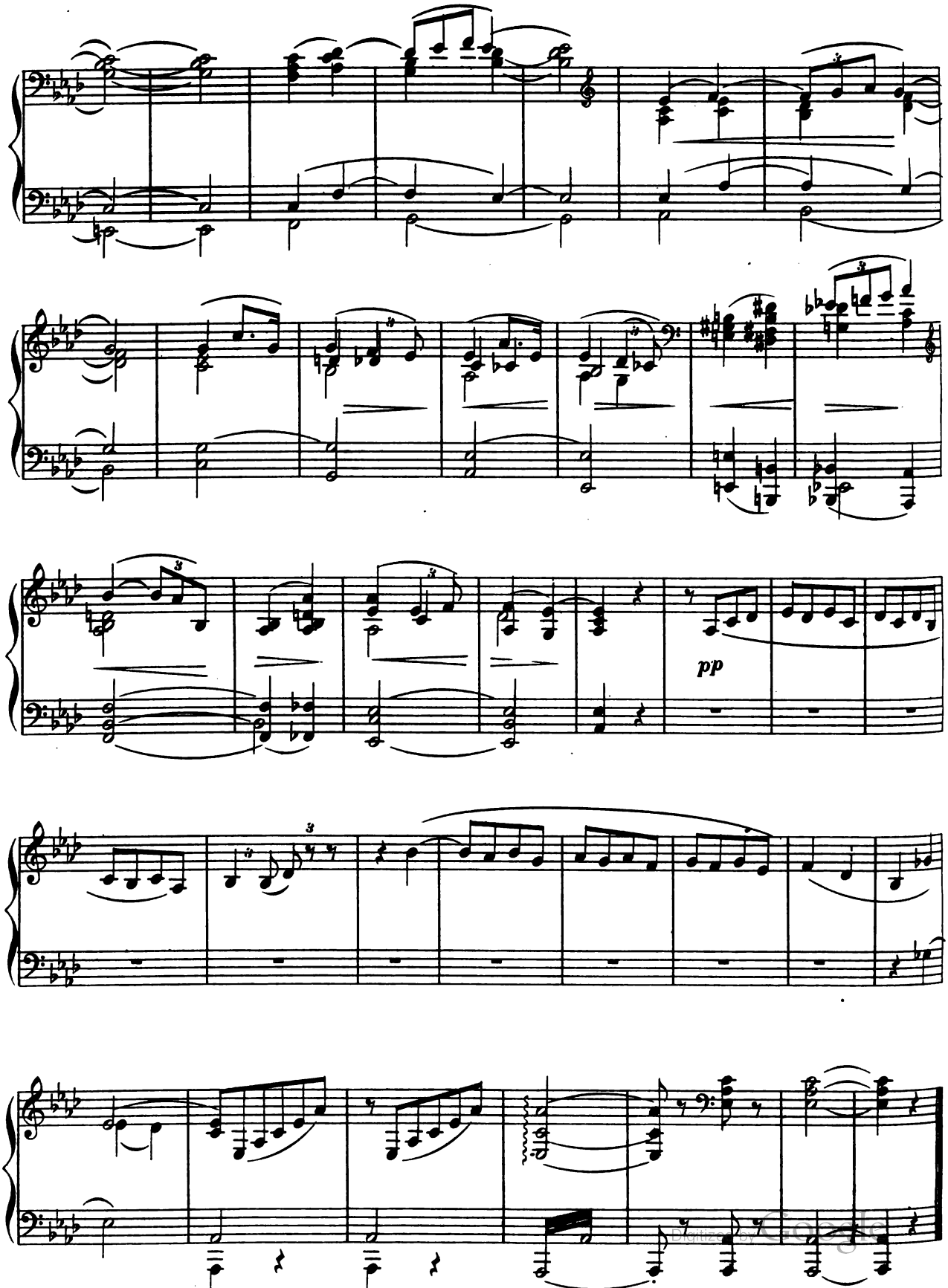
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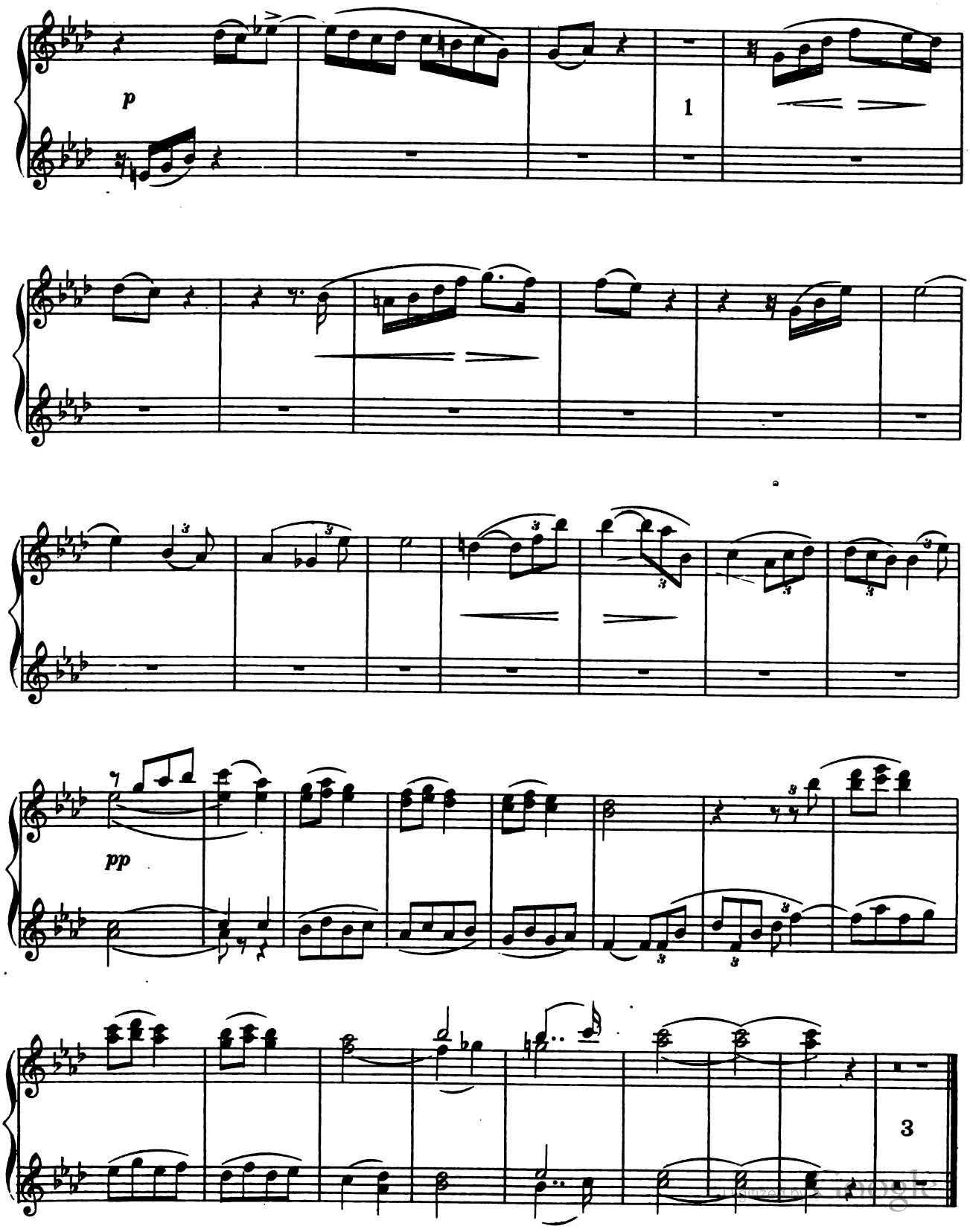
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III. PRELUDE AND FUGUE

FROM THE SUITE FOR PIANO, OPUS 72

1—PRELUDE

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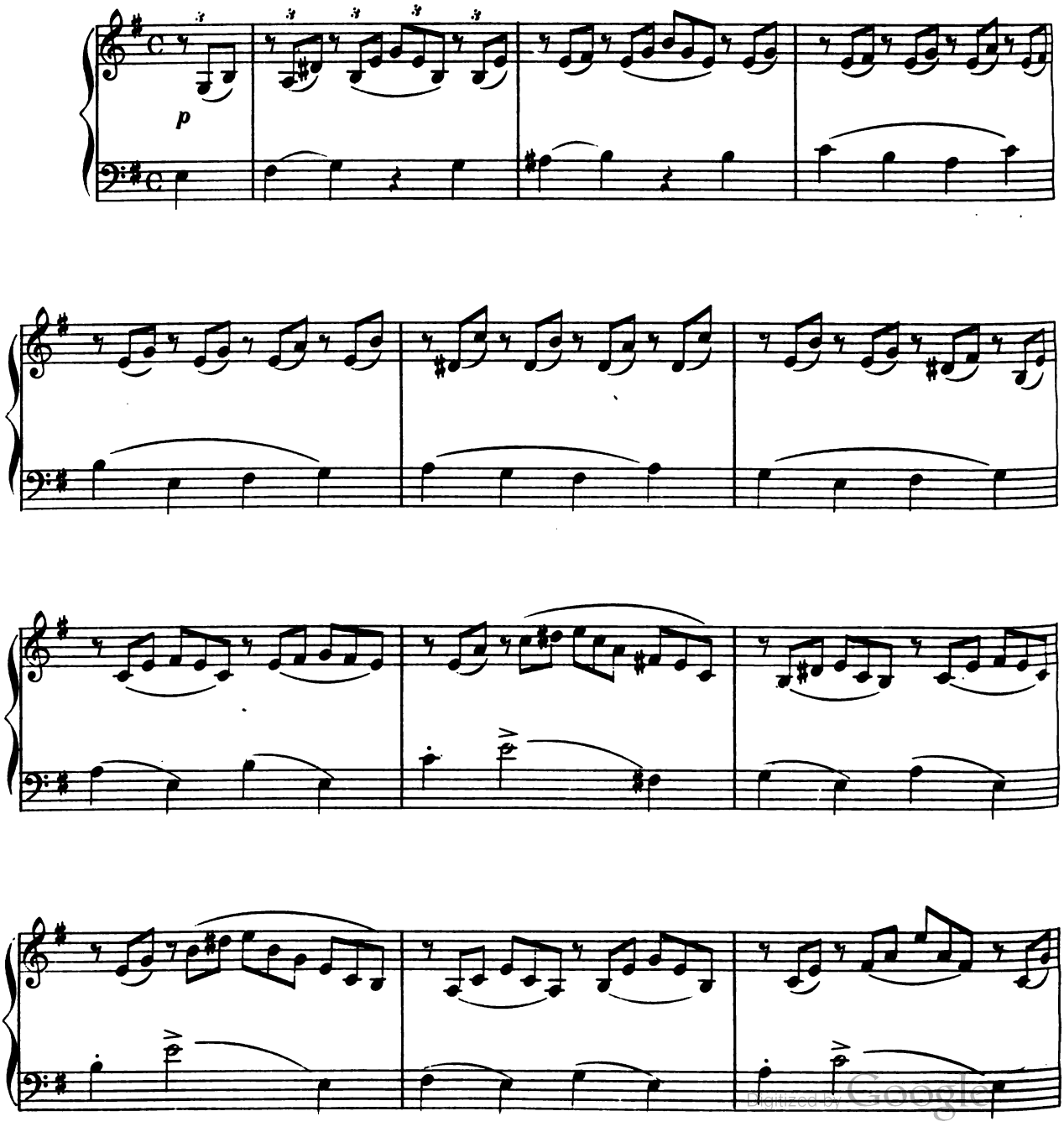
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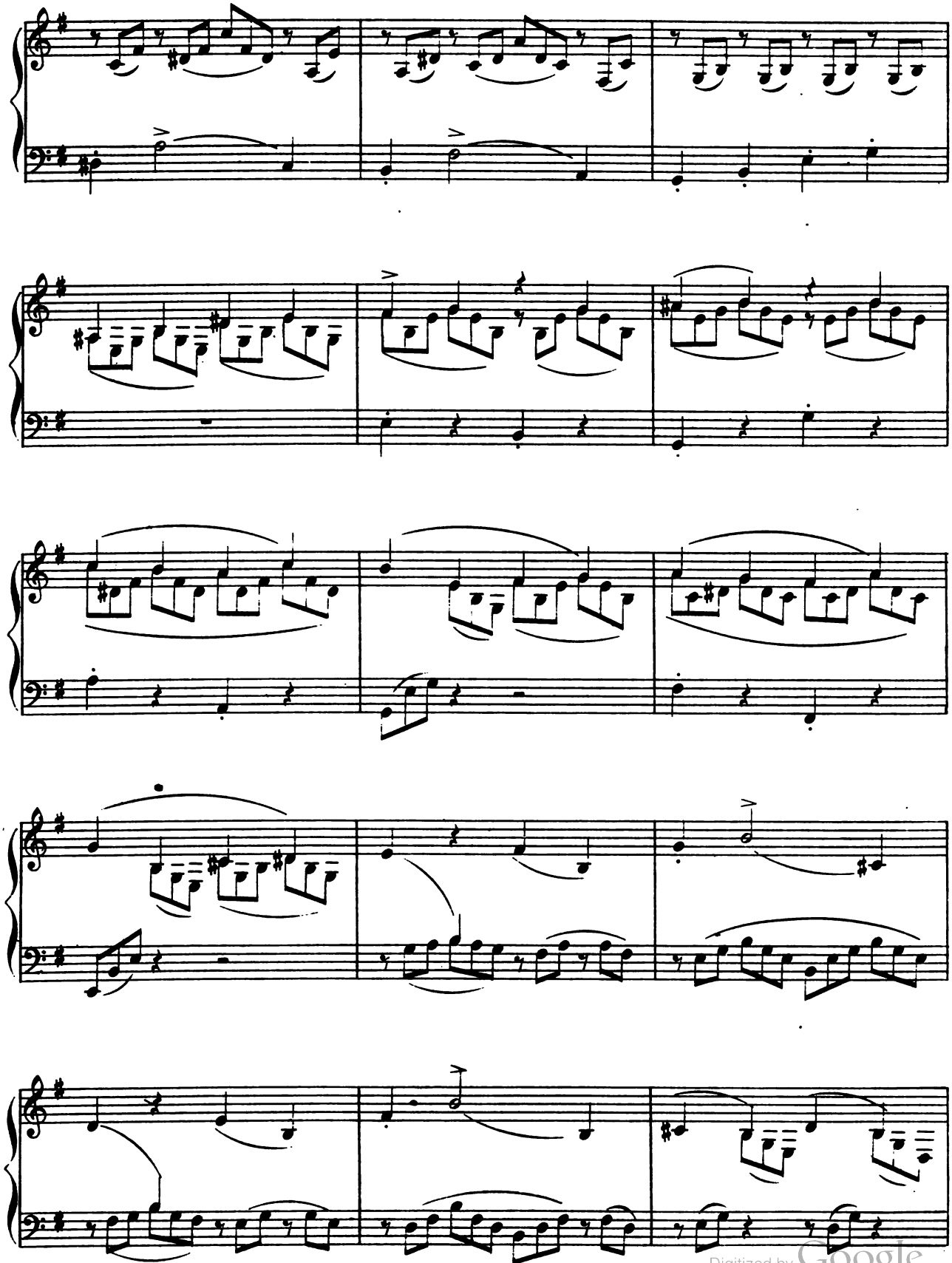
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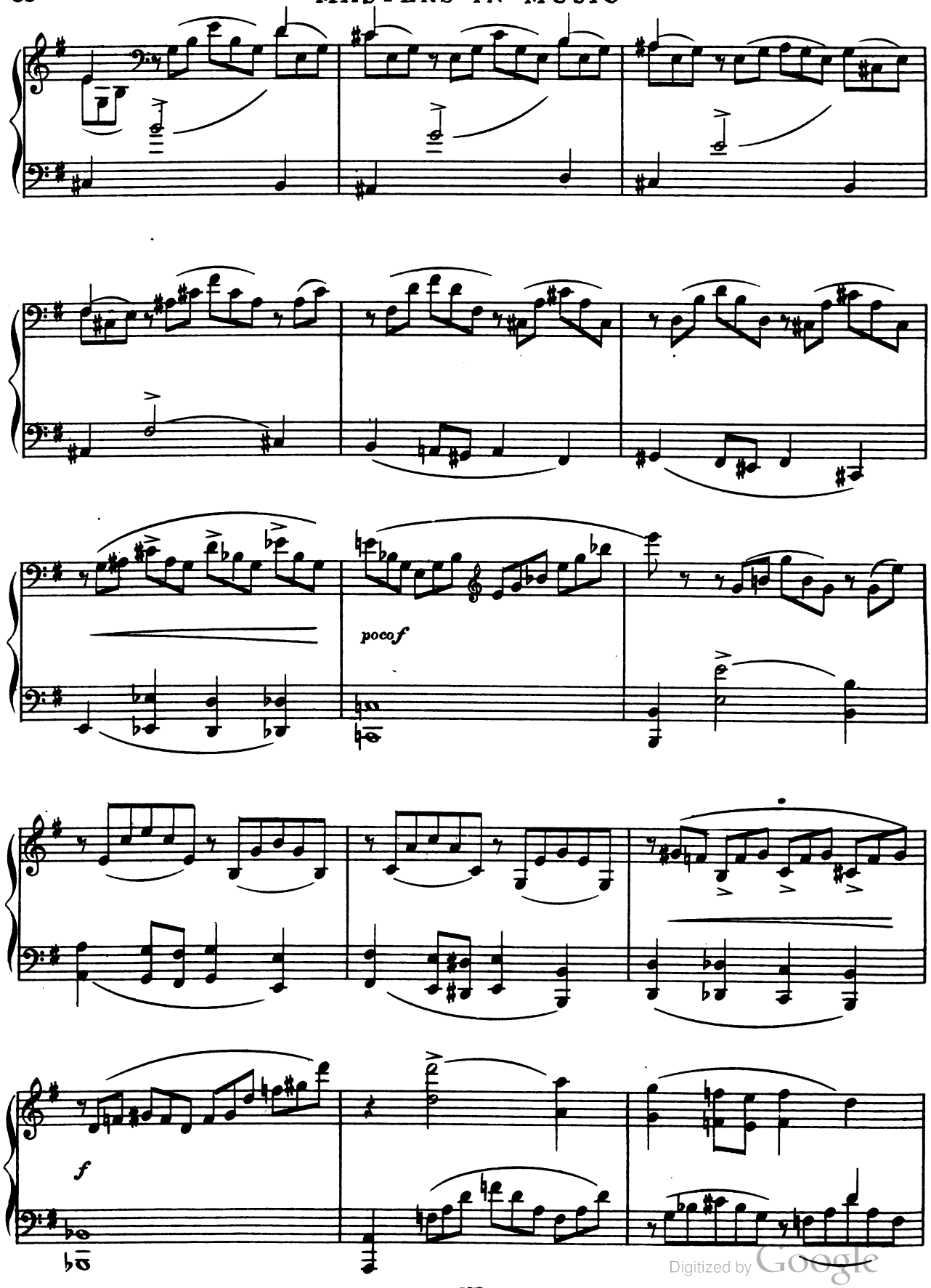
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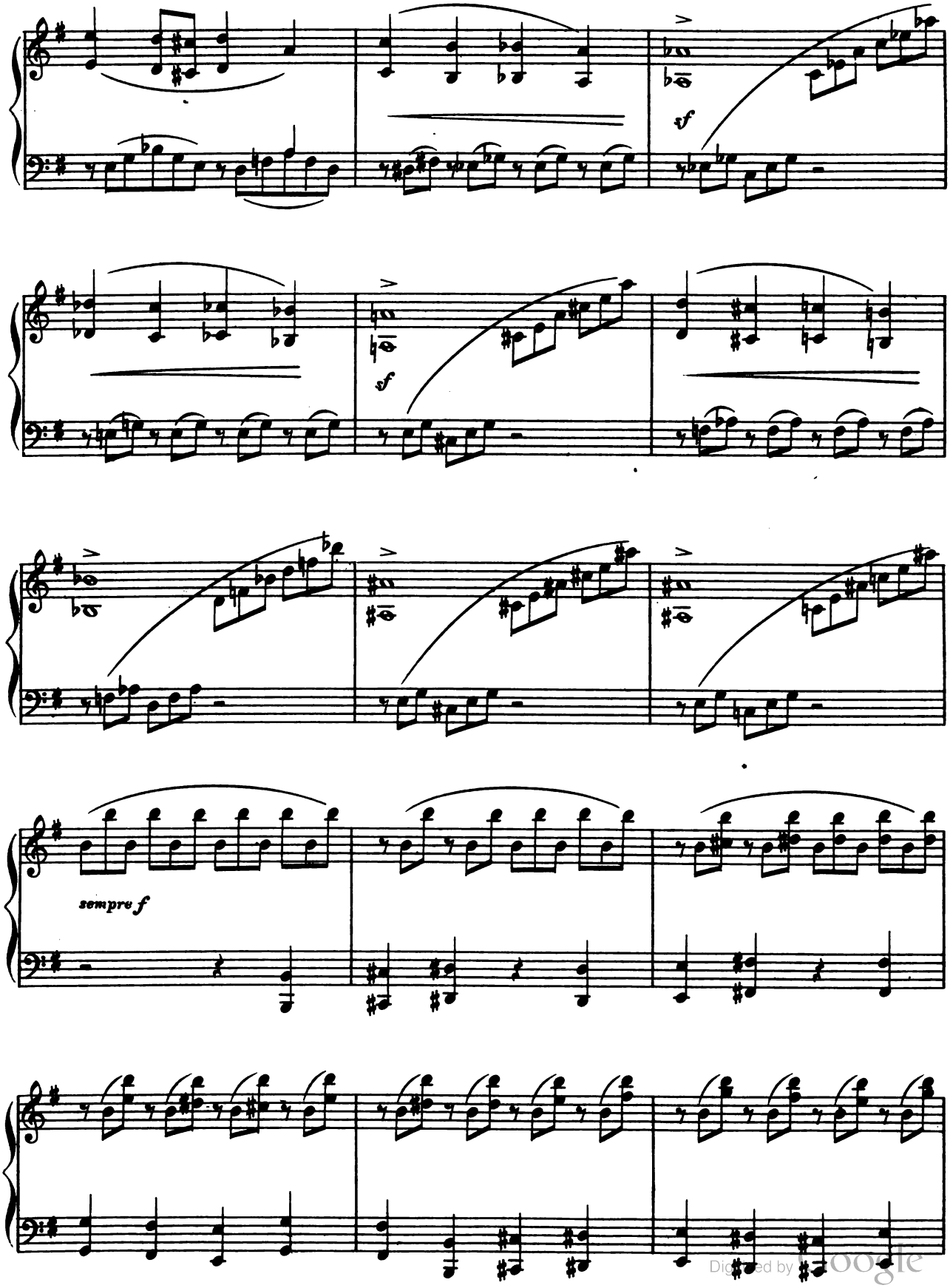
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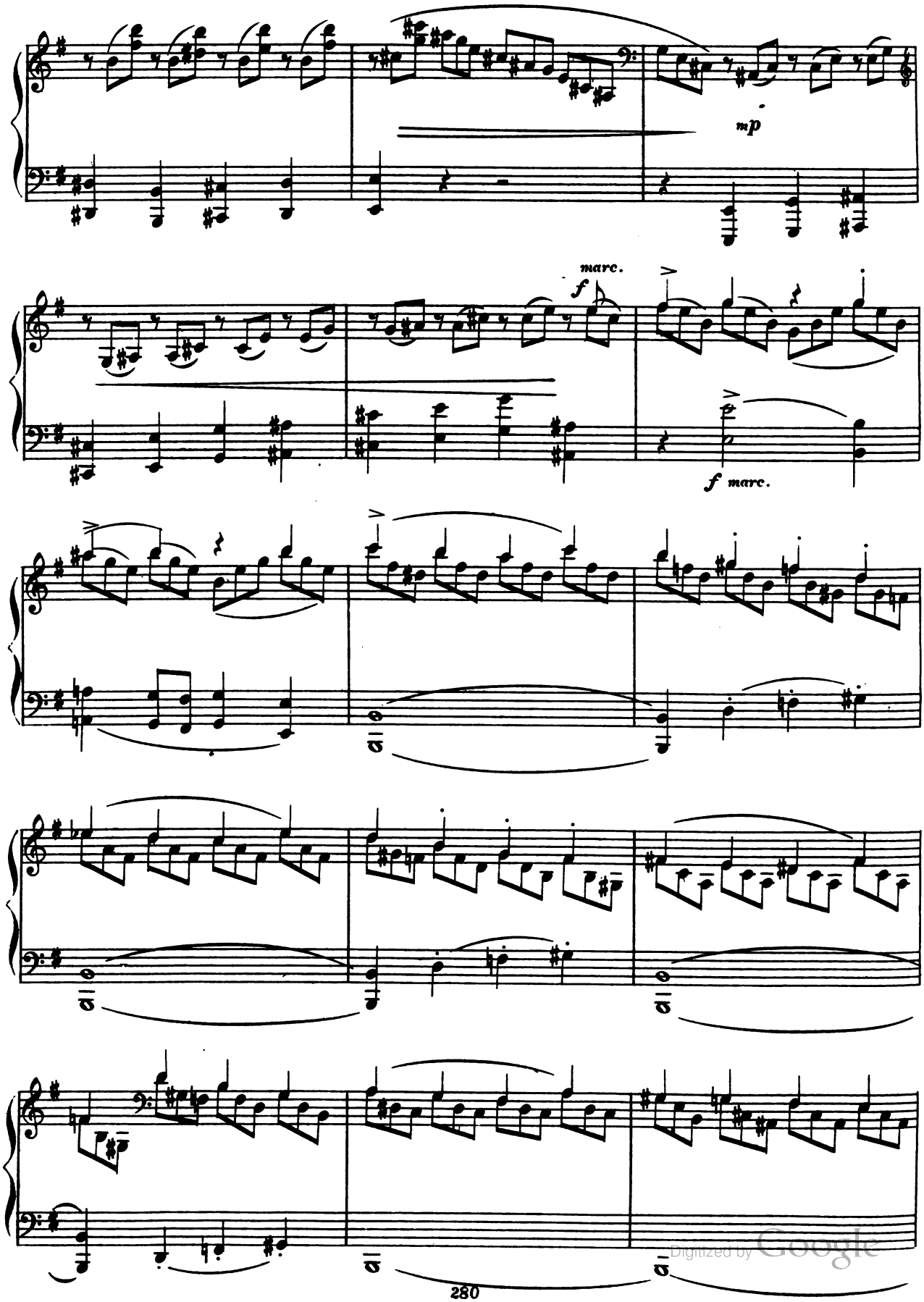
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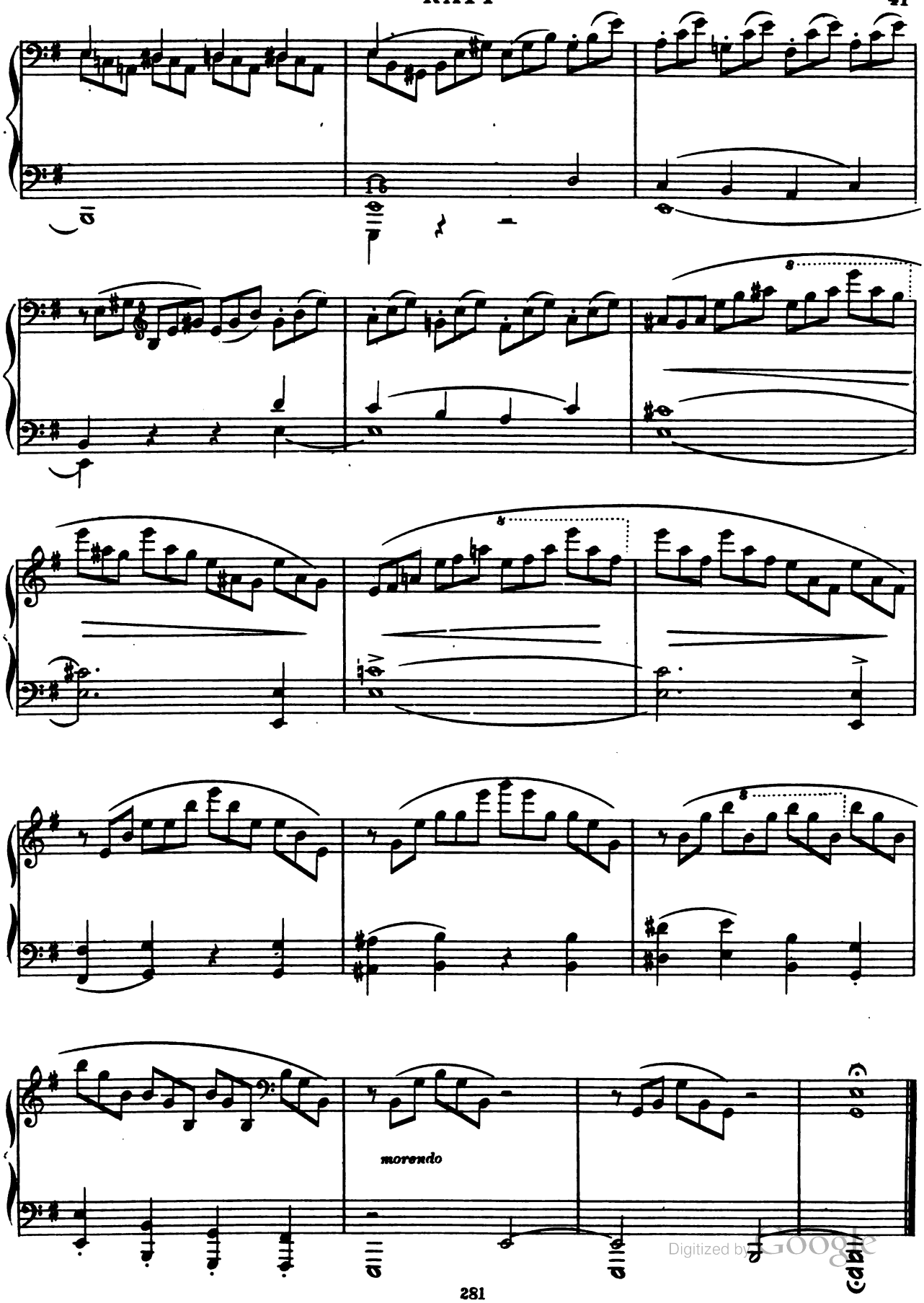
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III. PRELUDE AND FUGUE, CONTINUED

FROM THE SUITE FOR PIANO, OPUS 72

2—FUGUE

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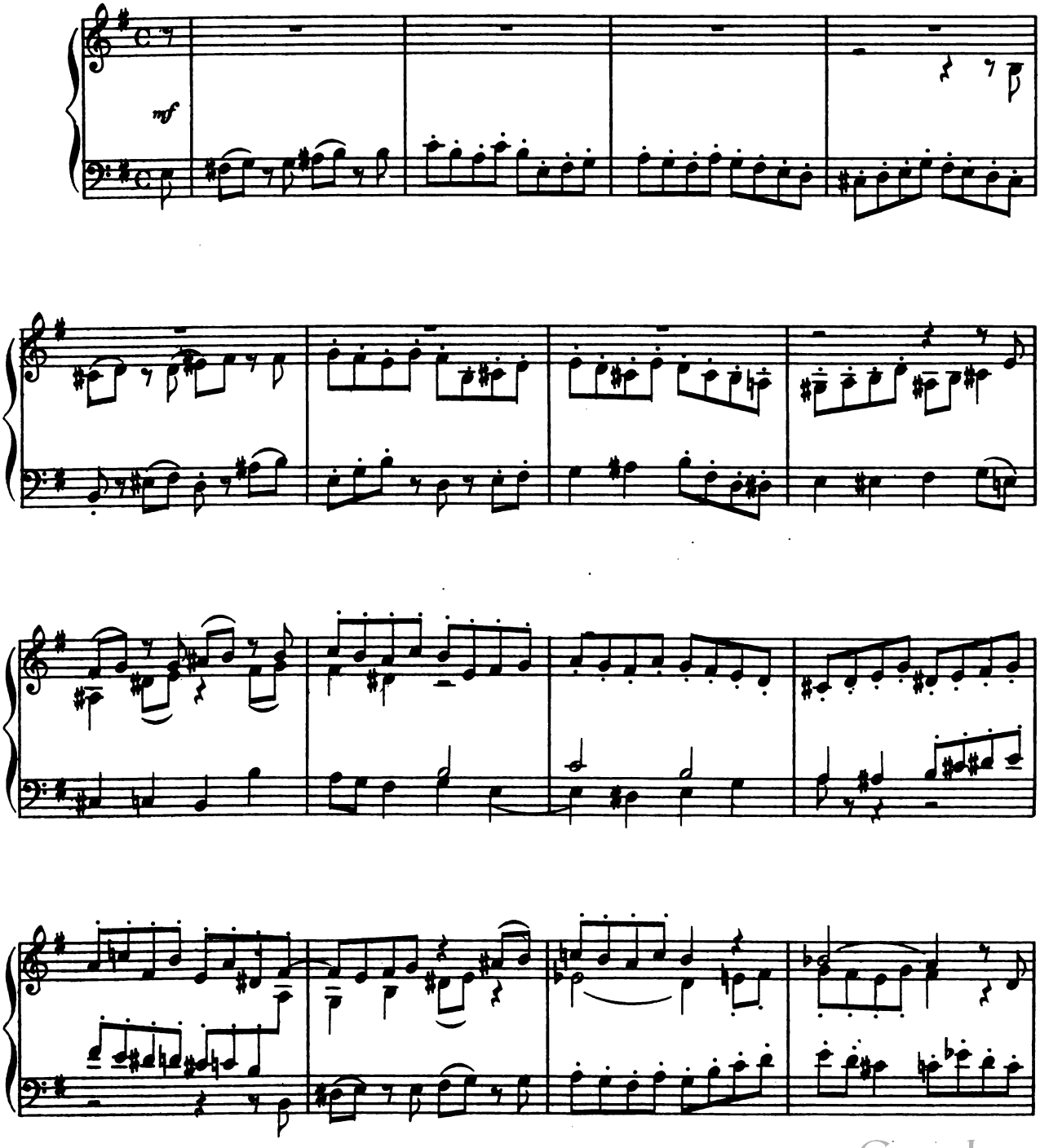
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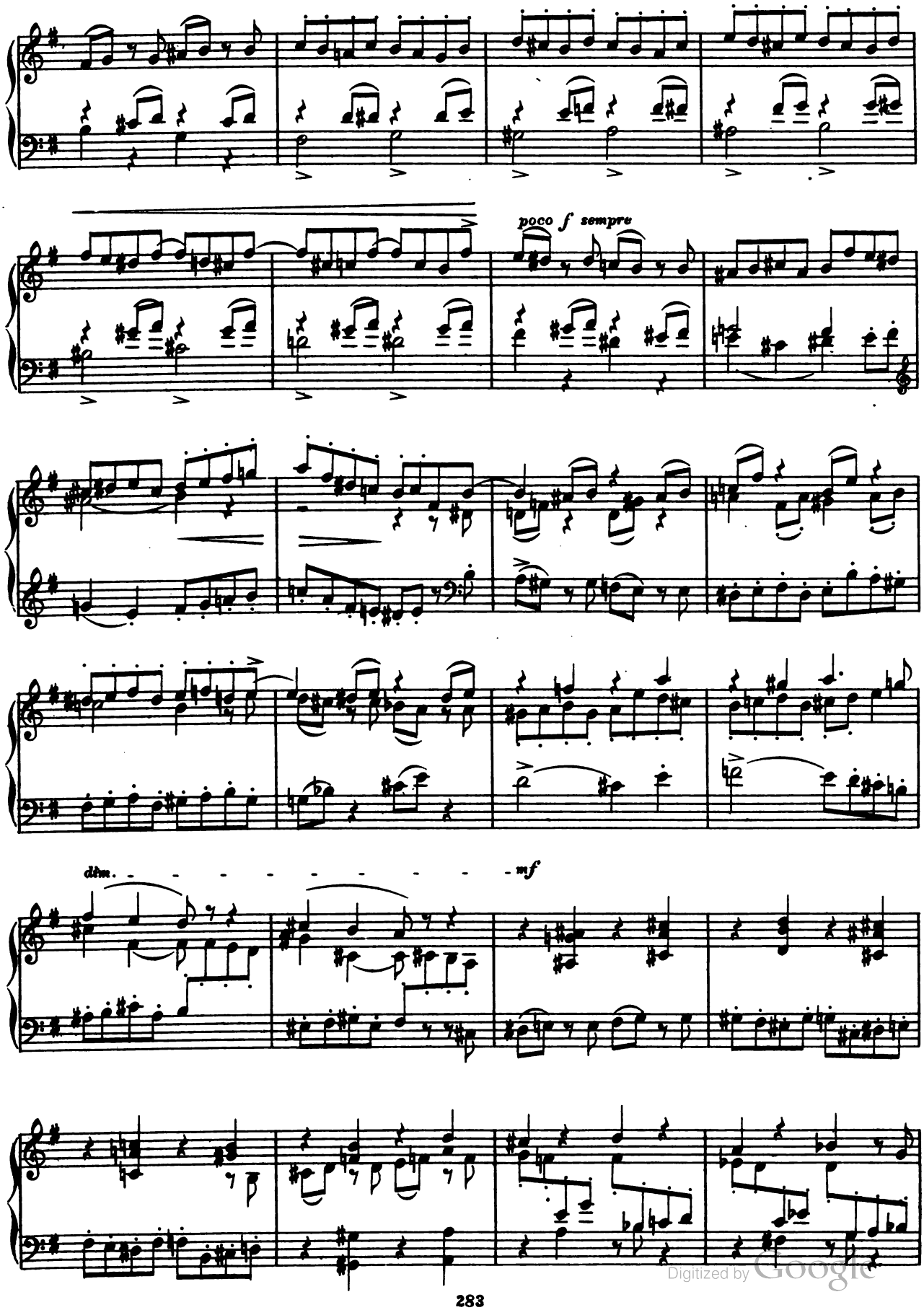
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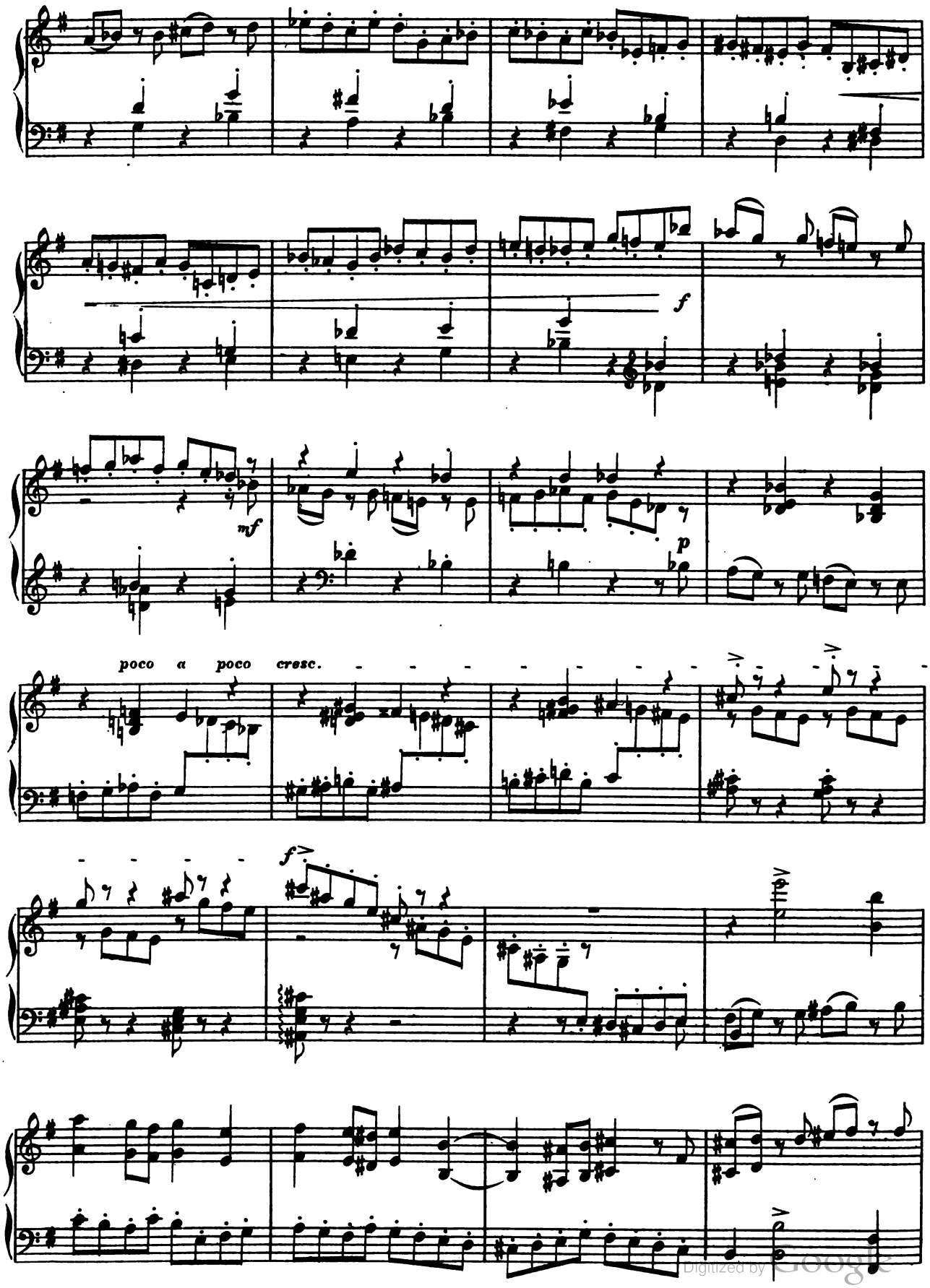
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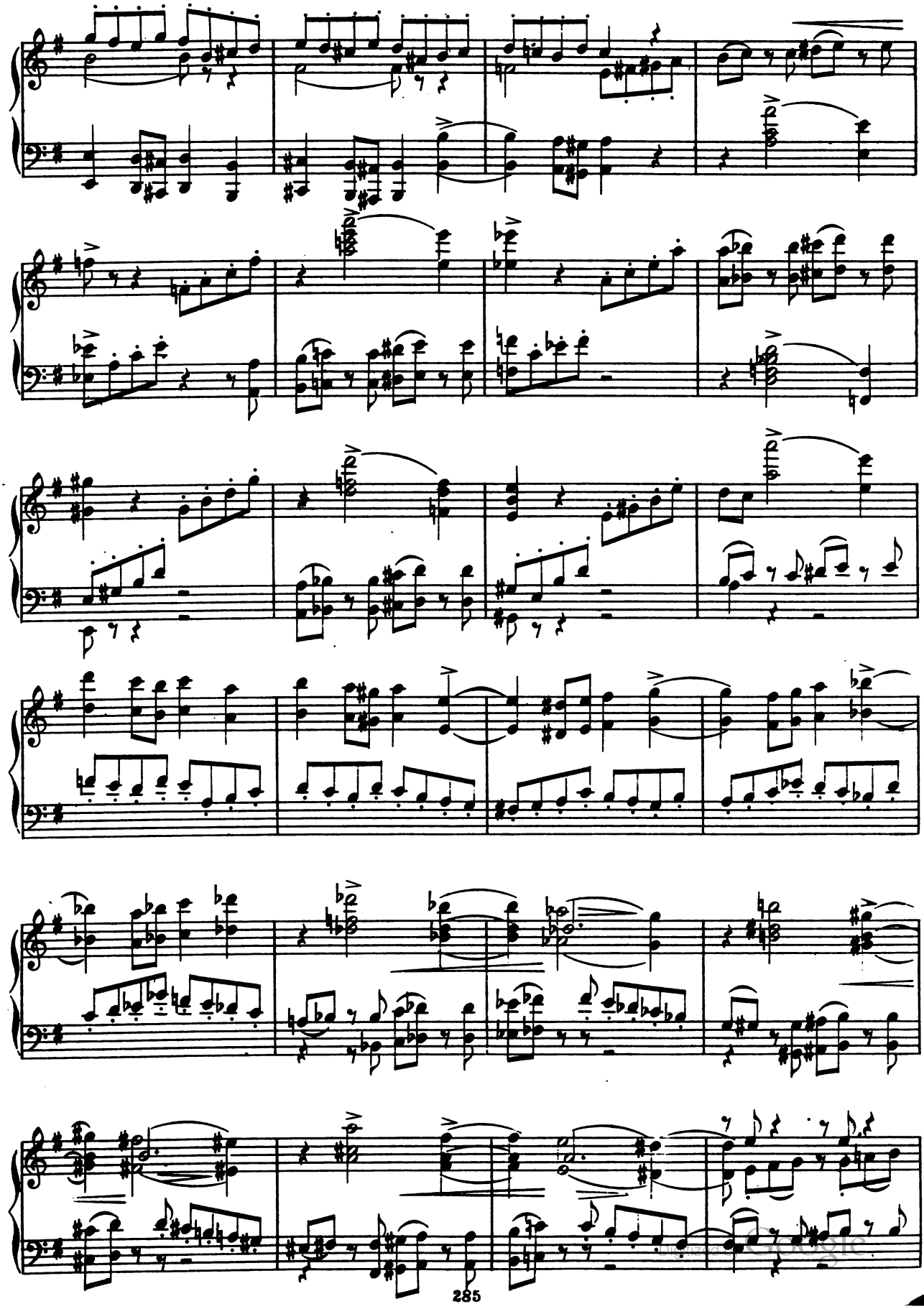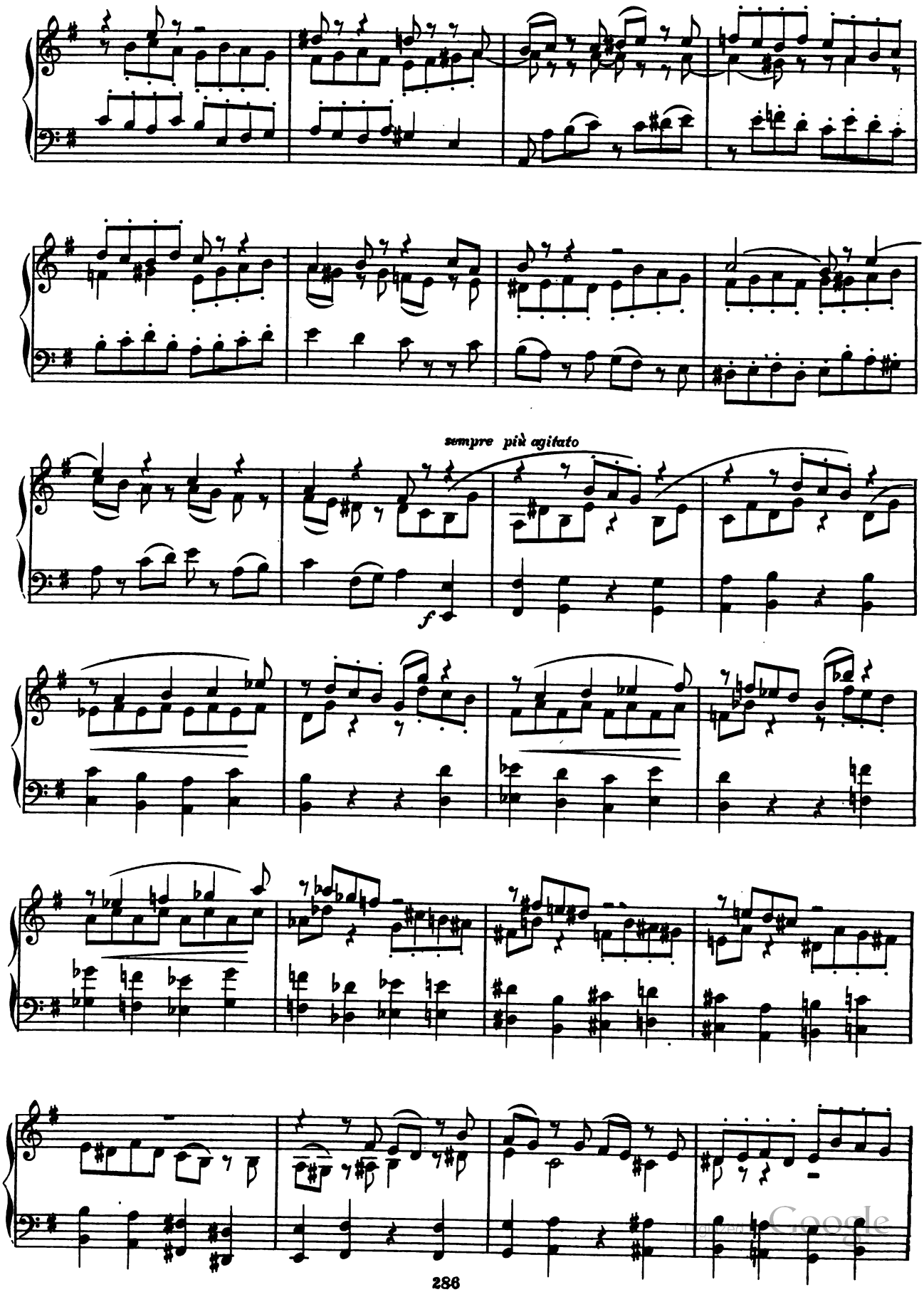
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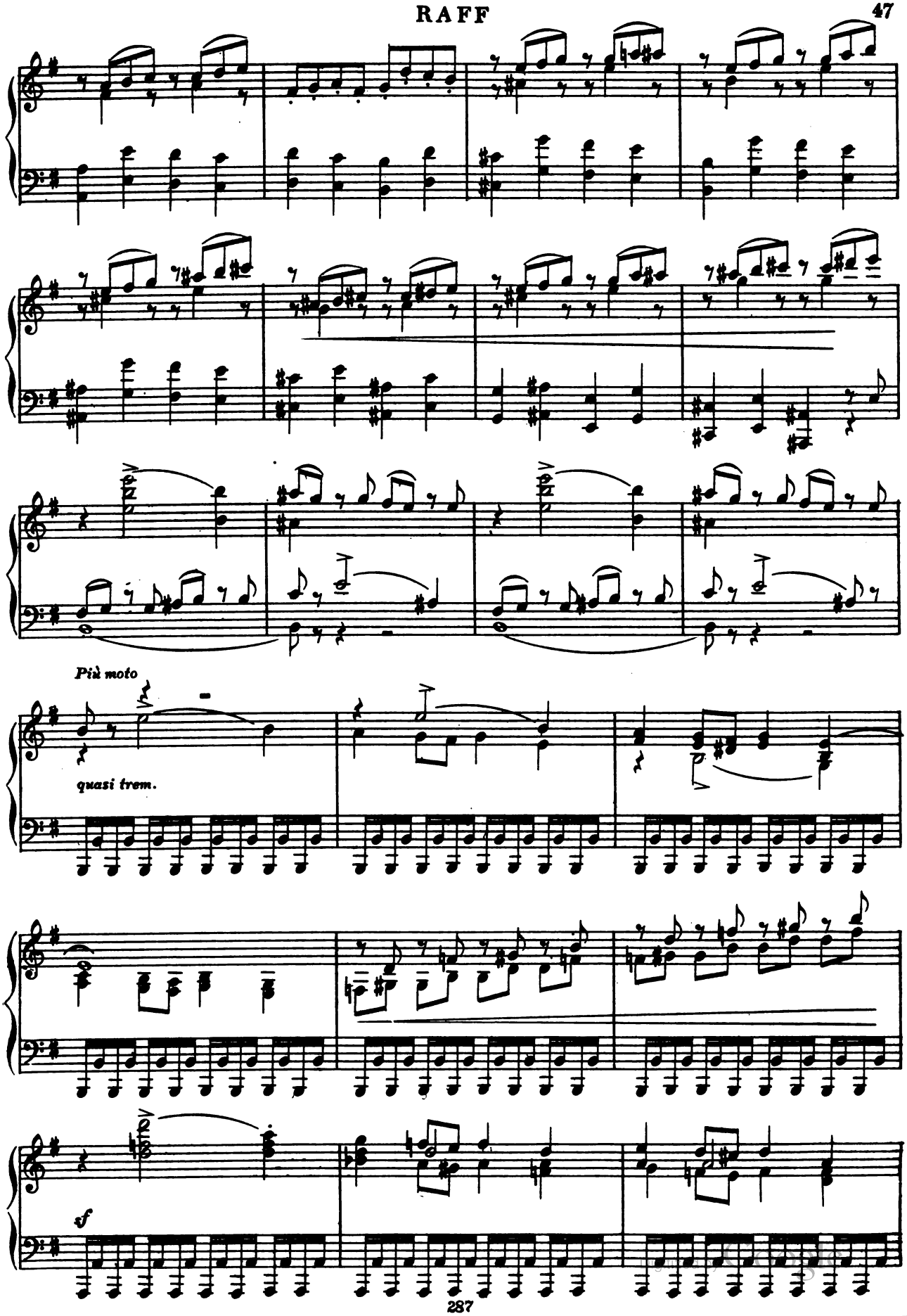
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quasi trem.
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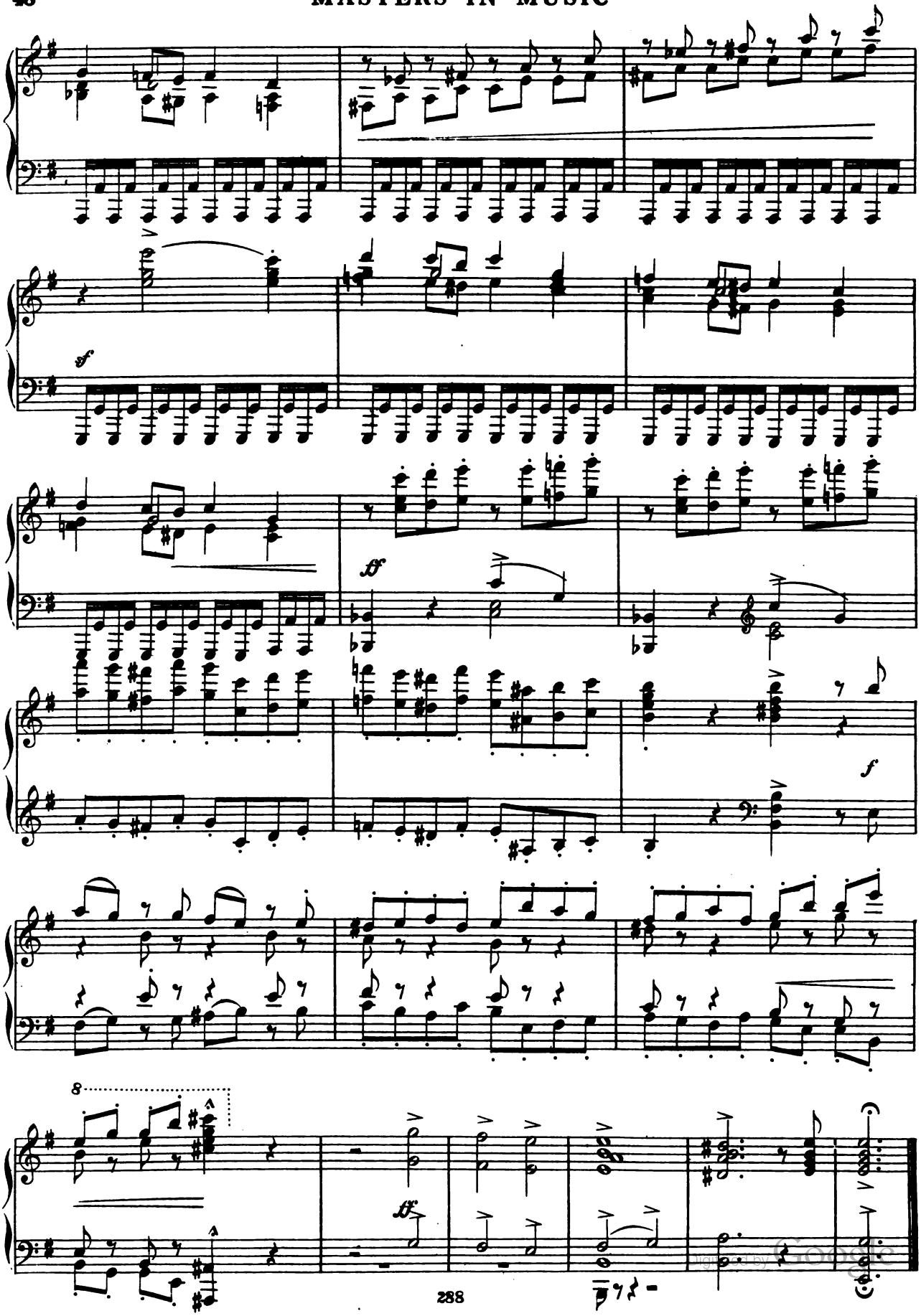
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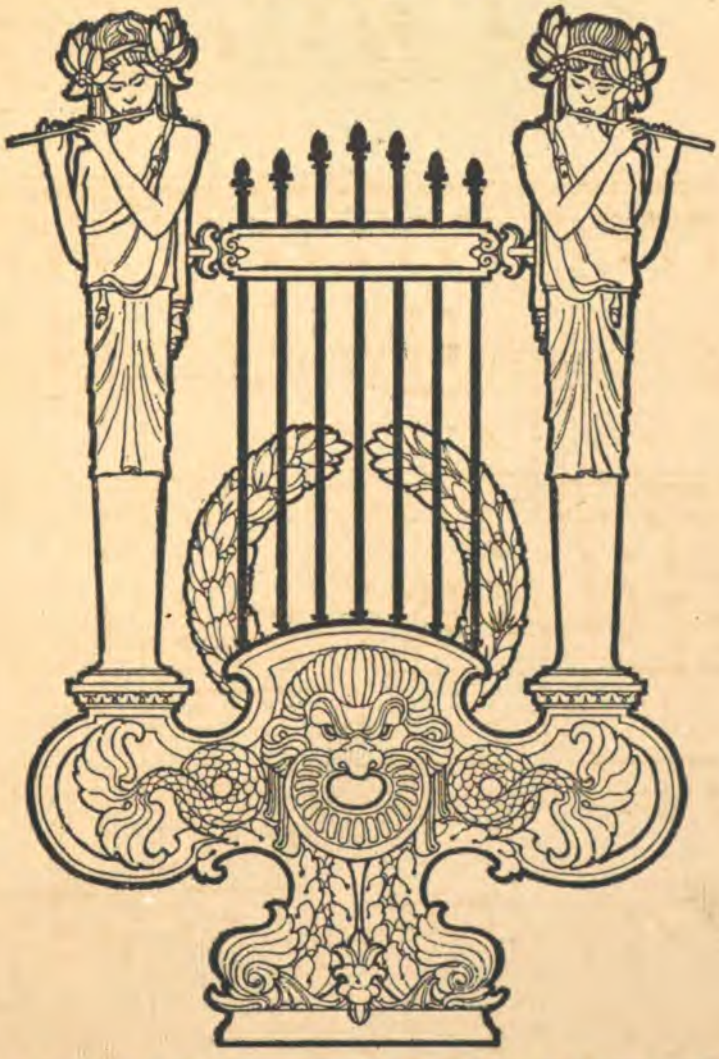

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

EDITED BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

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RAFF

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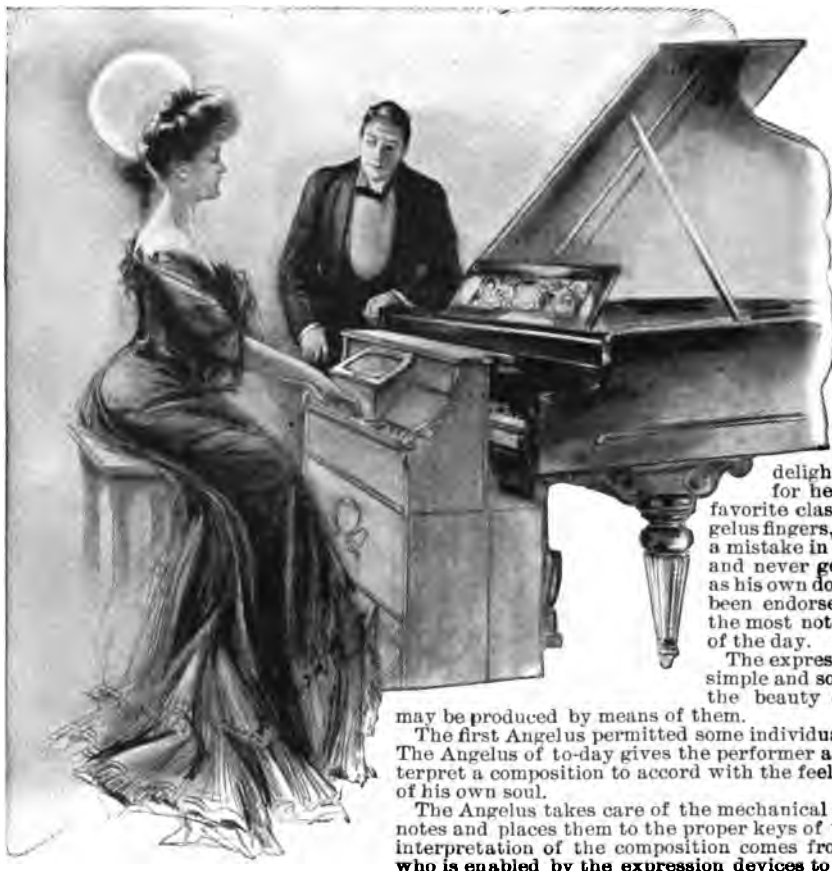
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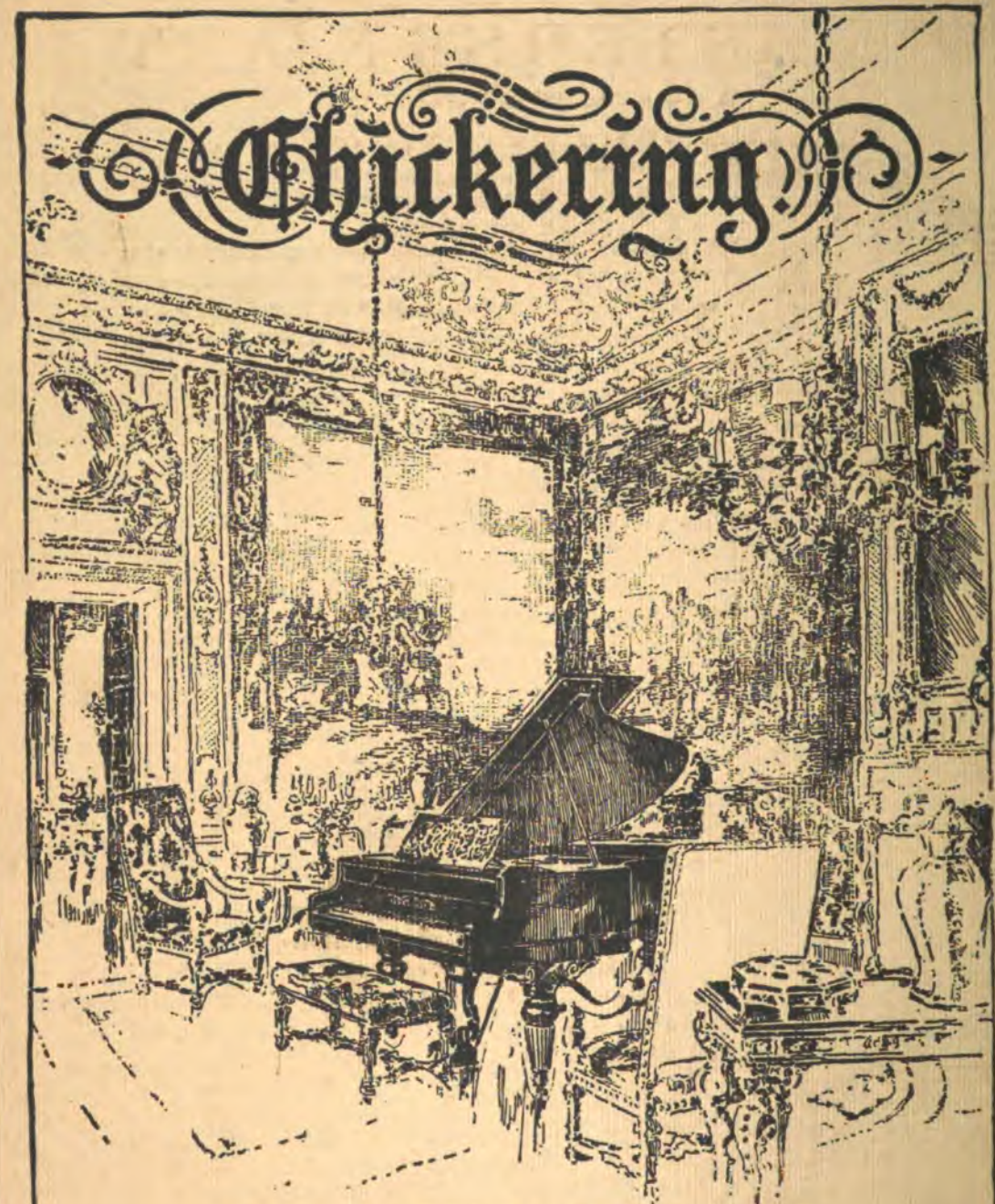
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